

BUTLER COLLEGE
IN THE
WORLD WAR

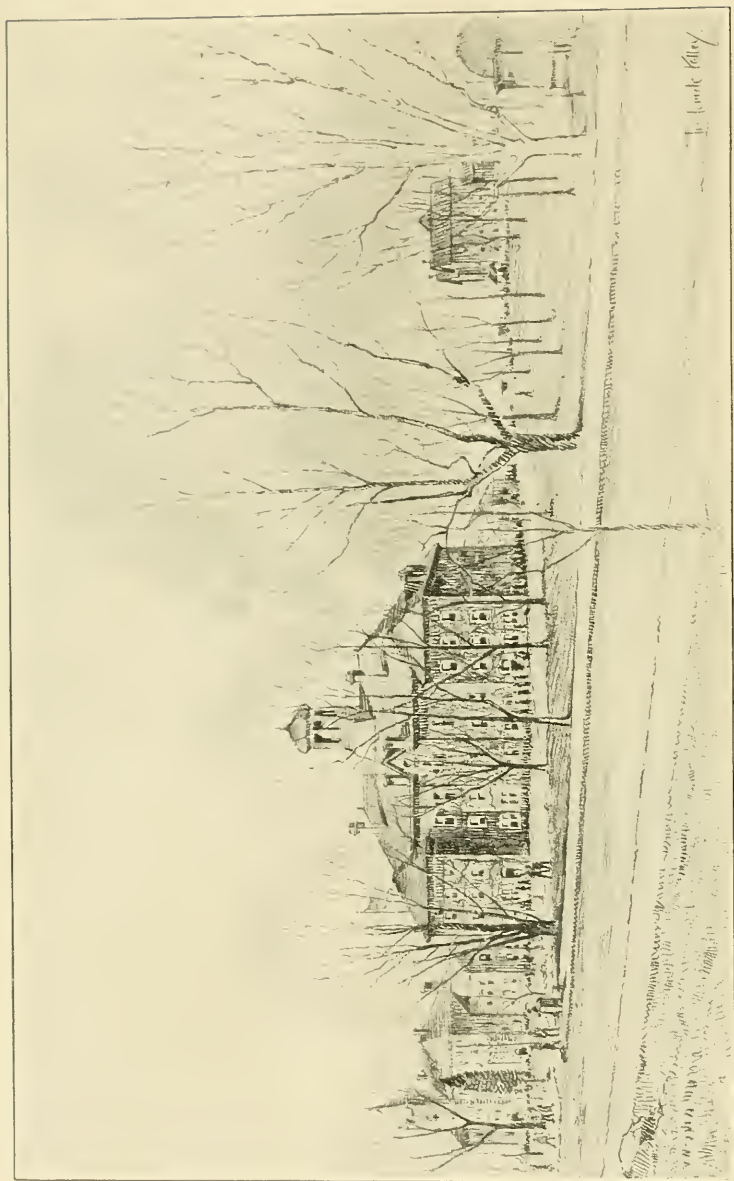


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PRESENTED BY

BUTLER COLLEGE
IN THE
WORLD WAR



"For though the dust that's part of us to dust again be gone,
Yet here shall beat the heart of us,—the School we handed on."

BUTLER COLLEGE IN THE WORLD WAR

A RECORD OF THE MEN AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS
TOGETHER WITH A BRIEFER RECORD OF THOSE
WHO SERVED IN THE CIVIL WAR AND IN
THE WAR WITH SPAIN

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BUTLER COLLEGE

INDIANAPOLIS
BUTLER COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
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THIS RECORD IS HERE MADE FOR THE
PURPOSE OF COMMEMORATING IN
PERPETUITY THE HONORED NAMES
OF BUTLER COLLEGE STUDENTS WHO
BORE PART IN THREE WARS

Then hail to all who gave us
Their might of arm and soul,
Hot and athirst to save us,
To heal, and keep us whole.

—WILLIAM WATSON

We saw not clearly nor understood,
But yielding ourselves to the master-hand,
Each in his part as best he could,
We played it through as the author planned.

—ALAN SEEGER

When we return to our country we shall do so empty-handed; we shall take nothing back but the ashes of our dead.

—AN AMERICAN OFFICER

FOREWORD

On the minutes of the annual meeting of the Butler College Alumni Association of June, 1918, occurs the statement, "Miss Graydon was appointed to compile the record of Butler College students in the present war."

That was a sacred task committed to the secretary of the association. At once her efforts began and without cessation they have continued to date. The labor has met compensation in offering opportunity to know more largely than otherwise possible the deeds of Butler soldiers, their attitude of mind and their force of character. It has been lessened by the delightful cooperation of many of the boys. But in the effort to make correct and complete the list of graduates and former students of the college who had participated in the war, it has been difficult. There are, doubtless, unmentioned names which would have appeared in the record could they have been located. From the known Butler service men, it has been impossible to secure at all times replies to letters of inquiry; and frequently the innate modesty of the young men themselves has caused reticence. So, with unsparing effort, this volume is only as complete as the editor, in face of opposing obstacles, could fashion it. It is hoped in the years to come some secretary of the Alumni Association may bring the undertaking to perfection.

The story of the part Butler College played in the World War is not different from nor above that of other colleges. But we are proud of our Alma Mater

FOREWORD

and wish to help perpetuate her spirit in time of sore need, to show what she offered and what her sons gained in the serving. They were men of that goodly company impelled by a high idealism to give their utmost for peace and love, yet sought they neither recompense nor praise. Near eight hundred offered all they had to their country and their God. Six fell on the field of honor; eight died in home camps; two from effect of overseas duty; while many will walk through life with health impaired.

The record of these young men is the richest bequest Butler College has received since the days of the 60's when other youths just as high-hearted, just as loving-of-life, just as promising-of-usefulness, left her halls to shoulder arms. If it serve, therefore, in any way to keep in remembrance their bright presences, it has fulfilled its purpose.

Some of the letters of Chapter II have appeared in the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY of the years 1918 and 1919; also, the account contained in Chapter III. These letters were not intended for publication, and it is with hesitation that they are now presented. They are all personal, written, in the main, to a friend they left in the college. The only excuse for their appearance is the unconscious expression they hold of the spirit of the boys—a spirit too fine not to be shared with other members of our college family. It must be remembered that these letters were written often on scraps of paper by tired soldiers in the dim light of barracks, in dugouts, by the roadside, or in the hospital; in the weariness of waiting or in sound of death. Close censure prohibited much actual information; but heart and soul are in them. Time and space have limited the selection to those at hand.

Chapter V contains the enrollment of one hundred

FOREWORD

eighty-four students whose record in the Civil War the college now possesses. Little is known of them other than the one sacrificial act—enough to immortalize. They helped to save their—and our—country, and in so doing they helped to make possible, sixty years after, the saving of civilization. A list is also made of those Butler men known to have volunteered in the Spanish-American War. They offered as much, their purpose was as high, as those of the other wars.

To the students and college friends who have kindly assisted with the preparation of this record by furnishing information, by lending pictures and by offering grateful suggestions, I acknowledge my indebtedness.

K. M. G.

Butler College
1922

CONTENTS

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|--|------|
| I BUTLER COLLEGE IN WARTIME | 1 |
| II GLIMPSES OF THE WAR IN LETTERS AND DIARIES OF BUTLER MEN | 29 |
| III SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' DAY | 156 |
| IV OUR DEAD | 212 |
| V BUTLER COLLEGE IN EARLIER WARS . . . | 236 |
| VI THE WORLD WAR RECORD | 244 |

BUTLER COLLEGE IN THE WORLD WAR

CHAPTER I

BUTLER COLLEGE IN WARTIME

THE CIVIL WAR

Butler College was cradled in struggle. Her founders were of those who had hewn their State out of Indian territory; had created farm-lands out of dense forests, towns out of regions unknown to the white man; had fought malaria, loneliness, poverty. The Puritan ideals of faith in God, faith in man, faith in work, had inspired these pioneers of the new West to build broadly for the powers which educate. Intelligence they knew to be a moral obligation in the developing and strengthening of the young Democracy. With a public school system established by Caleb Mills, Calvin Fletcher, Henry P. Coburn, in the small growing capital of Indiana, the insistent need of a higher school of learning for the vicinity and the farther northwest so impressed the mind of Ovid Butler and his co-workers, men of vision and of courage, that eventually there appeared in visible form, beautifully seated upon wooded land in northern Indianapolis, the Gothic structure known as the Northwestern Christian University.

The university opened its doors in 1855 to all students of whatever race, sex, locality, desirous of a

college education—a broad conception based upon the lines of freedom and justice. This institution, the second of its standing to admit the negro, the second to have a woman upon its faculty, among the first to admit women upon equal standing with men, the first to graduate a woman from its classical course, was established with no slight struggle. But the college soon assumed fair proportions despite physical limitation and nurture in the years of brewing war. Chartered upon the principle that all men are born free and equal, she entered at an early age into the conflict for human freedom. Her founders, who as pioneers had fought the wildness of the West, had also, as sons of Revolutionary heroes, fought in their untried undertaking for justice and for liberty. Their spirit permeated the work of their hands and their heart and natural it was when in 1861 the call for volunteers went forth that the students of the University, sons of struggle and trained in the elemental belief of individual freedom, should with the buoyancy of eager youth answer the grim call.

During the years of the Civil War there went from the school mature men and mere boys—in all, one hundred and eighty-four students of whom record is in college possession. On the march and the bivouac and the battlefield, these untrained manly youths did their full part. They knew the awfulness of fighting. Their costly blood sprinkled the soil of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky. At Shiloh or the Wilderness, Vicksburg or the Atlanta Campaign, some fell. Others died in camp or after reaching home unable to withstand the effects of cruel war.

A bronze tablet in the college chapel memorializes the names of these immortal youths who laid down their lives to preserve the Union.

1861 Sacred to the Memory 1865
of Patriot sons of Alma Mater

They died for cause aligned to God's enduring purpose who half-hundred years ago gave up sweet life to save our country from disunion; for by their blood America was ransomed—ransomed and reunited and stronger made to stay mad ruin's rush that, but for them, in day that was to come, had overwhelmed the world.

Of these our brothers were, whose names we here enshrine, acclaiming now the virtue of their lives, the valor of their deeds, the sacrificial death they died—the while, Oh Heart Compassionate, Thou shalt with us deplore the stern decree that banished them from world of ours ere they had lived to see, as we today, the greater glory of the land they loved—and which they died defending.

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Thurston C. Challen | John L. Doyal |
| George B. Covington | Joseph R. T. Gordon |
| Marion Elstun | Perry Hall |
| George J. Frenyear | Rufus Harper |
| Squire Isham Keith | Marshall P. Hayden |
| James L. Neff | Platt J. Squire |
| Albert J. Danforth, Jr. | Jesse W. Tilford |
| Samuel A. Dunbar | George P. Vance |
| Addison M. Dunn | Jacob Varner |

In flush of youth and pride of early manhood died they. Peace to their ashes. And may this record enduringly remain to here

attest the virtue of true manhood, the nobleness of patriotic devotion.

— BUTLER ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, 1921

Struggle was thus in the air and the spirit to throttle wrong in the very life-blood of the student body. Wisdom was justified of her children.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

The second call to arms came in 1898, and again Butler College was not lacking in the spirit of personal responsibility and of patriotic sacrifice. Of the early Indiana Volunteers, the Twenty-Seventh Battery of Light Artillery was commanded by Captain James B. Curtis, '80, in which were enlisted other Butler men. This battery—organized August 8, 1882, designated as Battery A, First Artillery, Indiana National Guard, out of which was formed the famous One Hundred and Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-Second division, of the World War—was the only organization of Indiana Volunteers sent during the war to the enemy's country. It landed in Porto Rico, had reached the firing-line, was ready for action, when the word of Spain's overtures of peace to the United States Government arrived and hostilities ceased. The Twenty-seventh Battery, enrolled April 26, 1898, returned to Indianapolis the early part of autumn, September 25th, and after a two month's furlough, was mustered out November 25, 1898. Despite the ravages of fever and the evils of unpreparedness, no Butler man lost his life.

The brevity of the combat, its distant field of action and easy victory made a war less spectacular and less tragic than the war of the 60's; but the cause of hu-

manity and of national honor did not fail of appeal to the responsive academic youth of the country.

THE WORLD WAR

When the story of the part America played in the Great War shall have been written, glorious will be the chapter upon the participation of the colleges. It may be that the youth of every land in the days of Arms and the Man sees visions and holds true to ideals. It is difficult, however, to believe there is any manhood like our own, and we can not but think that the gallantry we have known and loved is an American gallantry peculiar to the lads of our free race. If the spirit of Chivalry had ever seemingly disappeared from the boys of recent decades, it was a misreading of student nature. When in the Spring of 1917 the trumpets blew and the horizon broadened, the great ages were reborn before our eyes; and no Raleigh or Sidney or Gilbert ever went to death with a lordlier heart than those young men upon whom the end of the world was to come. The Butler boys, like St. George, that great knight of God who rode out in the olden time to kill the dragon which had been devouring women and little children, sprang to the defense of what is just and true and holy. And no finer thing can be said of men than that they defended justice and truth and righteousness.

In 1917 Butler College is again engaged in a contest for human liberty and life. She has never been belligerent, but she has never hesitated to fight for right. In a third time so eagerly answering the call to arms, she simply incarnated the virtue and the hope of her founders.

In the Spring of that fateful year she seemed little

different from that she had been in other decades: the aspect of the old buildings, of the scattered playfields, of the loved trees, was unaltered from preceding years. Material environment was placidly holding its own. Yet there was a change upon the campus, a real change which comes but seldom and then only because of a disturbance in the hearts of men. One felt it in the air, or caught its echoes even before he had reached the campus. A new force, spiritual yet dynamic, was making cheeks glow and pulses beat more rapidly. With the zeal which animates human nature in struggling for a righteous cause, the students were preparing themselves for the mightiest conflict of time. The fate of our country—the fate of the world—was to rest on just such boys as these.

A study of school psychology from August 1914 to April 1917 shows a steady growth of mental and spiritual preparation for great events to come. Interest was manifested in what was happening far away as interest is manifested in the happenings of the distant past. The first fighting on the Marne, on the Somme, about Verdun, was thrilling, but it in no wise touched the life of Butler College. Classroom work progressed with little change. Academic activities were undisturbed. Public sentiment was divided. On the faculty had been friendly German professors, while others had studied in that land of culture; in the student body were many of Teuton birth or descent whose love for fatherland resented the press reports. In accordance with the terms of President Wilson's proclamation of August 18, 1914, a seeming neutrality in all gatherings of work and play was for a while preserved. But Prussian atrocities, Belgian agonies, and French sacrifices were increasing influences on the college thought and sympathy in favor of France and the Allied cause.

When, on May 7, 1915, the torpedoed "Lusitania" carried to their death one hundred fourteen American men, women and children, the country knew there was no further honorable withholding from war. Butler boys knew it. The agitation for preparedness began. There had previously been no military training on the campus. Through athletic sports the boys had learned the martial virtues of courage, patience, obedience, endurance. Now as to compulsory military training mixed feeling existed among the faculty, the students and their parents. Open and sharp argument found expression in gatherings, in the halls, and through the college press, as to whether required training was following in the steps of militaristic Germany and a trend backward; or whether there was a wise preparedness demanded by the time. *The Butler Collegian* of February 14, declared: "Preparedness is the keynote of the nation. Every loyal American is ready for his country's call. We Butler students can best demonstrate our patriotism by preparing ourselves for any eventuality."

A Freshman wrote*: "It is contended that universal training is undemocratic. It is not. Under a voluntary system do you think it democratic when an enthusiastic bricklayer trains while an effete butterfly dances? Should a struggling student learn military tactics while a corpulent capitalist practices monetary tactics? No. Universal training is essentially and absolutely democratic. It includes rich and poor, high and low. Switzerland, probably the most democratic nation in the world, has had universal training for years, and, as a result, can turn out as high a percent-

*Kenneth V. Elliott, '21, who sealed his words with his blood at Chateau-Thierry.

age of trained men as tyrannized and militaristic Germany. Australia, undoubtedly the most democratic commonwealth of any kingdom, has adopted in a modified form the Swiss system of universal training, which is neither inconvenient nor oppressive.

Therefore, let us support this resolution as a unit Let the *esprit de corps* of Butler be LIBERTY, LOYALTY, LOVE OF COUNTRY."

On March 3, at a meeting of the men of the college, a declaration in favor of temporary compulsory universal military training was carried by a large majority. When on April 1 a squad of seventy men began to drill on Irwin Field under Captain Hurt at 6:30 a. m. and at 3:30 p. m., Butler was in the movement pioneer among Indiana colleges.

To the declaration of war upon April 6, 1917, the youth of the land unhesitatingly responded. No conscription law was needed to bring college men into battle. They had thought, they had talked, they had measured the cost. They had flung away their idols and had met God. Their willingness to accept duty and to sacrifice themselves seemed part of some high secret religion of their own. These boys had nothing to gain from the war, except their own souls. They had every thing to live for.

With the opening of the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, on May 15, the college halls were almost depleted of upper classmen. Proudly, Butler bade Godspeed to her manly sons. The seriousness of the situation had not forced itself upon the minds of even the older people of the college. Modern warfare was too terrible to be long-continued; the fighting was still three thousand miles away. Fort Benjamin Harrison was not far-distant; the boys were

scarcely out of sight, and, khaki-clad, with soldierly bearing, a fine light in their eyes, brought assurance and aroused pride as they weekly returned to their Indianapolis homes. A visit to the camp was thrilling and inspiring. One came away with a clearer, broader idea of what the nation was doing in its effort to defend the principles upon which it was founded. The drill of thousands of sturdy, trained, bronzed, young men swinging past the reviewing officer, the breaking up into groups to meet friends, or the gathering with families for a picnic supper, or the promenading the parade ground in snatched moments with those in bright array, made a scene to linger in memory. The experience was new and exhilarating. The fineness of war spirit was there without its rigor and its danger.

After twelve weeks of training in which raw recruits had been shaped into impressive disciplined units of khaki-clad soldiers, healthy, vigorous, intelligent, filled with enthusiasm, ready to make for the flag the ultimate sacrifice, if necessary, the first camp broke up, and the boys, now chiefly second lieutenants, were scattered throughout the land for further training and more earnest service. The aspect grew more serious as in the departure for distant camps they set out for the great unknown of war.

Had there been one unit composed of Butler men, there would be small difficulty in following their progress either abroad or at home; but, trained in many camps, assigned to various divisions, ordered for service to separate regions, it would be tracing the action of several hundred individuals were the effort made. However, a classification, though imperfect, is attempted.

SERVICE OVER SEAS

In June, 1917, began the great movement of transporting the American troops to France. Butler men were in the divisions earliest to cross and among those first to undergo training in the Gondrecourt Area, the Baccarat Sector, the Toul Sector, the Saumur Artillery School, and were a part of that huge educational system whereby newly-arrived divisions might receive instruction in the latest developments of the art of war and thus be transformed into combat divisions worthy to stand beside the best of the Allied Forces. They were put to the severest physical, mental, moral tests of what the intense training had done for them. They endured the practice for open warfare in the sleet and rainstorms of that excessively cold winter in the frozen hills of Lorraine. They of the Forty-second division will never forget the memorable Christmas Day on which they were ordered southward to Langres. Despite blizzard and ice-covered roads, lightly clad and so poorly shod as to leave many a time bloody trails on the snow, their three days' march continued. Then they showed that indomitable spirit which marked the Rainbow throughout its entire course. They endured the grim months of maneuvers and trench warfare, the weary waiting for active service when they might show to the world that American troops had at last entered on the real mission of hurling back the Germans. They did their duty, and wherever placed they met the enemy with dauntless courage—those boys who were a part of the greatest army the world has seen and who “marched breast forward * * * * never doubted clouds would break.”

From the opening of the Spring drive on March 21,

1918, Butler men were a part of every major military operation which followed until the foe sued for armistice. They fought at the fall of Bapaume and Peronne on March 24, at the taking of Armentieres on April 11, and in the bloody battle for Amiens on April 24. They were of the First division when she showed to the world of what mettle the American army was made in attacking and in holding Cantigny on May 28. They were with the First, Second and Forty-second divisions (divisions which a German captured report declared to be the three "First Class attacking Divisions of the American Army") and knew the fury of the fighting until the Armistice was signed.

The fighting in the Marne Salient for seventy-two days (May 27 to August 6) was divided into four separate and distinct battles, in all of which Butler men participated. They were in the Second and Third divisions in the Aisne Offensive, the first phase of the German drive toward Paris, in which, on June 1, they reached the Marne near Chateau-Thierry. They were with the First and Second divisions in the Montdidier-Noyon Defensive, June 9-15, and in the Sixth Marine regiment in its brilliant operation of driving the enemy from Belleau Wood, taking Bouresches and Vaux. They were with the Third and the Forty-second divisions in the Champagne-Marne Defensive, July 15-18, and effective in helping to stop the German drive toward Paris. They were in the Aisne-Marne Offensive, July 18 to August 6, in which the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Forty-second took part in driving the enemy back from the Marne. They were of those who, on the night of July 19, cleared the Marne forever of German troops and were with the Fourth, Twenty-sixth, Thirty-second and Forty-second divisions in

pursuit from the Marne to the Vesle rivers. They were present at, and a part of, the wonderful feat when, as Hertling, the German Chancellor, said upon his death-bed, "the history of the world was played out in those days."

They were of those of whom, in the General Order, published on August 27, to the American Expeditionary Forces, General Pershing says, in part:

"You came to the battlefield at a crucial hour for the Allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army the world has yet seen had pressed its invasion of France and stood threatening its capital. At no time has that army been more powerful and menacing than when, on July 15th, it struck again to destroy in one great battle the brave men opposed to it and to enforce its brutal will upon the world and civilization.

"Three days later, in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied armies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than to give the Allies the support to which, as a nation, our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit, and our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage.

"You have shown that American initiative and energy are as fit for the tasks of war as for the pursuits of peace. You have justly won unstinted praise from our Allies and the eternal gratitude of our countrymen.

"We have paid for our success with the lives of many of our brave comrades. We shall cherish their memory always and claim for our history and literature their bravery, achievement and sacrifice.

PERSHING."

In these costly weeks Butler men were killed in action or received wounds to their lasting hurt. Of those who fell on the field of honor were Lieutenant Robert Edward Kennington, Corporal Marsh Whitney Nottingham, Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott.

In July, additional divisions arrived from the United States, among them bringing Butler men were the Ninetieth, which went into line August 24, and did its first major fighting at Saint Mihiel; and the Ninety-first, which was assembled in the Eighth Training Area until September 6, when it moved up to constitute part of the reserves for the Saint Mihiel attack. The Eighty-fourth division arrived in France late in September, was designated as depot division and ordered to Le Mans where its units were broken up and sent to the front as replacement for combat divisions. The Thirty-eighth division arrived in October, was also ordered to Le Mans where its personnel too was broken into replacement units for combat divisions. These divisions were thus enabled to be replaced immediately to full strength and to be sent back for the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

During the remaining intense weeks of the war Butler men played a superb part in the operations of the First American army. In the advance on Saint Mihiel, in the air battles, in the three phases of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, our boys were in divisions on the forefront: the First, Second, Third, Sixth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-seventh, Forty-first, Forty-second, Ninetieth and Ninety-first. They were an integral part of that tremendous army of three-fourths of a million men which, under General Pershing, held seventy-two miles of front and for forty-two days pushed forward in indescribable

dash and vigor over sea of mud, shell holes, shattered wire, ruined trenches, up to the very gates of Sedan, encountering all the while frightful storms of metal. Across No Man's Land they were of those who advanced in waves of infantry, in wallowing tanks, in driving artillery, under bursting machine gun fire; they were with the engineers working with mad haste to prepare a way for carrying ammunition, food, water, supplies, for ambulances and trucks to bear the wounded who had fallen as autumn leaves, until the German strength finally crumbled under the power of the last blow in the Argonne forest and the German Government signed an Armistice on November 11, 1918. The casualties were very great. Butler College was not spared.

* * *

France could ill spare a regiment during the final blows upon her front; but the appeal of Italy for American reinforcement to stimulate her morale and achievement was so insistent that General Foch dispatched to the Italian fighting sector the Three Hundred Thirty-second United States Infantry, commanded by Colonel William Wallace*. This well-trained gallant regiment was received with great honor. It paraded through several cities making a fine impression; its flag aroused confidence and hope. The king and the general staff reviewed it upon an historic plain. Its guard of honor was composed of battalions of Italy's picked veterans. It was assigned to the Tenth army of Italy under the British command of General Cavan, and held an advance guard position in

*Colonel Wallace, a grandson of Mr. Ovid Butler, founder of Butler College, was a student of Butler College in the years 1885-1887, leaving to accept an appointment to West Point.

the bitter fighting when the Italian offensive began, on October 26, on the Piave front. It was in the desperate final struggle of Italy with her age-long enemy, when victory crowned her heroic efforts and the Austrian armies, shattered and destroyed, were driven from all that bore the name of Italy.

The Three Hundred Thirty-second regiment was thanked by the king of Italy for its service and a gold medal bestowed upon it by the city of Genoa. The Italian citizens of New York presented Colonel Wallace, for the regiment, upon his return to the United States, in April, 1919, a gold medal on which was inscribed "The Italians of New York to the glorious Three Hundred Thirty-second Infantry regiment in commemoration of the battles fought in Italy in 1918, for noble ideals and for democracy."

* * *

The story of the men in fighting action does not complete the narrative of the part Butler College took in the American Expeditionary Forces. There were those who knew the disappointment of not getting into action though in France, whose divisions had arrived too late to be used in replacements. In the Motor Transport Corps, the Signal Corps, the Air Service, the Chemical Warfare Service, the services of supply in all its departments: the Quartermaster Corps, Medical Department, Engineer Corps, Ordnance Department, Red Cross, Young Men's Christian Association, were our college men who performed their offices with as great show of bravery, oftentimes, as the men on the front. The administration of these departments with their intricate ramifications and enormous problems and responsibilities demanded executive ability of highest order. Their performance of duty deserves great praise.

War did not end with the signing of the Armistice, nor was rest for the weary veterans yet in sight. On November 14, the Army of Occupation was formed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Forty-second, Eighty-ninth, and Ninetieth divisions, and for over a month was following the defeated Germans out of France, across the Rhine, and finally into Germany where at Coblenz was established its headquarters. Here for several months it kept watch on the Rhine.

SERVICE AT HOME

About forty per cent. of the Butler College enlisted were sent overseas. From the Officers' Training camps others had, in the main, gone out to the scattered camps of the country and had rendered efficient devoted service in the cantonments, the aviation fields and the naval stations.

They were as well trained and as worthy as those selected for the American Expeditionary Forces, but choice willed it otherwise. "Theirs not to make reply." If the bearing of disappointment be test of strength of character, then these men are of our heroes. They were discharged from service the early part of 1919. They had done their full duty in winning the war.

The Casualty list at home was greater than that suffered abroad. In various camps had died, chiefly of pneumonia, Sergeant Conwell Burnside Carson, Lieutenant John Charles Good, Sergeant Henry Reinhold Leukhardt, Corporal Guy Griffith Michael, Private Wilson Russell Mercer, Private Marvin Francis Race, Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison, Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon. As direct effect of the war have died later, Lieutenant Carl Christian Amelung, Corporal Dean Weston Fuller.

As the tenseness of 1918 had increased, the Government, realizing the seeming length of the struggle, issued orders for the establishment in five hundred and sixteen colleges of a Student Army Training Corps. Butler College was one of the institutions chosen in which to accomplish the two-fold object of the Secretary of War: "First, to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status."

On October 1, 1918, the most of the two hundred and sixty-four boys who formed the unit were inducted into Federal service. It was an impressive scene, that of those youths pledging "allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands: one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all." Judge James A. Collins administered the oath of allegiance and Mr. Hilton U. Brown thus greeted the new soldiers:

"Gentlemen, I am here in behalf of the directors of Butler College to bid you welcome, and to extend the same hand of power, because it has love back of it, which has already been extended by this institution in two other wars. Only a half-century ago nearly every man in the college was called to the front. Many of them never returned. Some returned, and some even are here, honored members of the Board of Directors today. Later, others went into the Spanish-American War. Last year more than two hundred students of this institution enlisted for this great war; and now you are come. Already three hundred of you are enlisted in this corps, and more are following. Three hundred men at Sparta held the pass against the enemy. Three hundred men such as you can work such wonders

as my feeble tongue can not describe. The Government has seen fit to appeal to the colleges to give their great service in this immortal period—the world's crisis. There is not the slightest lingering doubt in the minds of any of you, nor of us, nor of these friends who are here, that you will render the kind of service that the United States expects you to render, and which those who are 'over there' and whose reverberating guns you can almost hear this moment, have rendered. Already at least five of those who went out from these halls last year have paid the full tribute of their patriotism and scores of others are in hospitals and we know not where; but we know that their service is one hundred per cent., as yours will be.

We congratulate you. Yours is the opportunity of all times; and we not only congratulate you, but in behalf of this institution we pledge to this Government all its resources; and we back that with its history and its honored traditions. We bid you Godspeed."

The erection north of Irwin Field of two barracks, a bath house, a mess hall, a canteen, seemed to convert over night the campus into a military post. The influx of the sudden appearance of two hundred sixty-four soldier-students filled the college to its capacity accommodation. The curriculum must be enlarged to offer courses necessary for those in military training, while the regular student body must not suffer loss with the innovation. The professors in true patriotic spirit met the demand of the occasion. The women of the faculty and of Irvington were energetic in giving time and strength to the need of the boys in their midst as well as of those far away. An improvised hospital was furnished and regulated by Butler alumnae, and professionally attended by a Butler alumnus. Influenza



THE STUDENTS ARMY TRAINING CORPS
BEFORE BARRACKS "B."
October, 1918

scourged the Corps and the hospital was kept well filled. On December 12, Wilson Russell Mercer, of Anderson, Indiana, died. These were days when 'hearts beat hard,' days of genuine living.

The Armistice put an end to all need of a Students' Army Training Corps. Scarcely had the camp been planted when

"It folded its tent like the Arab,
And silently stole away."

Its realization soon became hazy.

The college continued its work through the months of 1917 and 1918 as best it could, its attendance made up almost entirely of women and under-classmen. Great messages were brought, strengthening the fortitude by opening the vision to new values, by Dean Stanley Coulter of Purdue University and Dr. William Douglas McKenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary, by speakers less widely known, and by prayers unrecorded. Stirred by the energy and passion of war, men spoke with solemn sincerity. Into the stuff of their thought and utterance, whether in active service or not, they poured forth convictions and ideals so forceful in character and so beautiful in form as to linger in permanent memory.

Common thought, common activity, common experience, brought into close relationship all forces of the college. A spirit of devotion to duty, of sympathy in suffering, were great educative powers, and probably not since the Civil War had there been teaching of so elevated a character as during those months. The work of the alumni stands out with no less credit to the Alma Mater. To enumerate the activities would be to name the alumni list entire. A little more slowly,

perhaps, did the men of another generation follow the eager boys, men who had acquired family ties and business responsibilities. It was a struggle for them to leave their offices and homes, but ultimately a large number went out to do their part in saving civilization. Untaught in war, they found themselves in a changed environment, but they did not fail to quit themselves like men. Often their experience in industry placed them at "desk jobs," without much romance or activity, but they had their share—a large share—in the consummation of victory. Whether it was with the draft board, or the Council of Defense, talking with the "four minute" men, working in scientific laboratories, assisting with many drives, contributing of time and means, and in numberless ways supplying moral strength to the fighting boys, the patriotic Butler alumni did honorable civilian service.

The work of the women, if less romantic, was none the less earnest and devoted to a high cause than that of their brothers upon the field. Red Cross classes were organized in the college even before the United States had entered the war. Knitting, sewing, war gardening, entertaining the soldiers quartered at Fort Benjamin Harrison, canteen work, the selling and the buying of Liberty bonds, were activities carried on by the young women to their fullest extent. For the Christmas of 1917, every Butler student in service was remembered by the Young Women's Christian Association. Fraternities bought bonds and adopted French or Belgian orphans. The college gave generously for the relief of American students in German prisons. In the Young Men's Christian Association drive of 1918 the quota assigned Butler College was two thousand dollars. She went over the top in meeting the assignment.

To the call sent out by the Association of American Colleges to grant scholarships to two young women of France for the collegiate year of 1918-1919, Butler College answered promptly. These scholarships were the gifts of an alumnus and a friend of the institution. For the second time these scholarships were renewed annually for different candidates. It proved profitable for the French young women to have opportunity to know the spirit of American education and life; profitable for the students of the college to have opportunity of receiving at first hand interpretation of the soul of *la douce France*.

The work of Butler women was beyond all praise. Every energy was put forward in the aroused, amazed, agonizing world. One went overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces; another did reconstruction work in France; some nursed in camps; while still others too numerous to mention did war work in the various cities of homeland.

And who gave more for country and for God than the Butler College mothers—mothers who sent forth to war one son—*two sons*—THREE SONS?

THE HOMECOMING

Now and then throughout the late summer and autumn of 1918 individual officers—birds of passage—had been sent back on missions, chiefly that of instruction; but not until January, 1919, did a division return.

On a clear cold mid-winter day thousands of admiring, grateful Hoosiers lined the streets of the business district of Indianapolis to greet the first Indiana units to return—the One Hundred Thirty-seventh and One Hundred and Thirty-ninth regiments of the Cyclone

division. Cheers and tears mingled in welcoming the two thousand seven hundred and eighty gallant sons, stalwart, erect, firm-stepping they passed with full evidence that they had maintained the State's patriotic tradition for fighting men. They had come from all walks of life and in short space of time had been welded into a finely drilled and disciplined organization. As the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, headed by Colonel Robert L. Moorhead, '96, passed, especially Battery F, Butler College went wild with the enthusiasm of commingled pride and happiness.

"It is the proudest moment of my term in office to welcome you men home and to try to express to you the gratitude the people of this State feel," said Governor Goodrich in his official greeting. "While it was not your high privilege to see service on the battle-front, you have shown willingness to make the greatest sacrifices men can make for their country. We all are honored to have you back among us in civil life."

The remnant of the regimental fund not expended was by the vote of the soldiers divided between Butler College and Purdue University. To the college came eight hundred seventy-eight dollars and thirty-five cents, and is known as the "One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery Student Loan Fund," to be used for loans to members of the One Hundred Thirty-ninth or their immediate relatives who attend the college.

By January 24, the One Hundred Thirty-ninth regiment of Field Artillery had been mustered out. Its experience was a thing of the past; for it the great war was now a closed volume.

On May 7, 1919, the State welcomed home her veterans of many battles. The official date chosen was the event of the return of the One Hundred Fiftieth Field

Artillery of the Rainbow division and the Lilly Base Hospital Unit Number 32, the last organizations made up of Indianapolis and Indiana men to return; but the expression of appreciation and gratitude was for every Hoosier soldier, sailor and marine who had worn the uniform of his government during the World War. And indeed it was a glowing tribute Indiana paid to her service men. It was the one day of a life-time. People gathered by the hundred thousand to hold out laurel wreaths for the brows of her victors. They seemed everywhere. They packed the streets. They filled the windows and the stands along the route of march. They fringed the roofs of the office buildings. The decorations of the city were lavish and beautiful, abounding in the triumphant colors.

Under radiant skies the twelve thousand service men and women passed in a five-mile line of march as proudly as though in review before the whole world—and whoever had greater reason for so noble bearing! It would be difficult to imagine a more stirring picture than the procession as it approached the Victory Arch. As the silken cord was severed with a sword by veterans of the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, the parade entered the Victory Circle elaborately festooned with ropes of laurel swinging from white columns backed by stands of American flags. Air planes were humming low over the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, lending a spectacular touch to a scene moving in the extreme. No wonder the crowd was exultant. Yet, almost as suddenly as it had burst into boundless enthusiasm, a deep silence fell upon it as the caisson drawn by four black horses paused in front of the north steps of the monument, from which a figure robed in white representing "Indiana" descended slowly and placed upon it a wreath of laurel.

Butler College was grouped beside the line of march and with proud enthusiasm hailed her boys as they passed individually or in companies or in automobiles bearing the wounded. She had cheers for the living and tears for her dead.

The formal welcome the college gave to her valorous sons occurred in Commencement week of 1919. The campus was never more beautiful nor the old buildings more festive than on that memorable seventeenth day of June. Throughout the chapel, the halls, the recitation rooms, were effectively and significantly placed the Stars and Stripes mingled with the Tri-color and the Union Jack. The old building *unde profecti sunt* was vocal with greeting and gratitude and patriotism. At four o'clock an audience gathered in the chapel to listen to a program presented by ex-service men. It was an informal program, at times extemporaneous, full of fine feeling and noble sentiment.

In the evening of this Soldiers' and Sailors' Day, the college entertained at dinner at the Claypool Hotel, the students who had been in service. The faculty, trustees, undergraduates and friends of the institution made the largest and most brilliant social assemblage in the history of the school. President Howe presided and introduced the speakers of the evening: Dr. Scot Butler, '68, and Judge Ira W. Christian, '80.

Thus ended a wonderful day*.

There had lingered overseas men who had accepted proffered scholarships for one term in French or English Universities; but in the summer these men, too, returned. By autumn came the men released from the Army of Occupation. They had left us as boys, they

*All that was said in the program of the afternoon and evening may be found in the Butler Alumna Quarterly, July 1919.

returned to us serious men with well-defined ideas of the great elemental virtues of manhood: courage, truth, love, service, sacrifice. As their brothers had died for the Right, they came back to live for the Right. Some returned to Butler College to complete their course of study, others went elsewhere for academic training, and still others took up the business of life.

On December 14, 1919, in the college chapel a Memorial service was held in honor and in love of those students who did not return. Never had the old walls heard a sweeter, holier service than on that Sunday afternoon. The parents of the glorified boys were present, as were many alumni and friends of the institution. Dr. A. B. Philputt was the speaker of the occasion. A picture of the boys then known to have fallen in the service was presented by Miss Graydon. Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham, '20, drew back the flag which had veiled a bronze tablet thus engraven:

1917

IN MEMORIAM

1919

Carl Christian Amelung
Hilton U. Brown, Jr.
Conwell Burnside Carson
Kenneth Victor Elliott
Dean Weston Fuller
John Charles Good
Robert Edward Kennington
Henry Reinhold Leukhardt
Wilson Russell Mercer
Guy Griffith Michael
Marsh Whitney Nottingham
Victor Hugo Nysewander

Marvin Francis Race
Bruce Pettibone Robison
MacCrea Stephenson
Henry Clarence Toon

IT IS GIVEN TO MAN ONCE TO DIE
HOW THEN SHALL ONE MORE NOBLY DIE
THAN IN HIS COUNTRY'S CAUSE
AND FOR THE SAFETY OF MANKIND?

SO DIED THESE. GOD BE WITH THEM.
MAY THEY REST IN PEACE.

In the name of the Alumni Association, Claris Adams, '10, presented to the college the tablet with these words:

It is my privilege very briefly and very simply to perform a task which to each one of us is indeed a labor of love. We have gathered this afternoon as the sons and daughters and friends of Butler College, proudly bearing to our Alma Mater a precious gift. We come to enshrine upon the historic walls of this beloved institution a tablet sacred to those heroic dead, a tablet which was forged in the flame and smoke of battle, inscribed by the tears and prayers of countless loved ones, and hallowed by the supreme sacrifice of those to whose immortal memory it is erected as an imperishable memorial.

More than a year has passed since the dark clouds ceased to thunder their hymn of hate at Armageddon. More than a year has passed since the merciful hand of peace came to bind up the wounds of a broken world and heal the sorrowing heart of humanity. More than

a year has passed since the last hero fell fighting for his God and his country. And yet, although more than a year has passed we still cannot cast our eyes across to Flanders field and view the spectacle of the world except through a veil of tears. But every tear is jeweled, every grief is gilded, every sorrow is crowned by the pride of those who know that these, our loved ones, could not have died in a higher or a holier cause.

“As He died to make men holy,
So they died to make men free.”

And those who die in freedom's cause never die in vain.

Life is only an opportunity to serve, and who shall say that these who have fallen in the radiant morn of early manhood did not serve mankind as they could not serve although they had lived and labored three score years and ten. There is not need of brazen tablet, there is not need of art, of song or story to impress the names of these immortals upon the hearts of this generation. But we who are their beneficiaries, the beneficiaries of their heroism and sacrifice, desire thus to perpetuate their glory that succeeding generations of youth as they come into this mighty institution may read upon that tablet the heroic story of the glorious past, may catch inspiration from the lives of these, from the sacrifices of these, and thus achieve higher and nobler things, that they may resolve that they will preserve the fruits of victory so dearly gained, that they may catch the courage to defend, if need be, in their turn, these institutions of ours which these boys have defended with their lives and sanctified with their blood.

This is not an hour of sorrow, it is an hour of ineffable pride and love. "It is given to man once to die. How then shall one more nobly die than in his country's cause and for the safety of mankind? So died these. God be with them. May they rest in peace."

President Howe for the college accepted the gifts of picture and of tablet. "Taps" sounded. The close came—the close, but not the end. Still the vivid beautiful faces of these boys are seen; still their voices speak; still their souls too go marching on. They conquered though they died, and through their victory the Alma Mater has received her greatest impulse to that higher and finer living for which she was endowed.

CHAPTER II

GLIMPSES OF THE WAR FROM LETTERS AND DIARIES OF BUTLER MEN

SERGEANT B. WALLACE LEWIS, A. B., '15: Camp Funston. My civilian life is a past dream. In the short time I've been in the army I have so absorbed the military that really I *am* military to the core. The soldier is different from other people—he dresses differently, talks and acts differently, and thinks differently. The most serious economic questions bother him little; art, music, love, are a closed book with us until——.

You asked me if this was a popular war. Emphatically YES. There are about 25,000 men here (over 75,000 have been sent out of this camp since last fall), and I believe there aren't over ten men in camp who aren't *r'arin'* to go. Our battalion is composed of volunteers entirely—rich men, college men, poor men, roughnecks, but all volunteers. The spirit of this army is wonderful. For illustration:

The other day we received an order from the War Department calling eight of our men for immediate overseas duty. They all went up to the medical officer for a special final examination. When they came back we could hear them a quarter of a mile away yelling like fiends, and running and whistling; that is, six of them. Two were turned down and one of them cried like a baby. The other was terribly downcast. Now those men (the six of them) were going at once into the nearest approach to Hell this world has ever seen.

They howled for joy. You can't beat an army that offers its life with a yell of joy.

Tomorrow morning our battalion (456 men) marches down to the train and embarks for an unknown destination. We only know that we are going near the Gulf. Three months will see us at the latest among the men of the American Expeditionary Forces, General Pershing in command. By the time you receive this, we will be way down South, God knows where—we don't care. Uncle Sam takes care of his sons.

I have had the good fortune to be made a corporal. One hundred and seventy-five volunteers entered the battalion at the same time I did. Six were made first-class privates and I was made a corporal. I feel a little pride in the achievement, in that promotions are few and far between in the Signal Corps. We have college men in our company who have been here since November and are still privates.

I could tell you all about camp life, if I had a ream of paper and a month of time. It is intensely interesting and healthy. I have gained eight pounds, can hike with the best of them, can eat like a hog, and can sleep like a log. There's nothing like the army as a physical developer.

There is one great problem worrying the army. We know we are all right, that we are in this thing to the bitter end. What we are afraid of is that the civilian population will wear out, will tire of the war before we get it won. We are afraid the American people haven't the nerve stamina for a long war—and it will be a long war. They may tire of eating fish and cornbread, of wearing old clothes, and buying Liberty Bonds. They may feel that they are called on for too great sacrifices. We are offering our lives gladly. If they are as game



JUSTUS WILLIAMS PAUL
Lieutenant, 306th Brigade
Tank Corps



BURVIA WALLACE LEWIS
Sergeant Signal Corps
First Depot Division



STOREY M. LARKIN
Corporal, 150th Field Artillery



HENRY MICHENER JAMESON
Lieutenant, Infantry

as we are, there is no question of the ultimate result. Without their co-operation the thing will fall through ingloriously.

I wouldn't trade this uniform and the chevrons on it for anything in the world. It is a rare privilege to be one small cog in Uncle Sam's citizen army. I hope I come back; but, if worst comes to worst, I'm game.

Camp Stanley, Texas—It is with pleasure I accept your congratulations for my trifling achievement. However, I am about as far as I shall ever get in this branch of the service. The Signal Corps, especially the radio end of it, in which I am, is notoriously hard to get anywhere in, as the work is extremely technical and demands electrical engineering ability of a high degree. I wouldn't want to be picked for a commission, because that would necessitate going to a training camp for at least three months and I don't want to waste that amount of time from active service.

* * *

Now to be serious. I noted the appointment of the men you named with pleasure. However, with all your respect and admiration for the big business man and his genius for organization, don't overlook the fact that the fighting man is after all the man who will lick Germany. His is the opportunity for the great sacrifice. It is he who bears the brunt of Germany's hate. * * * Never in my life did I see a single man animated with half the seriousness and nobility of purpose that characterizes *every* man in the whole army. Never since I entered the service have I seen a single trace of heroics or grand-stand playing. It is every man for the good of the whole, whatever may happen to himself. We sometimes talk about what is coming to us, though not very often. There is no bombast or

boast in any one, simply a quiet determination to do one's duty. I believe every man in our organization is already a hero. There isn't a man in the company who wouldn't follow our captain through hell. That is the quiet and unconscious effect of the wonderful discipline of this army. Army discipline is the greatest moulder of character in the world. It is better than a college education. When I first came here the thought of subjecting my body and soul without recourse to the directions of my superior officers was repulsive to me. I was an extreme individualist. Then I saw the light. It is only by submitting without question to my superiors that I achieve the greatest individuality. By conforming to discipline I reach the greatest ability to be of service. My power for good is increased by the giving up of my own direction of myself. And the peculiar thing is that after a time the conformity to discipline becomes a pleasure. The same thing is true of every man in the company. Being a volunteer company, we have men from all walks of life. We have boys who left college to come to war, who left even high school. We have business men who gave up profitable businesses of their own. We have sons of the rich and of the poor. We have men from nineteen different States. All this in a company of sixty-two men. Now there is no distinction between them. The son of the woman who washed for the family of the rich man is now a sergeant over the scion of the wealthy house, who, a private, scrubs the kitchen floor. Funny! When the war is over, the army is going to turn over to civil life thousands of the finest citizens in the world: men who have known what it is to sacrifice for another; men who have been taught by the school of hard experience to give the other fellow first consideration. The rejuvenation of America

will come. Business and politics both will be purified, because these men can't stand the taint of crookedness. They will have lived under conditions where such things would mean death to themselves and their comrades. They will have been taught by experience that the straight and narrow is the only path. Oh, I tell you, things are going to be great!

The captain and I were talking yesterday and the talk switched around to home, which it will do every time when army men talk. They can't help it. Home is the greatest place on earth. When he spoke of his mother's death his eyes filled with tears. You know man's habitual emotional restraint. In the army things are different. We are all together, we live a simpler and closer life than civil convention would permit. Our captain is an old soldier, somewhat hardened by years of campaigning; and yet, when he spoke of his mother his eyes filled with tears. What wouldn't a fellow do for a man so strong and gentle as that? Who was it said "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the true," or something to that effect? I believe it now. He is a born leader of men. He is stern and absolutely just. The men's respect for him is a queer mixture of love and fear, something like a religionist's feeling for God. He has an almost foolish pride in his men. We have in him. The most peaceful man in the company would fight his own brother, if he spoke ill of our "skipper." The captain would lick the colonel if he intimated that our company could be improved upon. Honestly, now, can such an army be beaten?

LIEUTENANT HENRY M. JAMESON, A. B., '19: Camp Taylor. "What do I think of all this?" I could not tell you what I think if I wrote all night, because I

think a lot about it. For the army itself, as an ideal, I can't say too much. By that I mean there is no institution in America with the clearly defined purposes and aims, and with the certain and efficient means of accomplishing those aims. It is an immense school and will turn out millions better for their contact with it. But in spite of all this immense efficiency and universal system, the army as it stands now has its drawbacks. This big place down here is largely in the experimental stage. They are finding out some things every day that no one can tell them and yet have to be learned.

At present we are marking time. That is more probably true in the Depot Brigade than throughout the camp. As one of the boys said, "We are on inactive service." We have fifty men in the company and five officers. I mention this only because it is the condition throughout the brigade. Since the third draft quota has been held up and about half the men who had been in training here have been sent to other camps, we have been left with only our minds to improve. Well, it's not quite so bad as that, but some time ago it would have been a golden opportunity to have all this time and also incentive for study. The lighter reading, such as war stories, I don't dig deeply into, because there will be lots of time to learn all that, and at first hand, too, and reading stories about the horrors of war doesn't brighten the prospect.

Among the young officers around me, I rarely see signs of military genius; and if I do, it is mostly limited to having the good sense to go to bed at a respectable hour in order to be ready for duty the next day. For the most part we are a happy-go-lucky crowd that has a good time and works pretty hard while we are at it.

However, for all the real work we are doing just now, we might be retired on half pay and still be taking advantage of Uncle Sam. But when it comes to good hard work, we are there and we like it. It does seem strange that a man should like it and therefore be happy when he is going as hard as he can go, and feels he is doing some good. But it's a fact. It has happened to me just often enough so that I know that it makes one feel like a real person.

The army, and the whole war business, is an immense business proposition. There is an endless check and balance, responsibility and accountability that one never thought of during the early days of our entrance into the war when everything was "Join the army and be your own boss," or "Enlist today," etc., and when one's romantic blood ran high. But if we have some of the honor and responsibility of being officers, we have also our share of the drudgery. For check-and-balance seems to go on in spite of our entrance into the army—indeed, it seems to increase a little.

One thing the army has done for me, is this: I had dreams and plans for the future. Now they are gone. The reason for that is that we neither dream nor do we plan in the army. In the first place, this is all done for us, and in the second place, we cannot get inspiration out of endless orders, and records that we keep, along with hair-splitting interpretations of regulations. However, if I can learn one thing from all this, it will have profited me much, and the army has that to teach, and that is there is only *one* way to do a thing and that is the *right* way.

The people of Louisville are treating us beautifully. They stick us unmercifully for our money, but they treat us well. They have public dances and private

dances for us. They entertain us at dinner and invite us to church. On the whole, their spirit toward us has been fine. I enjoy the *Collegian* very much. Remember me to all my friends at college.

LIEUTENANT GARRISON WINDERS, '19: It seems as if I had to come down here to Hattiesburg to realize in what esteem and affection I hold old Butler. One must often be taken away from environment and advantage to know what wonderful opportunity he has had. The beautiful old buildings, the campus, the classrooms, and the faculty seem almost a dream to me now. There, I was associated with only the highest class of men and women; here, I am thrown with all classes. One is subject to all kinds of temptation, and this life is a constant builder of character for a man with will-power enough to resist. I hope some day to come back to Butler and finish my education. If I do, it will be with a different point of view from the one I have had. I begin to realize there is something else in the world beside pleasure, and that one must not only gain, but he must sacrifice—he must gain through sacrifice. I feel that I have had every advantage, and I am now ready to give whatever may be necessary for the preservation of our government and its honor.

CORPORAL FRANK SANDERS, '19: Camp Shelby. Your letter came five minutes ago. I have been here a week and am well satisfied. Our work will be mounted signal work and we shall be employed in handing down firing data and other information from headquarters to the batteries in action. The detachment is commanded by a regular army captain and is composed of five sergeants and seven corporals, eight mounted

orderlies, signal men, motorcyclists, couriers, and motor car drivers. I am studying to be a signal operator. In a way the work will be dangerous, for we will be used as outposts between the firing batteries and the brigade headquarters.

We have a nice bunch of men here, they being selected because of their college education or their previous service.

Many of the Butler boys are in camp. Across the road from my tent is the field hospital battalion in which are George Kingsbury, Clifford Wagoner, Stanley Ryker, and Seaborn Garvin. I called on them last night. Jacob Doelker and Miles Tiernan are with the Seventy-fifth Brigade headquarters under General Lewis. Eugene Sims and Chester Barney are transferred from Battery F to the Ammunition and Field Service Trains headquarters. De Forest O'Dell, Garrison Winders, Halford Johnson, Dean Fuller, and Francis Lineback are still with Battery F of the One Hundred Thirty-ninth. I shall see them often, as we are in the same brigade.

I have been visiting the Y. M. C. A. There are six in camp. They are doing a wonderful work, not least in giving a touch of home life to the camp. Movies three nights a week, lectures, stunts, athletic contests, and church on Sunday, keep the soldier boys from becoming homesick and discouraged. At times I become blue when I think of home and college and the dear friends I left behind; but I am cheered by the thought that we are doing only what was expected of us, and that when we return, if by chance or good fortune we do return, we shall be welcomed back with the greatest of joy and heartfelt thanks. I am looking for that day, but to come not soon. I have little time to read,

but I do not want to fall into a rut, so last night took Scott's "The Abbott" from the Y. M. C. A. library.

The other night I took a walk alone through our portion of the camp. It is such a lonely view at night. All around are myriads of lights shining forth from distant rows of mess-shack windows, and the pine trees, towering in the moonlight, are the only visible signs of nature except the blinking stars and the cold moon overhead. When I am alone at night I always compare myself to the moon—far from everybody and cold and lonely. Do not think me sentimental—even a soldier may possess poetic instinct.

With fond memories of old Butler, her students and her teachers.

SERGEANT BLOOR SCHLEPPEY, '12: "Shoving off" for France at Quantico, Va., is a living picture show in three reels which might well be entitled "Parade," "Religious Services" and "Good-bye at the Station."

Two or three days before the actual leave-taking (the time is never certain), the Battalion lucky enough to be assigned to overseas duty from the great Overseas Depot at Quantico, holds its farewell parade, a review of all the troops in the departing unit, fully equipped for travel with complete heavy marching orders, rifles, wire-cutters and intrenching tools.

Between the time of the parade, when every man appears at his best, and the time for entrainment, the men are kept busy rolling heavy marching orders, perhaps entertaining mothers and friends who have come to bid them good-bye; bidding farewells to less fortunate "buddies" who are retained at the post; marching in companies to various supply stations for different articles of equipment and uniform and disposing of

the personal belongings which they can not carry with them.

Here and there throughout the gigantic camp mothers are walking arm in arm with their sons, or sweet-hearts are strolling through the last precious hours of conversation with their heroic Marines. Around the corner of a Battalion street or main road comes a company of men singing and cheering, marching "Route step," overjoyed in the glory of going across and the exultation in the privilege of wearing the overseas uniform. What a sight it is! Square-jawed, vigorous, marching on his toes, with a pack that weighs considerably more than sixty pounds, each man blithe in the final realization of that long-cherished day when he may start for France. What an unconsciously overbearing attitude he has, as much as to say, "My training as a Marine is completed. Now I am going to France for more training and after that when I have been in the trenches the war will soon be over." You can't blame him a bit for his egotism, either, for as an actual fact he is ready to deliver the goods right at the Kaiser's front door.

It is whispered about that——Battalion will entrain the next morning. Every man has been "shot" or inoculated with the required serum, the task of equipping him is done and the order has come to roll the heavy marching order that evening. The latter fact alone is indicative of the fact that the unit will "shove off" because heavy marching orders are never rolled the evening before an ordinary hike. However, Dame Rumor has been exceptionally busy infesting the camp with strange stories.

"We will not leave for a week" is the sage advice of an old-timer. "I had it from headquarters," he adds with a knowing wink.

"Day after tomorrow is the day," says a man but three months in the service who is a hard-faced Marine and pulls the corners of his mouth down as he talks.

"A Quartermaster Sergeant told me," repeats another, and so the time of departure is obscured by the very anxiety of the men who most desire to know it accurately.

But the evening is fraught with excited anticipation. Men in companies still attached to the post are showered with fancy cakes of toilet soap, extra shaving outfits and toilet kits, knives, picture frames, string, and all sorts of "junk," since superfluous articles are not allowed to displace the important baggage destined for the serious business of war.

Groups sit up in the bunk houses far after taps discussing the big event, and for once the order of the Top Sergeant to "pipe down" is unavailing, for even he is too excited to sleep.

Then comes the eventful morning of all mornings, when reveille blows at 3:30 a. m. and the men march to religious services in the big gymnasium. Hymns are flashed on the big moving picture screen and the chaplain bids his "leathernecks" a good-bye which is both a tribute to their good behavior in camp under his guidance and a reminder of what conduct is expected of them "over there."

It was at communion at one of these services when the Second Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment was leaving that one of the Marines burst out crying. His great sobs were uncontrolled and his buddies half rose in their seats to look at him. Suddenly he arose to his feet. "I know what you think," he cried. "You think I'm yellow. I'm not yellow. It's not that. My mother

was killed in an air raid on London and I just can't wait till I get to France." The chaplain and song leader started "Onward, Christian Soldier" and the men sang that hymn as it had never been sung before.

Early "chow" always follows these religious services, after which the men answer roll call and march to the station, where already a huge crowd of stay-at-homes is assembled.

"Don't crowd, plenty of room for everybody. Rear rank in the rear coaches and front ranks forward," come the commands at random. The Red Cross has vied with Morris Levine, of the Jewish Welfare Board, in distributing candies and sandwiches, all of which had been consumed before boarding the train. Mr. Levine was distributing writing paper, but many of the Marines cried "Never mind the paper, out with the candy."

The band struck up "Over There" as the men rushed into the coaches. All the jealous Marines who were denied the privilege of making the trip to Berlin were there shouting at the top of their voices. Pandemonium reigned in the scattered ranks of the stay-at-homes, while eagerness alone disturbed the well-ordered ranks of the men who were lucky enough to smile good-bye.

Colonel Van Orden's twelve-year-old son, George, was there crying because he could not go with his father's regiment to which he had been attached while in camp as drummer boy. Wives and sweethearts thronged the station as the train began the long trip to the port of embarkation.

Slowly in the long line of coaches a semblance of order was restored as the men settled back in groups to

sing or give company yells. Six men in each car, under the direction of Mr. Levine, furnished entertainment during the trip. Burlesques of happenings in camp and takeoffs on officers, quartettes, and humorous monologues provided a continuous vaudeville performance. Each coach competed in a singing contest. The winning coach received a package of cigarettes and a chocolate bar for each man.

All this had happened in the excitement of the night, and shortly after dawn the train pulled into Washington, D. C. An early offensive was immediately launched by an overwhelming force of beautiful Red Cross workers, who were straightway organized so that not a man missed a hot cup of coffee and the many dainties distributed.

After a brief hour in the capitol the train resumed its eventful journey. The men made excellent connections with the transport and went aboard at once after the arrival of their train. So a large part of the Eleventh regiment, U. S. M. C., bade good-bye to camp training to take over the serious life of fighting the Kaiser's minions.

LIEUTENANT JUSTUS W. PAUL, A. B. '15: We are finally on our way across, but it has not been any pleasure trip so far. There were a thousand and one little things that came up at the last minute and kept us on the jump. After we embarked there were just about as many details to look after.

We have a good boat and a fine bunch of officers. There are two Y. M. C. A. men and they have a movie machine and other means of entertainment, so we shall not lack for recreation. The guard and other details keep us busy part of the time. The other time is de-

voted to reading, playing cards, etc. There is a big ship library and in addition a large Y. M. C. A. library. One of the main pastimes is listening to tales of "subs" from the ship officers. They have some dandies. * * *

We are floating about in the war zone now and should be in port in a couple of days. There hasn't been any excitement of any kind and I hardly anticipate any as we have a sufficient convoy. The most daring "sub" wouldn't have much of a chance to get us, and if she did we have plenty of boats and rafts. The food is fairly good. I haven't missed a meal yet and have had several extras. The worst part is the darkness at night. Everybody goes to bed about eight. Can't even smoke at night. I have been on watch up in the crow's nest two days out of every three. We work in four reliefs—two hours on and six off. It is rather hard on sleep, but is quite an experience and breaks the monotony. * * *

We are finally here and settled temporarily. We are quartered in wooden barracks much the same as those we had at Fort Harrison. Everything is so beautiful and so quaint and yet so sad and somewhat run down that you seem to be swallowed up by the environment. Spring is here, the grass is green, the brightest green I ever saw—and flowers—every house has a flower garden that would dazzle your eyes. The houses are quaint little affairs with colored trimmings, the main part always being white. The whole town seems like a spot of heaven to see it from a little distance, but when you get down into it, there is the steady flow of black along the street. Women of all stations and ages are dressed in mourning and yet they are so brave—always smiling and bright. I don't think I shall ever forget my first impressions here. * * *

I was away up in central France the other day—rather three days, on special duty. I passed through many interesting towns and places but can't give the names. I met a lieutenant from Fort Harrison there. He was also at Hattiesburg. Chrisman is his name. We had a fine chat. * * *

Just came off guard. Have been on twenty-four hours as usual, only Jimmy fell in a river last night and as a result I had to stand the whole tour. Usually we divide it. * * * It is so hard not to write of all the interesting things I see every day. There are so many things to be done here and they have to be done at once so we hardly know what to expect in the way of duty. There is one thing I want to have spread around. Tell any one you see who is in the army, that it is not necessary to bring tobacco. We can get all we want at our own canteens and at the commissary and the price is better than at home. But every one does need a canvas basin and bucket. * * *

The company nearly went crazy when the mail came. They don't have much chance to write and I suppose a lot of people in the States don't write to them because they don't get answers. If every one knew the eagerness with which the men wait for mail, every one would write to a soldier. It makes tears come to your eyes to see the expressions on the faces of the men who don't get any letters. * * * Now I am going to study a little French. I am getting along fairly well but it is slow work. However, I shall be able to give Dad some lessons in slang and trench idioms. * * * There is a party down at the Officers' Club tonight—rather, an entertainment. Some music, a bit of elocution, a cup of tea, and a cake. * * * There doesn't seem to be any idea of our leaving this part for some time. No

doubt you are glad to hear that, but it is very dull and uninteresting. I much prefer to be throwing shells at the Huns. * * *

I have lots of news this time. Bob Kennington landed Sunday. He came down to see me last night and we went around town a bit, but I had an engagement with a French officer and his wife. He is adjutant at a big prison camp near here and is going to take me through the camp some day. There are about 3,500 Boches there. * * *

Had some more visitors today. Halford Johnson—you remember him at Butler, perhaps—and McGuire, who was first sergeant of Battery F in the One Hundred Thirty-ninth. * * * I have a great many friends here. I go out to see several French families and could not ask for nicer people. And we have some very funny experiences, too. Yesterday the captain of Company K brought his company to attention and saluted a man who looked for all the world like a French general, but who turned out to be a postman. And I have heard dozens of Americans ask for “des yeux” instead of “oeufs.”

LIEUTENANT JOHN IDEN KAUTZ, '17: I cannot tell you in so short a space all my first impressions of this beautiful country. We had no sleep the last two nights on the boat as we were forced to stay on deck through the danger zone. On Monday we made the dock at Bordeaux after a run up the Gironde through the greenest and prettiest lands I ever saw. Our train left for Paris at 10:30 that night, and, as we traveled third-class on our military permissions we made no attempt to sleep, but had what I suppose few Americans have had—the privilege of traversing the chateau country in the moonlight.

We are quartered here in a very pretty private park of about twenty-five acres of sloping ground on the banks of the Seine just above the Trocadero. This is, of course, right in the middle of the more historic regions of Paris. During my work this week driving a camion, I have seen many of the things worth seeing here, and on my afternoon off have visited several others. I must go now. I shall have to be very particular not to say the wrong things, so I shall not give you much news till I know what is proper to send. My German name has handicapped me several times, but they have been convinced of my good faith eventually. God knows I wish I could do more for these people. Even this little while has taught me that they have given of the best they have; that no sacrifice is too great; that the best men of France are being killed for the sake of great ideals. Only now does one begin to realize what the war really is like. I hope that our own fair land shall never have to suffer as has France, but may the day soon come when we prove to them at least that we are ready, if necessary. *Au revoir.*

* * *

A brave soldier convalescent from wounds he had received in action was to receive the Croix de Guerre and we had been asked (a special favor to us) to take part in the ceremony. The men from other camps were there, too, making five hundred Americans in all. It was a thrilling thing itself to see the five hundred of us form a hollow square around the Stars and Stripes before the march. Our new uniforms looked neat and handsome, and the sun shown pleasantly on dull polished rifles and helmets as we stood at attention. There were French soldiers and officers, and a band played the Marseillaise as the man to be decor-

ated was escorted into the cleared space in the forest. The service was short and impressive, consisting of a reading of the citation, a few words of presentation, the pinning on of the cross, and the kiss on each cheek, while we and the French poilus stood at "present arms."

* * *

Tonight the big guns out there are tired of roaring at each other and are still. I am very glad, for it gives me a chance to forget the things of yesterday when I was nearer the front. I was prepared for a good deal before I went and the separate incidents did not disturb me much; but when I got home to record my impressions in my diary and saw it all written down, it was depressing to find how much of it there was in this small section where there is little activity, and to think how much there must be over all the front.

But here, when we rolled into the grounds as the dusk was settling, it was very different. Picture, if you can, the dense forest with the chateau of white stone and roofed with blue tile set in a clearing. From each corner of the front of the house stretch long rows of brown army tents to where the hill rises sheer for a hundred feet beyond. Two hours ago there would have been goats feeding in the center park and peacocks and pheasants preening themselves on the lower terrace. Now it grows dark and they are gone.

* * *

As I write I am sitting on a shock of wheat thrown down from a harvest pile in a hilltop field. It is rather a rendezvous of mine, for the hill is high and one can see for many miles—to the north and east the smoke of battle, to the south and west such fertile valleys as remind me of the hilly south of our own State. The

hour is early, for at three this morning I awoke from my first full night's sleep in many a day, and breakfasted and sent away some cars. They are keeping us pretty busy now. There has been much fighting hereabouts, of which you will read and no doubt will forget before this reaches you. There is Craonne, between the Chemin des Dames and the twin plateaus of Chartrainbrise and Californie, where the French have withstood such tremendous onslaughts in the last two weeks—and all of it we have served a little with our trucks.

Our ambulances were delayed, so I joined one hundred and fifty fellows who were going up to drive the big army trucks. There are five hundred of us now from Yale, Cornell, Dartmouth, Chicago, California, and a dozen other universities, and, though we were a bit disappointed in the change at first, we feel now that we are helping France the most by doing so.

I suppose that we never can make the name that the ambulance corps did for itself. There is none of the romance or glory, no chance of gaining the distinction that the men who came before us honorably did with their little ambulances. Mostly it is just hard plugging, jarring, straining labor with the five-ton loads, which may be anything from logs to shells and nitroglycerin.

It rains too much, and even the excellent roads here cannot stand the traffic. Sometimes for a week at a time the game is mostly sliding sideways down the hills, with your eyes shut and praying that the other fellow keeps his distance. When we go up close it is always at night, and there are no lights—even cigarettes—allowed, so we stand a pretty good chance of sliding into the man ahead, although the night work is getting to be more or less instinctive now.

I no longer drive very much, as I am a brigadier

of the company, and am kept jumping on and off the trucks a good deal, but often on the way home, when we have been going pretty hard for a bit and I have not slept, I wake from a doze at a slackening of the speed and make a frantic grab for the brake lever which is not there, from the habit of running in the dark.

You will want to know if we have been under fire, I suppose, and what it felt like. The answer is 'yes,' but the experience was much less terrifying, even on the first occurrence, than I had anticipated. Several of us (I for one) have nicks in our steel helmets which we hope some day to display. But, of course, those pieces were pretty well spent before they came, or I would not be writing this letter.

One man in another company is reported to have complained to his lieutenant that some one from our company had thrown rocks at him the other day. Investigation showed the top of his car well shredded and eleven pieces of shell in the bottom of the car.

But somehow they do not seem to get us. The men take unholy chances sometimes, for the sake of seeing all there is to see, but a fool's providence takes care of those who do such things, and no one has been hurt so far.

Tell the anxious ones at home who think this work more perilous than the ambulance, that it is not so. We go the same places they do every day, and one has only to see a big shell burst to know that if we are to meet one it does not matter what our load is.

I suppose we are all to become fatalists by now with regard to life and death. It is well, for that philosophy will let us live each day with all the fervor in us, and it leaves no place for cowardice. There are

loved ones at home whose memory will not let us want to die, but if it comes we can count our lives well spent, at least. Sometimes it galls a bit to know that we are almost outsiders in the war, that though we carry guns and drill and stand our turn at guard, are in the vast army of France, we are not really of it. To see the things the war has done to France; to drop down into some back trench and talk to men who have been where hell was popping hour by hour; to pass the miles of roadside unnamed graves, each in part responsible for the black that veils the womanhood of France; to see a little town that once housed happy families made into dust before your eyes, or view the pitiable human dust of wounded, wornout men that straggle ever back to rest while others take their places—it makes you want to fight and question why you have a right to stay unscratched.

The war as we can see it here is far from being fought all out. America will have to give at least a part as much as France, and recollect that it is to suffer and do without and die and sorrow as the present generation never has. Many of us who are the young men of the day will have to give the best we have to pay. There is no more glamour about it all any more, no glory. The things I have seen, in days to come will make me shudder when I have time to think. But I guess I am willing enough to 'carry on,' at that. The best of it out here is that we do not have time to think, but feel somehow a sense of duty that sends us along well enough content, and we live more or less on the day to day excitement. Besides, you are not to think we live in calm enough to permit of such speculation as I have indulged in this early hour today. Mostly it is laughter and joke about the things that happen, no



JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE
Captain, 168th Infantry



WHITNEY RAU SPIEGEL
Captain, 104th Infantry



ROBERT LAWRENCE LARSH
Sergeant,
150th Field Artillery



JOHN IDEN KAUTZ
Lieutenant,
Motor Transport Corps

matter how serious they may be, and sing a bit at night.

Sometimes when some one is laid up for a day or so, he breaks out with a poem or a song or adds some new choice bit to our atrocious slang. Altogether, perhaps the fun is a bit unreal, born of the reactions from the cessation of the crash and rush of wind and shock of the big guns up front. But we are all right, and for the time, at least, we would not change places with our own army, for we are having lots of action. Later, perhaps, we can join them when they are doing things. I hope so.

* * *

Since writing the foregoing two men have come in rather badly dazed from catching a pair of spent balls in the side of the head. I have given them first aid and shipped them off to the hospital—it is nothing much, but it spoils our record. Except for three broken arms there had been no other injuries so far.

The men are scattered about the grounds cooling off after a long drive that kept us out till nine o'clock. The stars are coming out and peace settles over us for the night.

I wish I could tell you all of the things I am seeing and doing, but suppose there are good reasons for our being instructed to refrain. I think I am beginning to understand more why we are in the war and to feel very glad that we are as a nation come to the aid of France in this hour of need. I hardly see how these people can have kept at it so long and so hard and prepare still to go on.

I have told you of the admiration France has awakened in me—of the inspiration of the splendid struggle she has made. Those things shall never die within me and that is partly why I am so glad to see our men.

France—not Paris—is suffering a nervous dementia. The common people can no longer reason at all. They are hysterical. They do not like us Americans very much at heart, although they are very glad to see our khaki now. They say, “Why didn’t you come two years ago and help us out? Then France would have had a chance. Now you fight your own war while we are killed, and there is nothing left of us to enjoy what we have gained.” In a way at least they are right. It hurts to admit the fact.

Russia has laid down on the job through ignorance or wilfulness, with the result that last month 750,000 men were transferred to this front. England is doing splendidly where she fights, but she is holding less than a third of all the lines. France may go through one more great campaign—no more. Her army is hollow-eyed—exhausted. They must rest each few hours, and many welcome death however it comes. They are drunken when they go into battle—crazy when they come out. Why? Not because there is anything wrong with the men, but because humans cannot live for three years through what they have had and remain the same. They will not give way to our trucks oftentimes, hoping to be injured by us. When two trucks collided the other day, both drivers went crazy from the shock. These are but examples of the conditions.

One cannot help having a little lost feeling in being so quickly plunged into such seas of awfulness, and I suppose the experience sobers and ages one as nothing else can. It is indescribable—often nauseating to some of the weaker of us; perhaps it is well that the world is not allowed to know all the truths about Belgium’s suffering at Germany’s hands. Perhaps it is

well that the life in the trenches is only vaguely pictured and that those who love things beautiful cannot see Rheims, for instance, as I saw it distantly yesterday—a dust heap disturbed twelve to twenty hundred times a day by German shells.

One cannot imagine what a single shell can do till he has seen one burst. The other night when we were up with fourteen cars to serve a new sortie very close up, we took refuge in a Red Cross “poste de secours” while shells were falling in a stone court beyond. The destruction was enormous and fragments struck above us, nearly a thousand feet away, with wounding force. It is not as terrifying to be under fire as I thought it would be, but then we never had it very bad.

* * *

I come to the end of a nearly perfect day as I write now, and I draw a little circle around the date of another Sunday nearer home with a glad, tired feeling—happier than I have been for days. It was three o'clock this morning before our run of yesterday was finished. We had ridden all night under clear bright skies and once when we crossed a high foothill, it seemed almost that we were riding through the stars in still, peaceful spaces, where the mountains hid the sight and sound of war and blotted out all evil things. So when the last car had reported in and I was free, I couldn't want to leave it all for sleep, but took instead a knapsack with a little food and crept away up through the shadow of the highest hill to wait the coming of the sun down the narrow valley to the east. How still and subtly the gray overcast the stars and the white dew-fogs of the night lifted and smoked away from the jewel-tipped fields below! How gently the red-pink clouds slid aside to let the big red ball roll through

and change to glittering yellow in the clearer air, while coming it painted the hillsides downward to the valleys with its light! Then the world awoke to meet the aurora. The birds came forth and sang as they soared and dipped among the fields, while all the world was for the moment gunless and still. Behind me my comrades slept the dead sleep of fatigue—unknowing. Out yonder men slept in sodden misery in holes—too tired to care if there was beauty near.

It is the war—and, oh, how terrible. Why should it be that these poor people must suffer so? Why should one have to think that all the blue farm smoke that rises here and there was made by fires that women built because their men had gone to help the stricken homeland? Why, while the chateau over there stands out so white and pretty in the morning, must one know that the roof is gone and the walls on the other side were broken because an enemy came to destroy and kill and reap an awful harvest in the fields where grain has given way to the forms of men at the sowing time?

It is this that can make us hate, that blinds our eyes to the purple of the gentians and the deep red of the poppies, that takes us away from the ones we love till the debt is paid. So be it for a little while longer at least.

* * *

Today when the air grew warm and I had eaten a little bit, I wandered away on a well-earned holiday to see the land as I liked. And as I walked I thought of many things, and home of all things most.

Then at length I turned away from the road, up a little path to the top of Mount Notre Dame, where the villagers round about—old men and the women—were come to worship and to pray for France in the cathe-

dral that stands there on the ancient rock. I couldn't help slipping into the doorway to see the service, for I knew it must be beautiful in there under the great stone arches that master-builders had so lovingly wrought long, long ago in the days before the New World was even a myth. Somehow I knew the priest would be white-haired and majestic, that the place would be cool and dark with the stillness of dead centuries. Somehow I knew that only peace could reign in there and rest for tired hearts, and holiness and love. But I couldn't stay—I, with my uniform of war, was out of place in there, and I left it to its simple people to go into the sunshine and the woods. And the breath of the place, the mysticism of the rose-lit windows, and the orange burning of the tapers, went with me as I left and brought me happiness of heart.

It is very splendid to be giving so much time to the Red Cross work—you will always be glad that you have in years to come, for that is the only truly glorious part of the war—the Red Cross.

AN INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY

Nothing but good can befall the soldier, so he plays his part well. Come out of the ordeal safe and sound, he has had an experience in the light of which all life thereafter will be three times richer and more beautiful; wounded, he will have the esteem and admiration of all men and the approbation of his own conscience; killed, more than any other man, he can face the unknown without misgiving—that is, so long as death comes upon him in a moment of courage and enthusiasm, not of faltering or fear . . . Never have I regretted what I am doing, nor would I at this moment be anywhere else than I am. I pity the poor civilians who shall never have seen or known the things that we have seen or known. Great as are the pleasures that they continue to enjoy and that we have renounced, the sense of being the instrument of Destiny is to me a source of greater satisfaction.

ALAN SEEGER.

I don't remember when nor how this little clipping came to me. I found it, perused it, lightly enough, then kept it to re-read many times and to ponder more than once the words the poet wrote. He lived and died out here in that philosophy and found it good—even to that last hour, when men in battle come to choose this life or that death in brave deeds. In writing he has passed the clean thought on to those of us who find our power of words too slight to formulate a doctrine of our own to guide us through these fields. And I have made it mine.

I send it to you because the time has come when you and I must face a little more squarely the eventuality for me of which he wrote himself. *C'est la guerre.*

SERGEANT ROBERT E. LARSH, '20: I hope this reaches you before Christmas, because I would like to have a letter to read myself for a present.

This letter proposition is rather hard to get around over here, so if this is stupid and uninteresting, don't blame me. I'll say all I possibly can. I am getting along finely, and growing fat, from all appearance. We feed pretty well here, especially in quantity. I should have taken a few French lessons before I left, because I do have some trouble making these people understand what I want. I usually come out victorious, however. I have been to town once. This is a very quaint and picturesque country around here, and I would like to describe it to you, but they say "No," so there I am. I'll save the description until I come back. Sunny France—I wonder where it is? This is the first bright day we have had for some time. It has been rainy and cold—the kind that goes clear through. I guess I'll live, nevertheless.

We are on a sort of a vacation this afternoon, and everyone is sunning his clothes and blankets and himself, and, incidentally, thinking of home. You know we do that often—it makes a pleasant pastime. It is surprising how little homesickness there is. You would think there would be a lot, because we have not had any mail for nearly a month, and you know lack of news from home often brings that peculiar disease called homesickness. These American boys show their stock, though, because they adapt themselves quickly to any condition. Of course there is a little crabbing, as we call it, but that soon passes on and the condition becomes laughable. That is the spirit that is going to bring us through this war with flying colors.

How's every one in Butler? How's the football team getting on? I want you to know that I've wished for a book of poems several times since I've been here.

Well, goodbye. My hello to everybody.

LIEUTENANT EARL T. BONHAM, A. B., '20: The copy of "Character and Heroism" has come. It certainly deals with subjects of vital current interest, but its thought would be more effective in time of peace. Words on heroism are superfluous over here, for heroism is considered a form of doing one's duty. Sacrifice, too, is just plain duty as millions of men have done it. As to character, why, character is made daily here. Every skirmish tends to bring out what is in a man. A man's whole future may be moulded by incidents which occur in the soldier's daily routine. The life of a soldier is very different from the life of the civilian and for the most part makes him much more useful all round.

There is little time for me to write, but I think of you all at Butler many times, be sure. Good night.

LIEUTENANT JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE, '12: We are not permitted to tell much of what we are doing, so that my letters are necessarily brief. I think I may safely say, however, that while we are very busy, we still have had an occasional leave, and that consequently I've been able to see of this beautiful country enough to know that I must return after the war to see more of it. I am glad to know the college continues to progress. There are no Butler men near my station, so the news of the college is doubly welcome. I am pleased to hear the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are taking such an interest in affairs.

You may take these few words as my sentiment: We are here to stay—and to fight—until America has given the world that thing for which she entered the war—Democracy. We are all mightily in earnest, and those at home may rely on us that the job will be well done.

LIEUTENANT WHITNEY R. SPIEGEL, '18: "Somewhere in France." The best thing you folks back home can do is to write letters, and after they have been finished to sit down and to write more letters. Yesterday's mail was the first I had received in fifteen days, so you can imagine with what interest I devoured the news. I was more than fortunate in the number I received—twenty, so I ought not to complain. It really would be better if mail came every three or four days, instead of from fifteen days to three weeks and then have enough to start a post office.

It was great news to hear of Butler's glorious football season. I have thought of the college many times, and have wondered how every one was getting along. I suppose you had a great time when Harry Perkins brought his team from Camp Taylor to play Butler.

Tell the Butler students that the money they contributed to the Y. M. C. A. is the best investment they could have made. There is no institution for which I have higher words of praise than the Y. M. C. A. Many, many enjoyable evenings I have spent in their little frame huts, listening to their victrola or piano. Really it makes one think he is back home as he listens to the old songs he has heard so many times as he sat about the grate fire. As this stationery shows, I am writing now in the Y. M. C. A.

There is a great "bit" going on over here, but what is most interesting is censored. I am trying, however, to remember most of the things of importance to tell you when I return.

This town of "Somewhere" is a great place. It has no doubt received more prominence than any other city in the world. To describe it would be as hopeless a task as my learning French. The French language is hard to conquer. You can study and study and think you are progressing finely, until you hear a Frenchman talk, and you are then sure you have never heard the language before.

There are many historical places of which I had read, and now it is my pleasure to see them with my own eyes—a treat I had never dreamed would be mine when burning the midnight oil to learn about them.

I have not told you much news, but if this conveys to you Butler people my thanks and appreciation it will have served its purpose. My thoughts are with you a great deal. I am not with any Butler boys or any one I ever heard of.

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, '19: We have just come in out of the dark night after giving Mr. Boche "two rounds." He gave us a good shelling today, but

the men have grown so used to old Heinie's shells that they go right on with their work without batting an eye. They have found that it is comparatively easy to tell when the shell is coming close and the men usually have time to duck into some shelter before it "lets go."

It is still snowing a little outside, but the weather is not cold and we feel that the winter is about over. We have had enough cold weather during maneuvers to do us the rest of our lives. I do not particularly fancy getting up in the morning and having to thaw out my shoes before I can get them on. But it all goes in a day's business in the army. In fact we are far from uncomfortable in our daily routine, though, of course, by turns, we have long night hours and are glad to get to our comfortable dugout, with a stove and plenty of light and ventilation.

SERGEANT ROBERT E. LARSH, '20: "Somewhere." Somehow tonight it is not easy to write. I can think of a million things I want to say, but the regulations say "no". So, if this is a little rambling, blame it on the war.

This has been a beautiful day. We have so few of them that we take great care to mark them down. It has been cold, but the kind of cold that makes you feel that you have taken a new lease on life. It braces me up anyhow. Now please do not get the impression that I am down and out, for we have too much to do that is interesting to feel so.

I am in one of those many Y's which are popping up all over France. They are doing a great work. There is usually a canteen connected with them where we can buy tobacco, candy, canned goods, and other little

articles which we miss so much. There is a large music room connected with this, where are given some really fine concerts. You would not think such music could be found in an army band, but the Minnesota band has some of the bands back home wiped clear out.

I broke the record and went to church this morning. This surely is a red letter day. Freddy Daniels and the bunch out of our cantonment went. This was the first service our chaplain had held, so we decided to start out right. You know we have to march in some sort of formation everywhere we go, but we didn't know what would be the regulation formation for church, since it's not in the book. We finally lined up in the shape of a cross with Danny leading and I at the foot. We did get serious when we got there and enjoyed the service very much.

You ask if I ever see the Butler boys. I think I see about fifteen every day. Besides Danny, there are Duke Witherspoon, Art Bryan, Storey Larkin, Ed Whitaker, in the same company with me; then, Fritz Wagoner in the supply company, and about five in Battery E, so we are not a bit lonesome. I hear from "Tow" pretty often, too, and hope to see him soon. He seems to be enjoying himself and getting along finely. I think he has been to Paris twice—once on leave and once on duty. He surely makes a good soldier. Carlos is over here, too, with the Fifteenth F. A.; so, you see, the Butler boys are well represented.

A book of poems came to me for Christmas, and I do enjoy sitting by the stove and reading it. I have read it clear through and have started it over again. It moves whenever I move and it's going to take a journey soon. I lent it to one of the boys while I was

away on a trip. We compare notes on which poems are the best, and at times we get into pretty lively discussions. He has a book of Huxley's Essays which helps to pass the time between retreat and bedtime. We got pretty hot the other night over "On a Peace of Chalk." The whole cantonment was in before we got through, so you see our time is not spent so badly.

LIEUTENANT EARL T. BONHAM, A. B., '20: As to that statement about being an officer of the first company that got a shot at the Boche, I might tell you that I was an officer in the first regiment to get the first crack. You know that we went up to the front with quite a few men and quite a few batteries, and as to which of about ten batteries fired the first shot is still unsettled. However, I might as well claim it though, for no one knows for sure.

To comply strictly with the censorship regulations would be but to tell about my health and the weather, but I will tell you that we are at the front and giving them hell all the time. The Boche had an idea that they were tough, and the other night came over under a barrage to try to clean us up. To their sorrow, however, we were on the job and placed a cute little barrage behind them so they could not get back to their trenches. There they stood between the devil and the deep blue sea, between two barrages through which they could not pass. Our machine guns stretched out a bunch of them in No Man's Land, and as soon as their barrage had lifted to enable them to come on into our trenches, they came—as wild a bunch of scrappers as ever greeted any one. Of course some of our boys were stretched out, but they killed a bunch of Huns and captured the rest. It is believed that not an invader got back to his trenches.

I don't know whether I ought to tell this stuff or not; but you called for something of the adventurous nature, and if there is anything more so than a trench raid, I don't know what it is.

LIEUTENANT H. U. BROWN, JR., '19: May 3—We are getting what we came over here to get—action. If we were to stop to think about it we would find we were dead tired because night and day we are on the go. We were out last night at eleven o'clock and did not get back until after daylight, but we accomplished our purpose. The future seems to be full of just such "parties," but ammunition supplies have to go up and we cannot win the war if we quit when we feel tired. But we know the Germans lose as much sleep as we do, and probably more from the way the guns are barking. We live in an old chateau perched on a wooded hill. It is of ancient date and furnishings. I found in my room an old book, written in English and printed in 1718, dealing on the subject of religion. Just now I am reading "Prayers for Sick Persons." Fortunately, I am not sick. Some of these prayers, I fear, would really kill a sick man, and yet they are good stuff when one is in a prayerful mood.

I feel myself lucky in getting over here. Some of the officers of my acquaintance are going home for a few months to train the new army, but all of us would rather stay over and see this thing through. Time passes swiftly. There is no chance to get homesick. We try to see the comedy side of every incident, and our battery from captain down is as cheerful a lot of men as one could find. War is not so bad if you don't pay too much attention to the horrible side of it. A laugh and a cartoon will help to drive the blues away, and in no degree contribute to the welfare of the

enemy, nor to the misfortune of your own men. I know that Paul (brother of the writer) is not downhearted, and you know I am not.

May 5—I must stop the letter I have just started, because some sixth sense tells me that a package is about to be received. Sure enough, here it comes, and with it the “gang” came in. The package was duly appreciated by the multitude. One lieutenant as he consumed a cigarette and a portion of the chocolate, settled himself comfortably and absorbed the most welcome reading matter, remarking: “After all, magazines are the best thing to send.”

It is extraordinarily quiet tonight, possibly because it is Sunday, at least I think it is that day. It is hard to keep up on the day of the week when they are all alike. Speaking of horses, I have one that outranks the steed we used on the Mexican border. He is hard to see unless you get a side view, because he is not exactly what you would call plump. Among his other qualifications he is afraid of automobiles and shell fire. As both of these are common articles (we are near the roads) you can imagine what a good time I have. When he hears a shell coming he begins to shiver and shake, and when the shell bursts he leaps sideways into the ditch. When he hears a machine coming he stops until it gets even with him and then wheels, plunges and lies down. This horse makes walking a pleasure.

But this poor beast has been my friend, and I feel compassion for him, for the same shell that got me upset the “critter” and rendered him sure enough “hors” de combat.

May 14—Well here I am with a bandage around my head and another around my leg, wounded in the big-

gest show of the war and now lying up in the best hospital in the world. I have borrowed pen and paper from one of the nurses to write you a line about the little affair. By the time this reaches you, you will have learned already of my being slightly wounded. It happened when I got too close to a bursting shell. I received a scalp injury above my left ear and a flesh wound on the left thigh. Neither one of them amounts to much but Red Cross people lost no time in giving me first aid and shipping me back to this hospital.

It only took about three hours in all for me to be hit, transferred about twenty miles to the rear in a Ford ambulance, have the pieces of steel cut out and sink into sound sleep enjoying ether dreams. I thought the stretcher bearers were making a mistake when the ambulance stopped in front of this mansion. They took me up the marble steps and in past the bronze doors. I was afraid to take a deep breath for fear I would wake myself up. They put me down in a big hall.

A lady comes up and sticks a cigarette in my mouth, lights it and remarks, "After you have had your bath you will just get in bed in time for your breakfast." And Sherman said war was hell! This good hospital is operated by the French, and is one grand relief after being so long in dugouts and billets. Six others share this good ward with me—an English officer, a doctor from the foreign legion, an American lieutenant in the aviation, another lieutenant of artillery, a captain of a machine gun battalion, and a signal corps major. A sister of M. Clemenceau is a nurse in this ward, or at least she is around a great deal. She is a noble character. She has been decorated three times for service, and has such a motherly nature that one can feel her presence in the room even if one is sleeping. She

speaks a little English, and says our men are splendid and show wonderful spirit and courage in the hospitals. I do not expect to be here long. I should be back for duty in a week.

May 16—This is only my fourth day in the hospital, and I already feel like an old-timer at this game. I would be enjoying myself thoroughly with little to do but sleep in absolute silence on downy pillows, if it were not for the thought that somebody back home might get a report of my injury and worry. But I guess there is bound to be some worrying during this whole war. I am well taken care of, and by the time you see these words I shall probably be back with the battery, where I will try not to get wounded again. But be assured of this fact, if either Paul or I get injured, or if any one in America fears for the injury of his son, remember the Red Cross is taking good care of us. I know now what I am talking about.

Some American nurses dropped in to see us. They were the first American girls I had seen since I left New York eight months ago. One of them gave me a tablet from which this sheet is torn. One gave cigarettes and they all donated flowers and oranges. They were "some gang," with lots of pep and fun. Another bright period in the history of my stay here was when my friend, the aviator, whose bunk is next to mine, was visited by his group of brother aviators. That also was "some gang." They shook this old hospital from stem to stern. I guess they violated all the known rules of the institution. They insisted on seeing the wounded man's injuries, they ate the cookies the nurses had brought him, they scuffled within reason with him and with me and with one another and generally had a "swell" time. They were a fine group of young fel-

lows, full of life and every one of them (there were seven) had a decoration of some kind and some had all of them. Their stay was prolonged, possibly in the hope that the fair nurses would come in, but the nurses know better and had important work in other wards where the really sick and suffering are receiving their tenderest care. We get along so well in this ward that we really don't need much attention and they give us pretty much our own way.

May 18—We have here a French aviator that was wounded the other day when six Germans attacked him. He was far over the Boche lines but he won his way back to safety, bringing some important photographs along. He was hit in the leg by a machine gun bullet but the Croix de Guerre he is now sporting on his night shirt (it was brought in to him last night) seems more than to make up for his injury. I find myself in good condition. My head is almost healed up but my leg is going to keep me here for some time. They don't allow wounds to heal up in a hurry. They keep them open, making them heal up solidly from the bottom. I have plenty of time to think of you folks back home, tearing down strawberry shortcakes every day. Well, don't worry about us. We are also having a good time. Pretty soon I will be allowed to go out into the park, and later on into town—oh, boy! After six months in the mud—look out!

May 23—I have been transferred from Hospital No. 1 and am now at Base Hospital No. 34. Part of my time is spent now in wondering if I am justified in cursing my leg. It is not painful at all but will take time to heal. Somebody tells me I can count on a month, which is quite a disgusting admission to have to make. The wound itself as made by a shell frag-

ment was small, but the doctor had to do a deal of cutting to get it and so I have to sit around now and wait for the blankety blank cut to get well.

The wounds around my ear have healed, but I guess I shall have a couple of beauty spots there. At any rate those scars shall be treated with all due respect. It is a rather hard job to lie in a hospital, even as good a one as this is, far away from the battery, when one knows that they are holding the line, and that every man could be of some help (at least he always thinks so) if he were there. The country about here is beautiful. I am not so far from the old school where I spent my first three months in France. I didn't think I would be going back along the same line some day on a stretcher. Neither did I think that day we went to Ft. Harrison that just a year to a day from that date I would be taking a ride in an ambulance over here. However, I am willing to take another ride in it if it will help win the war. We are not afraid of being wounded, because we know of the good treatment of the hospitals. Well, the doctor is here to probe around in that leg. I might not use strictly classical or Sunday school language if I wrote during his explorations and so I close and give him the right of way.

EMMETT W. GANS, A. B. '87: War Trade Board, Washington, D. C. June, 1918. While location here deprives me of the pleasure of returning for Commencement, it gives a wide opportunity for duty of a sterner sort. The war, with its main objective well defined, and to accomplish which every energy of the nation is bending, has withal resulted in a general awakening of the nation on innumerable collateral subjects. The giant is finding his real strength—his real

domestic duties, long left undone. The citizen long unthinkingly accepting the advantages of this beneficial republic is now awakening to the fact that he has obligations to perform.

The interesting and gratifying feature is that the tremendous tasks now forced by necessity on the government in myriad fields, in large part, are producing results of lasting benefit. In controlling the commerce of the country, fundamental trade information is obtained that will give us the key to a future prosperity of untold magnitude and benefit. The requirements of the government for trained men and women have opened fields of activity of unmeasurable extent. It is no longer "What shall we do?" but, "Where shall we get the people who can do?"

And the way our citizens are responding to this call would make any one's patriotic zeal rise to fever heat. A constant stream of patriots apply for the privilege of "doing anything they can"—and, given the opportunity, they do. Millionaires and day laborers work side by side in many places. Men who count their annual income in seven figures, work sixteen hours a day at routine work and are a brilliant example to the young plodder. There can be only one outcome to the activities of a nation thus awakened!

And the college graduate—this is his day! Kaiser Bill is the Moses who has led the college graduate into his promised land!

The college man and woman are wanted by the military of all branches, by Government departments of all kinds, by Red Cross activities, by manufacturers of newly discovered industries—and our dear lady friends not so favored are in such demand that the individual is lost in the demand for hundreds, thou-

sands, tens of thousands, in many departments, and the demand seems still as great as ever.

It is a world disaster that, like all others, gives endless openings to the men it develops. It is a lifetime opportunity I am grateful to have, and which in some measure compensates for the tension of duties and separation from many good friends. To the college people this is their opportunity and like loyal alumni you are all rising to the occasion. Before another anniversary let us hope it will be lasting peace, so we can all get together again.

SERGEANT MURRAY MATHEWS, A. B. '13: I am up here (Vancouver) as a sergeant in the Spruce Production division of the Air Service of the army. We are making soldiers out of men who cannot pass the overseas examination, and then are sending them to the forests of Oregon and Washington to get out spruce for aeroplanes. While this work is hardly that of a real soldier, it is absolutely necessary, as the aeroplane is playing a very important part in the war now. Once a month an overseas examination is given and it is surprising how many men become physically perfect after a turn in the woods. Of course our base hospitals are full of men who have been operated on to make them better men, and they in turn soon join a regiment for overseas duty. The Government is doing a wonderful work for the country by having this camp here, in that thousands of men have been given medical service (which they never would have had in civil life) and are turned out cured.

NEWTON C. BROWDER, A. B. '16: For two years I have been attending the Harvard Medical School. Last



CARLOS WATKINS BONHAM
Major, 15th Field Artillery



WILLIAM R. MATHEWS
Captain, 5th United States
Marines



PAUL HENRY MOORE
Private, Medical Corps,
22nd Engineers



MYRON MATHIAS HUGHEL
Lieutenant, 806th Pioneer
Infantry

January the Government had all medical students enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps, so that they could finish their course. There seems to be a great shortage of doctors, and the Government does not want us drafted. It seems as if our four years would never end. It makes one feel almost like a slacker, when he knows all the other boys have gone. Some of the medical students have enlisted anyway, against the advice of the authorities; and often I feel that I cannot stay out of the war any longer.

LIEUTENANT EARL T. BONHAM, A. B. '20: It is still my good fortune to be on the front—the place very much coveted by a vast number of anxious and chafing true-blooded American lads, eager to take their chance with the Hun. They sometimes think that they are too young and inexperienced to tackle a veteran like the Boche, but the same kind of fine young fellows have been initiated daily only to learn that they are individually equal to him and in their own minds confident that they are superior. We must give the adversary his just dues, though, for he is a worthy opponent except for his absolute disregard or ignorance of fair play. This latter characteristic has cost many a German life which might have been and undoubtedly would have been spared had his opponent any faith in him.

There is no need for worry, and, while some may not return, they will not have remained in vain, for victory is more inevitable every day. It is a hard struggle, but one the result of which will be a thousand times worth the effort. * * *

CORPORAL EDWARD S. WAGONER, '20: I have just returned from the evening services at the "Y." Heard

a talk by a private. It is the second talk I have heard from the doughboys here, and both talks have impressed me more than any others I have heard since we've been at the front. The beauty about them is that they can't hand out a word that they are not sincere in, for their audience is the men they live with twenty-four hours a day and they would be mobbed for hypocrisy if they were not sincere.

The first fellow I heard was a small, cross-eyed young man who showed all signs of having bucked the most stubborn battle that the game of life offers. His voice was slightly more audible than a loud whisper. Dave Brown—his name alone gives the picture. He had no wonderful command of the Bible, but what he knew he knew, and is making a brave attempt to live up to it. A tear dimmed the eye of almost every fellow throughout the talk. This is sufficient proof of his sincerity.

The talk tonight was better, was given by one who seems to have had more of a chance in life. It was just as impressive, perhaps for the same reason.

These fellows, and there are many more of them, are doing an invaluable good to us all. We are rapidly coming to realize that this war has been brought not upon us, but upon the people of the world, wholly through our sins. It is a war of incalculable manpower, in which God is going to win a distinct victory. This fact is the thing that is bringing us to our senses. This is why there is such a noticeable change in the American young men, especially those over here. The lesson is becoming exceedingly practical. We are learning rapidly that a victory against sin is a far greater step toward home and final peace than the taking of the helmets of a hundred Boches.

I am sure we will win a big victory because it has been shown that our principles are by far cleaner than our enemy's; but the great victory is going to be God's over mankind. The great element which is uncovering this valuable fact is the Y. M. C. A. It is the Association which rounds up such as I have heard, and they are the means of spreading its influence.

I hope that in a few days we will be helping in the big war. It will be our golden opportunity and I think we'll show up well. At least we are seasoned and all are anxious to go.

[Edward's wish was realized. He did "help in the big war." After weeks in a base hospital the following letter was sent to a friend.]

I have been lying here all afternoon trying to think of something to write that might be of interest to you. I could tell you how that "210 H. E." shell accidentally found my hiding place, but you have probably heard that a dozen times already. And I might tell you of the fine vacation I have had since then in the hospitals with the nurses, and riding around France on a hospital train, but all this stuff is secondary to the fun we are having. At the time I left the gang we were chasing those Dutch scoundrels so fast that we couldn't keep up with them. One evening, after we had advanced all day, we asked some fellows along the road where the front was. "It was about a mile up the road from here this morning, but I don't know how far it is now," was the reply. Well, it took us three days to get there, and they weren't nearly finished when I left. I'm going to get back in time to help run 'em some more.

LIEUTENANT MACCREA STEPHENSON, '12: Clermont Ferrand, July 15, 1918. Never have I been in better

spirits than now. We are enjoying life as we never have before in this beautiful place.

Our work is very interesting and to my notion more businesslike in the thing we are training for than chase or pursuit work. Our planes are large and fast and very satisfactory in every way and as two men go up in these ships, it takes away the loneliness of monoplane work. The man I am teamed with is a splendid, capable fellow from Keokuk, Iowa. His name is Lester Harter and he is the real thing. I believe we will be able to give a proper account of ourselves if we can once get at it.

One cannot help getting the French spirit out here and a desire to get out there *tout de suite* or sooner. These people have certainly carried their burden admirably and to sit in front of a café and watch them, it is really difficult to realize what is and has happened. Even the *blessé* does not bring home the fact of the suffering there must be some place. Such a thing is not apparent any place that I have been.

We had quite a royal reception on the Fourth of July. The guests of the Royal Palace Hotel were our hosts and hostesses and such a party only the French people could give and at this time when they feel so keenly what we are trying to do.

Yesterday being the French Independence Day we expected a repetition of our celebration, but I think their desire to entertain us and their curiosity in seeing so many American soldiers on permission that day, for it seemed as if the whole army were here, accounts for their more modest demonstration.

We flew over the city in a formation of six and shot flare pistols with colored stars as our part of their morning parades and our artillery stationed in and

around here paraded and as usual was generously applauded. Outside of the prices we have to pay, it is almost like being a real hero wherever an American goes.

Being back of the war zone is fine for the pleasures we can enjoy, but a restless existence, especially when there is so much of importance going on.

After I have been up there and feel that I have accomplished something I will be glad to get back in the rear probably, but until then I want to go and square a few difficulties with the Hun and probably will before the summer is over. You must not allow anyone to worry you about my safety. I hope you will not for it gains us nothing. True there is a hazard, but why think of it? That does not alleviate the risk and just think of the much greater risk and drudgery the many infantrymen are enduring every day, even in training. Our chances are much better than theirs; in fact we have much in our favor, for in our work we can really destroy a lot compared to the price we might pay, and therefore at all costs the game is worth while. Please remember that what I am trying to do, is a necessity and if we worry about things nothing is accomplished. Let's take the French spirit in this thing and realize the consequences of lack of action and risk.

As I glance back over those last sentences, I fear you may think I am trying to prepare you for some great risk I am about to take. Nothing of the sort, for I have taken far more chance in other schools of training than here. True enough, I may not get back soon, but I'll be there to ride in the new electric and then, as Briggs the cartoonist says, "What a grand and glorious feeling!"

I wouldn't trade places with Methuselah to avoid a draft or the opportunity of being here now, for regard-

less of consequences, I feel that from a purely selfish viewpoint, I have gained more than I can lose in experience.

LIEUTENANT J. T. C. McCALLUM, A. B. '16: After many wanderings and sojournings, but mainly wanderings, I am able to write to you and say that I have been in one place for ten days. It was a trip we had! Naturally, with a bunch of rookies there was plenty of hard work, but all the same there was pleasure along with it. The voyage across was great. Very few were sick, for which the size of the boat and the calmness of the sea were responsible. We traveled in first-class staterooms on a great Atlantic liner; and ate—my, but I ate enough for ten. So you see Uncle Sam mixes a party in with hard and tiresome work. I could not but feel what a time a fellow might have on the same boat in peace times. As it was, we had some lords and ladies on board. I must say that I never gave the subs a thought, although one lieutenant in our stateroom was almost scared stiff. Poor fellow—and he expects to make a machine gun officer of himself, too.

We made a brief stay in England and I saw a good deal of the country. Fortunately the weather was perfect and everything appeared at its best. It is undoubtedly a beautiful and well-kept little country. One does not see any men except real old men and broken down and wounded soldiers, and yet every hedge and garden is in perfect condition. The women of England are certainly doing their part nobly. One sees more men in France than in England, in fact I believe that England shows the signs of war more than does France. * * *

I am liking this place. We passed within the roll of

thunder from the guns one day, August 8th, when the English made their big drive, but since then I have been out of range. We are now waiting our turn and working hard on our guns.

The towns in which we are located are quaint old places with narrow, winding streets and solid stone houses. Nearly every village has its chateau which dates back to the twelfth century. We have our headquarters in a chateau here, and our official entrance is over the royal moat and through the royal arch. And my! you should hear the stories that our boys tell about it. You see we have to censor the letters and we get the full benefit of them. It has been the headquarters of every military leader from Coeur de Lion on down to Jeanne D'Arc, Napoleon included, as well as some old Irish chieftains.

This is one of the gardens of France—vineyards on all sides. Wish some of the boys and girls could be here to enjoy the moonlight of the beautiful region. I want to talk to somebody who can understand my lingo.

SERGEANT ROBERT L. LARSH, '20: I'm way back from the front now for a short rest, where I cannot even hear the rumble of the guns.

It has been very beautiful, sunny France for sure, but today it is raining hard and is disagreeable for nearly everything except writing and reading. We are living in barracks, supposedly rain-proof, but I'm sitting in between drops now. My mess cup is about half full—water which was intended for my bed; but this is not bad—just part of it. * * *

The Quarterly was late in coming. I have just finished reading Dr. Mackenzie's address, and it is needless to say that it has helped me to see things differ-

ently. I think I'm like the rest of the boys. I get tired of this over here, disgusted with the life, and rather lose sight of what we are here for, the big ideals we are fighting for. Reading this address today makes it all clearer and easier. Of course we are all game to the end, but it does get awfully tiresome. Some of the things I have seen on this last big push will stay with me always. It leaves bitterness in the heart against the Hun.

Some of the French people are left in a very pitiful state. Even as far back as we are, we see the women out in the wheat fields gleaning. They go along and rake up or pick up the loose wheat, and, maybe, after a few hours they are able to gather a very small bundle. However, they seem happy, nevertheless. The people nearer the front are the ones affected most. We passed through any number of small towns which are laid in absolute waste. Upon our return, we saw these poor people returning and trying to take up life again—a hopeless task, it seemed to me.

Danny has gone away with his detail to a wireless school. He'll be gone about three weeks. All of us are getting along finely. Eddie Wagoner was pretty severely wounded, but is getting along all right, from what I can find out.

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR., '19: Recent developments have caused me to delay the finishing of this letter, and since I left off I have had some great experiences. I came as near being killed as I ever will come if I am in war a hundred years. I was mounted on a horse last night, about 9 o'clock, preparing to go on a little expedition, when all of a sudden a shell burst directly under my horse. I did not know what hap-

pened until fifteen minutes later, when I awoke, suffering from fright more than anything else, and was told. My horse was literally disemboweled, a fragment going entirely through him, and only stopping when it struck the steel saddletree. I am none the worse for it, not even shell shock, but the horse was my own, a great friend of mine, and I feel as if I had lost a close companion.

If the shell had burst ten feet away I undoubtedly would have been torn to pieces by fragments, or shocked insane. But the faithful old brute saved my life. I have thought a good many times today of the experience and I want to tell you that I have prayed to God several times, thanking Him for His mercy.

This story sounds rather "fishy," doesn't it? But while I know of no other escapes any more miraculous, one happened in my company today. A shell came into a trench in which two of my men were observing, but it failed to explode. If it had, we would never have known what became of them. But God was with us and not "Gott mit uns." I might say that only about one-twentieth of 1 per cent. of the shells fired fail to function.

I am inclosing a picture post card which I took from a German prisoner. They are not allowed to keep things of this character and usually they make good souvenirs for us. Our men are from every State in the Union and many foreign countries and I have not as yet run across any from home except a reserve officer. I have many good wishes for the continued success and future of old Butler and may her sons distinguish themselves so as to do credit to her name.

Last night the Germans gassed us and gas is the most terrible thing a soldier has to deal with. We

think we are pretty well trained in gas defense, which we are, but Fritz pulled a new one on us. Heretofore, gas has been sent over in regular gas shells, which do not make much of an explosion and which can readily be told from high explosives. But this new one is to combine gas with high explosive and he caught us unaware. Every time I get around gas I am more afraid of the devilish stuff. Ask any soldier whether he would rather be shelled or gassed and he will invariably tell you, "Give me shell, any time."

You can't appreciate its dastardly work until you see some of its victims, and then your blood boils within you and your animal or brute instinct arises, and you think of what you would like to do to every squarehead this side of hell. Only a while ago I put this proposition up to one of my officers: If we should be victorious and succeed in bringing Germany to her knees, would it not be justice, after stamping out everything that savors of German kultur, to divide the country up among several different nations?

Of course this would be justice to them, all right, but it would defeat the purpose and ideal for which we are fighting. It is only a sample of my thoughts, brought on by their hellish warfare, but I tell it to you to let you know what I think of them.

Probably the censor will delete most of this, but I want to appeal to you as an American patriot to do all in your power to hurry the people along. It seems that they have been lagging, in a measure. Do you realize that Germany is making her final and colossal effort this summer to win? We are holding them now, but by a mighty effort, as you will know when you see the casualty lists. I tell you this is not the prattle of a pessimist or an alarmist, but a plain statement of facts.

The Americans have fought valiantly and in our sector have advanced several kilometers. They have surprised the French and brought forth much praise from every one, including General Pershing. They have to fight valiantly, because they are up against good soldiers who supplement their work by all the devices that are forbidden in civilized warfare, and it is a question of self-preservation.

I have often thought of what a godsend this war has been to our country. It has given us time to at least present an army formidable enough to make a creditable defense of our land; but I think if the French and British are defeated, what a menace this German monster will be to us. We will have been the gainers in the end if it costs us a million men. And here is one who is willing to be one of those, if the Germans are completely defeated and subdued and a lasting peace is assured.

I wish you could be here long enough to see the spirit of the officers and men. They are well fed, well clothed, have all the necessities, but they are always up against great odds. You know that normally one American can whip two Germans because he has right and liberty on his side. But when they put three or more against him he would be doing the impossible to vanquish them. Perhaps ere this reaches you the lists of unfortunates will have been published.

I ask you, do you think these lists will spur the people to a greater activity? The question is really unnecessary for I know the answer. But these sacrifices are really pitiful. If we were reinforced, perhaps the lists would be normal. It might be of interest to tell you that we captured 350 prisoners today, but that is a mere drop in the bucket. You undoubtedly know that

we are having open warfare, no longer trenches and dugouts and the like, for the line is changing every day and no one can really define its limit on the map.

CORPORAL WILLIAM E. HACKER, A. B. '16: We've been *over the top*. We were relieved yesterday after several days' action, and on one of these days, or rather nights, we led off an attack in cooperation with the tanks and went "over the top." We helped start the Huns on the run, and they're still running. French cavalry started after them after the units with which we were working were given relief, so it's said, rode at a gallop for twelve kilometers before they found the dirty Huns. I can't begin to describe it all; it's too big a story—too cruel, too full of pathos, suffering, wonder, thrills, bravery, sacrifice, horror. Yet it's a nightly experience, one that calls for every fibre of manhood that's in a man, and shows up every atom of cowardice. We came out of that attack with fewer men than we went in with, who, though tired, hungry, torn, and dirty, were unbroken in spirit. One would hardly imagine a man could be calm under such circumstances, but he is—at least that was my experience. Fears of death are dispelled and, somehow or other, dogged determination to see it through or die in the attempt takes the place of everything.

I've lived a thousand years in the last few days. I've seen enough already to repay me for my several months of training and all. One can't realize what a vast machine this military business is. The roads, which by the way are all wonderfully good, except for occasional holes, are busy with continuous streams, one moving each way, every minute of the day and night—ammunition trains, ambulances, troops, supply wag-

ons. The villages through this sector are mostly ruins, the fields blotched with shell holes, every hill with a series of dugouts or trenches, the ground yellow in many places where the dreaded mustard or yellow cross gas shells have struck. But we don't call it "No-Man's Land" any more. It's France, and France it will be, for the Germans are meeting their Waterloo now. They hate the Americans worst of all. They call us "hell dogs," and it's the Americans, more than any, they're scared of. I think the Yanks have put some pep in the "Blue Devils," the French, for they are fighting as they never fought before. Their most common greeting for the Americans is "Boche Finis"—the Germans are being finished—and we believe they are. You might believe this as strongly as we do if you would see some of the prisoners, how starved and poorly dressed they look, how glad they are to be prisoners and get good meals and rest. They are crying "Kamerad" by the hundreds, their hands thrown up as the Americans advance on them. Then, if you had seen German women among these prisoners who had been chained to machine guns and forced to fight, or boys thirteen or fourteen years old, and old men, you might think, too, it's "Boche Finis."

But the Boches are still in the game and they're still putting up a deuce of a lot of fighting. The Americans don't mind the beggars in a hand-to-hand clash—they're easy pickin' then, but they do dread their big artillery barrages and their gas. I had the pleasure of wading through several of these barrages, jumping from shell hole to shell hole, and I got a taste of their gas, but not enough to affect me. I got mustard gas on my clothes, and had to cut most of my pants away to keep it from soaking through and burning my skin. I

thought of every mean thing I ever did in my life during these few days, and repeated over, time and again, "The sins ye have committed two by two ye shall pay for one by one."

Well, I've written more than the censor will ever let by now, although I don't feel as if I have said a thing. Give my regards to all my friends.

JOHN W. BARNETT, A. B. '94: Next to serving with our men in this world-war is to serve them. As I happened to be born too soon to get into khaki and serve with them, the best I could do was to don the same khaki and go as their servant. I chose the Y. M. C. A. as the medium through which I should serve, and I am not ashamed of the uniform I have worn for a year and a half in that service, overseas and at home, in spite of the petty criticisms that are being made against the "Y" in certain quarters.

It was my good fortune to be assigned to work in England; not for the reason that some not conversant with the facts might think: immunity from attack by the Huns—a reason very far from the truth, for I saw more of Hun warfare in London, and was in more real danger, than many "Y" men in France. We had about a dozen big air-raids during the four months I spent in London, and at times I was entirely too near the Hun bombs and falling shrapnel to be altogether comfortable. But my reason is a very different one: I got there a very much wider range of vision of the war than I could have gotten anywhere else.

My first station was at Eagle Hut in London. Eagle Hut is the biggest single bit of work the American Y. M. C. A. is doing overseas. It is situated on the Strand, in the heart of the city, and is the meeting

place for all of the Allied soldiers and sailors, as well as our own. While it is an American institution, brimful of American spirit, it is open to all of the Allied forces on exactly the same terms as to our own; I guess that is, after all, the American spirit. At any rate they like it, for they come by the tens of thousands: Tommies, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, French, Belgians, Italians. I met and talked with all of them there, and saw the war in its reaction in their minds and lives. I have seen them right from the trenches, some of them on their first leave in two years; and we got their first reactions. And I have seen them come from the great hospitals of London, legless, armless, blind, gassed, and maimed beyond description, yet unconquered in spirit. It was there, as I served these men, that I got my vision of the war in its far-flung battle line: of Mons, even the first battle, for I have had the honor of shaking hands with a few of the very few survivors of "The Old Contemptibles," of Cambria, of Lens, of Arras, of Vimy Ridge, of Ypres, where, in the second engagement, "Canada earned her D. S. O. and breathless Allied prayers," of Rheims, of the Aisne and the Marne, of Verdun, with its immortal "*Ils ne passeront pas*," and all the rest of the places in Belgium and France, of which the Boche, in his mad desire to rule the world, has made "a veritable inferno"; besides, something of that Italian collapse, and recovery, the full truth of which has not yet been told, and as I heard a prominent Italian say, "had better not be told," of unfortunate Gallipoli, where the flower of the Australian army perished, and of the campaign in Mesopotamia and Palestine, with a few letters from one of our American boys who is serving in the British army in

far-off India;—some compensation, indeed, for the long days and longer nights I spent in trying to make the lives of these fellows a little more endurable.

I saw comparatively few of our own soldiers there—many more came later, as our Aviation training camps were established in England, and as our troops were sent across in greater numbers,—but I did have the privilege of meeting and serving large numbers of our sailor boys as they came on leave from Liverpool, Queenstown, and other British ports. And I always put in a word for our boys in blue, for the fact is the navy has not had its fair share of praise in this war. The majority of our people, I fear, think of the war in terms of khaki;—at least they do until their attention is called to the fact that, but for the navy, and the British navy, we never could have gotten our soldiers to France. Many of the heroes in this war are wearing blue; and some who did wear it have gone down doing their bit in the service of God and humanity with the same glory as those have won who fell in the trenches. From long service with them at Eagle Hut, and now for six months on the Receiving Ship at Boston, I know what a splendid lot of fellows they are, these boys who man our battleships and destroyers and mine-sweepers, and whose life last winter in the North and Irish seas was anything but a picnic. Oh, how these boys did appreciate Eagle Hut. “Our American Home” is what they affectionately call it.

Nor was it only a vision of battlefields and battleships that I got at Eagle Hut; it was something bigger far than these: as I talked with those men I found that they are very like ourselves—thinking the same thoughts, fighting the same battles, and translating, more or less imperfectly, the same ideals into reality.

I realized there, as never before, the truth of Kipling's lines:

Oh, East is East, and West is West and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they came from the
ends of the earth.

I came from that fellowship with a wider horizon, and with more faith in our common humanity and in the coming of the Kingdom of God.

After four months at Eagle Hut I was sent down to our big American Rest Camp near the ancient city of Winchester, where every foot of ground has been tramped by soldiers' feet for centuries. There, in the shadow of the monument of Alfred the Great, I saw at least a quarter of a million of our American soldiers on their way to France. What a sight! Men from every section of the country and from every walk of life; splendid fellows, full of enthusiasm, and with the spirit of the Crusaders. And what an impression! During the weeks following March 18, 1918, when the great German drive was on, and gaining headway every day, the hearts of the English people sank within them, and they were in almost hopeless despair. Then came that long, long trail of American soldiers, singing as they came, and with a deep set purpose in their souls; and England saw and took courage. The transformation was wonderful. I have often wondered whether the War Department realized just what the sending of so many of our troops through England meant; whether it was planned, or, whether it was just the force of circumstances that took them that way. Whatever it was, it meant more toward the winning of the war than we

realize. The English people could have read that there were a million American soldiers in France, but that would not have done for England what seeing a hundred thousand of them did. When England saw them she caught their spirit; then that spirit was transferred to the British army in France; and with the same thing happening in France, the inevitable happened: the Hun forces could not withstand the power of the revived Allied armies plus the force of America, and they threw up their hands and quit.

Our men did not tarry long in this camp; only for a few days, except in the case of the Tuscania survivors, whom we had for six weeks. It was only a rest camp,—"Yes, we rest our stomachs," they said, for they were on English rations while there, and English rations during the spring and early summer of 1918 were not very filling. But what English rations lacked, the "Y" tried to make up. It was a joy to serve these fellows. Many of them were away from home for the first time; practically all of them in a foreign land for the first time; so we tried to help them through the strangeness, complicated by the intricate mysteries of English money; and their appreciation was unbounded. I served them in many ways, but as I look back to it all now I am convinced that the greatest service I rendered was in visiting the sick in the hospitals, for many of them fell ill on the way, with mumps and measles, with colds that in many instances resulted in pneumonia, and with various other human ailments. Many of them were unable to go on with their units; some recovered and followed later, but some never were able to go. And these were the men for whom I felt most sorry: sick, homesick, disappointed, discouraged, laid by while their comrades went on to do what

these men as well had set out to do. Many of them died there. I ministered to them in their last hours, and conducted the services as we laid what was mortal of them to rest in the kindly soil of the Mother Country, grateful for the sons of the Pilgrims returning after many years to stand side by side with her brave sons in the fight for a better world. Then followed letters, sad letters they were, to the home folks, telling them all I could about their boys, and how they had died for Freedom and for God.

Oh, there is much I would like to tell about our boys "over there;"—the special days: Thanksgiving Day (1917), Christmas, Easter, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July (the Fourth of July in England)!—but I have already far exceeded the limits of the space allotted me, and so must forbear. I will say this only: I came back home with a new vision of America and with a new love for her, and a new hope in her; to see our boys over there is to be assured that the spirit of Liberty is not dead in our land, and that it will yet enlighten the world.

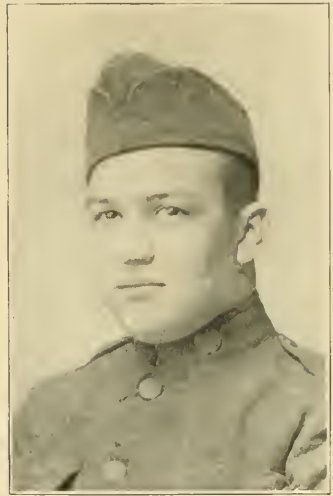
I want to add a word about England, for a part of my vision of the war includes England. I went over with something of that narrow prejudice that I fear the majority of Americans have toward England, due to the fact that our historians have not told us the whole truth about the American Revolution; but after a year of intimate association with the English people, and from a study of the real facts which this war has brought to light, that prejudice has vanished. It would take pages to tell all that this involves, and I cannot do that now, but I call your attention to a sentence in a recent history of England by Gilbert K. Chesterton, which is the keynote from which the whole revolution-

any period of history will be rewritten when this war is over. In his chapter on The American Revolution, Chesterton says: "The American Revolution was the protest of an English gentleman, George Washington, against the rule of a German king, George III." The fact is that George III was as much of a Prussian as the ex-Kaiser, and it was only because he was able to bribe his faked Parliament that they passed the laws that were so obnoxious to the Colonies, and against which William Pitt and all true Englishmen protested, that the Colonies revolted. That it was a good thing, both for the Colonies and for England, that they revolted and established this great republic of the West, neither we nor England will deny; and when the full truth of it all is told, the two great nations will be cemented together all the closer, and the two flags that have flown side by side on the House of Parliament and on Bunker Hill Monument since this war began will never be opposed to each other in battle again. To have seen this new day dawn in England, and to feel it dawn in my own soul, is no small part of the compensation that is mine, for any sacrifice I may have made in trying to serve, in an humble way, the great Y. M. C. A. in its attempts to mitigate the evils of modern warfare, and to make the lives of our boys a little safer than they otherwise would have been; and, I am confident also, a little bigger and fitter for the great days we are facing.

LIEUTENANT MACCREA STEPHENSON, '12: Paris, August 24, 1918. We are still awaiting orders and apparently marking time; but with Paris less than an hour away and so much to see and do, we are making the best of it and thoroughly doing this beautiful historic city.



JOSEPH THOMAS CAREY
McCALLUM
Lieutenant, 360th Infantry



EDWARD STEPHENSON
WAGONER
Corporal, 150th Field Artillery



EARL TERENCE BONHAM
Lieutenant, 7th Field Artillery



BASIL NEWITT BASS
Lieutenant, 41st Aero Squadron

There is much the war has closed. The Catacombs and the Louvre for instance but the Palace at Versailles and its wonderful gardens and countless other places are open. There is always some place new and interesting to see each time we go in. I have never been in such a wonderful city and certainly will never miss an opportunity to visit it even though it is only for a few hours. To sit on the sidewalk or in front of any one of a thousand interesting cafés and just watch the people is enough for me. There is a warmth and joy in the faces and manner of everyone you see here. Of course and beyond all doubt, Paris is Paris, but all its vices are more than counterbalanced by its virtues.

After visiting Versailles I can understand better why the people rebelled. You cannot possibly conceive of such a magnificent place. It is more what I used to imagine a fairy land to be except on the scale of a colossal palace. I can't attempt to describe my impressions, but anything you may have read of its beauty is true. Of course all the carving, delicate and massive, was done by hand, the hard wood floors with wooden pins for nails are, in appearance, as modern as those we see today. The paintings are of course especially fine and numerous, so many that one wonders how even now after hundreds of years it is possible to have such a collection. But the gardens and the terraces are a picture. Oh, you must see France and Paris!

LIEUTENANT JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE, '12: I am sitting in my little hut just back of the lines, in delightful solitude, writing by the light of—I was about to say two candles, but one has just burnt out, so there's only one. I am quite sure that the much revered President

Lincoln had nothing on the A. E. F., when it comes to candle light. When one has a lamp, he is in luxury; and as for electric lights, look out, for if the colonel finds it, he'll surely be after your billet for himself.

By this time (September 11), no doubt, college will have begun. But what a change of faces among the men! I wonder if any of the familiar names are still there. Butler has surely lived up to her traditions in the noblest manner, and one is proud to think that he may be counted as a representative of such a loyal, patriotic institution.

During the spring months, it was my great privilege to see some of the college men quite frequently. Daniels, Larsh, Whitaker, Ed Wagoner, and I were members of many a well-remembered "Butler reunion." And of all the enjoyable times that we did have! Since June, however, we have missed these gatherings.

Variety is the spice of life. Just at this time I feel very well seasoned. Our life for several months has greatly resembled a checker-board. We have fought the Hun here; then, there; then a little period of rest to get ready for another try at him. And, I am proud to say, he has not yet been able to beat us, and from the present disposition of our officers and men—their high morale, their undaunted courage, their everlasting up-and-at-them spirit—I do not think the order of things will be changed.

And what a comfort and strength to us to know that those at home, those who are dear to us, are praying for our success, are backing us up with all their strength to the last drop, and with their goods to the last penny. And I am sure that the time is not far distant when those prayers will be answered and victory will crown the Allied arms.

Now a word about myself. I had been second in command of a machine gun company for some time, when, about two weeks ago, I was ordered into regimental headquarters as assistant adjutant. I had served in headquarters once before as inspector, but had gone back into the line at my own request and had stayed in the line long enough to do my little part in driving the Hun back. My work now is very agreeable, though also very new, and, consequently, requires quite an amount of application and study. However, I hope to make good.

My second candle is burning low and warns me of my hour of retiring—which operation, I might state, consists of removing one's boots, rolling up in a blanket, and wishing for a good old Indiana feather-bed.

Please remember me to all my old college friends and tell them we'll be coming back home soon.

LIEUTENANT WHITNEY R. SPIEGEL, '18: July 28.—I have just come in from seven days of fierce fighting, having gone "over the top" six times. I suppose the last two weeks will stand out as the most momentous days of my life. Joining a company on the 11th of July, going into an attack on the 17th, and being in command of the company on the 21st is a pretty full week.

We left for the attack on Tuesday night and went "over the top" at 8:20 a. m., Wednesday, July 17th. We had to walk through a terrible bombardment, which, of course, claimed some victims. The biggest miracle to me was that just as I stepped out into "No Man's Land," an artillery shell exploded at my feet and lifted me up in the air, and, will you believe it, I

didn't receive a scratch. However, it claimed my corporal and wounded three other men. We crossed "No Man's Land" and took the village on the other side, but the Boche artillery at once started to demolish the town and we went on. We lay in a small brook for two days, and on Saturday evening we were "over the top" again and advanced more than twelve kilometers. You have no doubt read all about the fighting, little suspecting that I was in it. We stopped in a woods Saturday night and Sunday, and Tuesday night—over again.

It was here that our two lieutenants were slightly wounded. This left only the commanding officer and myself. Tuesday, just as we were ready to go over again, he received word to go back home as an instructor and receive promotion to captain. Can you imagine a more "novel" time to receive such an order? This left me the only officer in the company, and I am still in command. Another lieutenant was sent me yesterday, and I expect a captain soon.

Really, I never saw such game and courageous young fellows as are in this company. They kept plodding along during those severe days without a whimper from one of them. They are now sitting around singing and playing. * * *

There ought to be a law not to take any prisoners but to kill them all, as Boche is only good when he is dead. They continue to do the same barbarous acts today as they did in 1914, and they will continue to do them as long as they live. Can you imagine going into a private home, tearing out fine paintings and taking good Oriental rugs and putting them in their dugouts? Is it a wonder every American wants to kill every Boche he sees?

I thought I was a strong believer in God, but after the way I have come out of this, I am a great deal stronger, and know that Somebody is watching over me. Last Sunday we advanced twelve kilometers on the Boche. I put that down as the day I did more for Christianity than I ever did or hope to do, outside of giving my life.

September 26.—Today is the Big Day. When you receive this letter, look at the papers and see what happened. Our guns are certainly working. The windows and walls of this dugout are shattered every time one goes off. Here's hoping everything is as successful as all in the past six weeks has been, or since July 18.

Yesterday my promotion to a first lieutenantcy came through, and I was sworn in. I received a French paper yesterday which stated that the British army in Palestine had taken 25,000 prisoners, and captured the supplies and transportation of two Turkish armies. It looks as if the Allies are being crowned with success everywhere. There is plenty going on, but I can't tell it. In a few days there will be some wonderful news.

* * *

In the Chateau-Thierry, or second battle of the Marne, we started at Belleau Wood. Here was our worst fighting. I wish you could hear the bombardment. It is glorious to think the effect this is having among the Germans.

LIEUTENANT WOOD UNGER, A. B. '12: September 27, 1918. I was slightly wounded in the first great all-American drive. I do not know what your press had to say about it; the press here made much of it. I was there, an actor on the stage, just doing my bit as well as I could. It was terrible to me, for you know I should

like nothing better than to amble through life enjoying only the beautiful; but I lived more in three hours one day than in all the rest of my life up to that time. I wish to forget it, but I can not. It was glorious to serve with the splendid American manhood here, a privilege I well appreciate. Our captain was wounded during the first few minutes and I had the company for four days until I was hit. When I counted up my losses, it hurt. One corporal not all the blood of the best division Germany has or will ever have could compensate for; I assure you it was with great personal feeling that I learned of our casualties. Yet it was glorious, wonderful, and, so far as the men were concerned, past all praise. Some day, perhaps, I shall see you, but never again will you see the old Wood. Sleeping out of doors in the rain and mud with no cover, without enough to eat and to drink—all this makes men old. I do not mean the United States does not feed us, but we were in the trenches fifteen days and it was not anybody's fault that we were hungry most of the time. Many lessons I have learned, none greater than economy—not in mere dollars, but in food and other expenditures as well.

With a great love for Butler.

SAMUEL H. SHANK, A. B. '92: United States Consul, Palermo, Italy. My wife and I had a very interesting experience in October, visiting the Y. M. C. A. huts along the front. We were entertained for three days at the headquarters of General Fara, near Treviso, where we had a visit from an enemy aeroplane one evening. We attended a review of 15,000 bersaglieri many of whom were decorated by General Paoline. The same day we visited the Second Battalion of the

Three Hundred Thirty-second regiment of Americans, which was just ready to go into the trenches. Major Everson of this battalion is a Baptist minister from Cincinnati and a graduate of Franklin. One evening we dined with General Gandolfo, who drove the Austrians back across the Piave last June after they had gained a foothold on the right bank. Later we spent four days with General Di Giorgio, near the foot of Mount Grappa. From his headquarters we visited all of the region from Montebelluna to Bassano and had an opportunity to visit some of our Ambulance Corps. We found the Oberlin Unit in an old church out in the country near Asolo, where Browning used to live. We were in Cornuda a few hours after a shell had burst and brought away a piece of it as a souvenir. There is not a whole house left standing, as there had not been a day for six months when a shell had not landed there. We also got a telephone captured from the Austrians when they were on the Montello.

After this we went to Verona where were the "Y" headquarters for the American forces in Italy and from there visited the camp and hospitals. The Three Hundred Thirty-second regiment had its camp at Vallegio, about fifteen miles from Verona, where we visited the men. I had the pleasure of addressing the men in the camps and hospitals and Mrs. Shank later gave concerts wherever there were any American soldiers. All of them spoke most highly of the treatment they had received in Italy and said they liked it much better than France because it was so much cleaner.

While here we had the opportunity to visit the front again. The first day was spent going up above Schio and up Mount Campogrosso near Mount Passubio where was some of the most bitter fighting of the war.

We dined with General Zamboni, who took us to a mountain which his men had captured at the beginning of the war. Taking advantage of a rain, five men had crept up the mountain side and surprised a sentinel whom they killed, while the others ran away believing that the Italians were there in force. The wonderful roads which the Italians have built up the side of these mountains are some of the finest engineering feats accomplished during the war. The "teleferriche" (aerial railways) were marvelous and were used for transporting ammunition, supplies, wood and men when occasion necessitated.

The next day we ascended Mount Altissimo, above Ala, and visited the Czech-Slovak camp where there were 15,000 Bohemian soldiers under command of General De Vita. On our return we stopped in Ala to see a house which had been hit by an Austrian shell that morning and we picked up some of the balls which lay on the floor where the bomb had landed. These were shells from the enemy trenches some six or eight miles away. We had been up where we could see across the valley to Rovretto, which was back of the enemies' lines. One part of the road over which we went up the mountain had been absolutely destroyed a couple of weeks before by a shell which apparently had come down the side of the mountain. The only remnant of the sentinel at that place was a part of his little finger.

I think the thing that struck me most was the lack of the appearance of war back of the lines. The peasants were working as if there had never been a war in the country and seemed as unconcerned about the enemy as if he were a thousand miles away. One woman said she had never left her house, even when the Austrians were arriving at the Piave and it was not

known whether they would be stopped there or not. For months the shells had fallen on all sides of her place, but she went calmly about her work and had never been hurt.

The nonchalance of the Arditi was marvelous. One evening we met three camions full of these men, who were singing and laughing as if they were going to a ball, but the general said they were going to make a night attack and the chances were that half of them would never return.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MATHEWS, '14: Hospital in France, October 30, 1918. Since the 1st of June it has been one continual round of hard fighting. You probably know how our division stopped the Boches in the first weeks of June in the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry. It was our battalion that went into Belleau Wood 958 strong and came out about 300 and with just six officers. I was one of them. Those were surely strenuous days. I'll never forget them as long as I live. Somebody was getting it all the time. We had no trenches—just small fox holes you dug with your best friend, the shovel. During that time I saw several men go stark mad from the shellfire and strain.

We were pulled out of there at night and loaded into camions. We traveled all night and till noon the next day. We were unloaded up north of Crepy. Then we hiked the rest of that day and the rest of that night. The hike that night was the worst I ever took. Our battalion moved single file down a road jammed with three lines of traffic. We were twenty minutes late getting up to our jumping off place the morning of the 18th, but we "went over" just the same. We had a wonderful barrage. The Boche did not put up much

resistance and surrendered readily. With my men we took seventy-five prisoners and eight machine guns inside of the first hour.

Then we walked for three miles till we reached our objective. The tanks were with us and helped mightily. That night we went over again and went for about a mile. The next morning other units jumped us, but we remained in support till the morning of the 20th. When our division was relieved and got back I was completely all in. We had had no sleep or food for seventy-two hours and the strain of the past seven weeks got me. I lost my nerve after all the danger and the fighting was over.

Well, I went to a field hospital and they sent me in by the wonderful hospital train. I finally ended up at Nantes. And who should I meet at the station but Tuck Brown, of Indianapolis. It did seem good to see him.

I felt so ashamed of myself at that hospital that I left in a week and came back to the unit. A little later we went into the St. Mihiel show. It was a snap. The Boche was all packed ready to surrender. After that show we went up in the Champagne country and helped the French out. We attacked the morning of October 3 and the first day was easy. We had our artillery. But the second day we were beyond range of our artillery and it grew pretty warm.

While our battalion was executing a local attack the second day I stopped a shrapnel ball. It went in my leg just below the knee and went to the bone. I was never more surprised in my life, than when I was hit. I had been through so much without being hit that I thought the Boche did not have my number. It surely knocked my feet from under me, and I did let out a

good strong curse. My, but it made me sore. And then I became scared for the first time in a long while. I wanted to get out without being hit again. I crawled back half a mile and found some stretchers and so I did get in.

I have a real nice wound. It has not pained me in the least. They had to operate on me twice to get the bullet out. I have it now as a souvenir—one of the very few souvenirs I have.

This hospital I am in is a splendid place. We have good beds, the very best of food and service, and the staff is efficient. It is simply ideal. And the subway is but a block away. It whisks you down to the Place de l'Opera in a very few minutes.

I am enjoying myself every minute. I am studying French and French history on the side, and making good use of my time. It will be a couple of months before I get back to the outfit.

I am sick of war. And so are all the boys. We are so sick of it that we do not want a peace unless Germany surrenders completely. We want no more wars. We want to finish it right while we are at it. We fight hard because we want to finish Germany and get back home as soon as possible. Europe will boil and give off a bit of steam for several years to come.

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, '19, October 23, 1918. (last letter): They were more than five to one against us, but we were in their rear, and we opened a rifle and pistol barrage on them; and when they did not take advantage of their numbers, we rushed them with bloodthirsty yells, which in my own case were much fiercer than I really felt.

I leveled my empty pistol sternly at them, and they

raised their arms in token of surrender. Frightened as I may have been, I actually had to laugh, because it was so unreal and impossible. It was all actually as it used to be when we played war in the yard back home years ago—exactly the same, even down to empty pistol. One of the prisoners could speak a little English, so I terrorized him into telling the others in hot haste what I wanted them to do. He handed over his belt and pistol, which I hope to bring home with me as souvenirs.

In picking around the front line just after we had gained ground, I spied a German crouching in the underbrush. I seized my pistol, but when I looked at the man a second time, I saw he was shaking with fright. I went to him and asked him why he was in hiding—a foolish question, but what should one say? He did not understand English, so I tried French. This time he got my meaning and told me he had been wounded by shellfire and had been lying out in the open two days and nights.

He was “fed up” on stories of what Americans did to Germans and so had hidden in the brush and had not been picked up by the first aid men. I looked him over and found he was badly injured. He was almost gone from loss of blood, thirst, and exposure. He nearly passed away when, instead of braining him, I handed him my canteen. Then I called stretcher bearers and food. As a token of gratitude he gave me the blood-soaked five-mark piece which I inclose. I did not think much of all this at the time, but afterward I felt happy to know that this poor wretch had found that the American soldiers were neither cruel nor bloodthirsty.

LIEUTENANT PAUL V. BROWN, '23: November 8, 1918. Hilton died the way all soldiers would like to die, quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefields of a great drive. * * *

He was buried shortly after he fell, in the little town of Nouart, not far from where he died. I am writing while we are stalled on the road, waiting for the bridge over the Meuse to be built, and this note will be forwarded by special messenger through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A. and the chaplain.

Always we sought each other in our spare moments. It may be hard to understand how two brothers could be such good chums. We could laugh and joke under the worst circumstances, when we were brought together, for it was impossible not to feel cheerful when Hilton was about. When one of us returned from some particularly dangerous mission the other was waiting; and how glad we were to see each other and compare notes of what we saw and felt when going over with the infantry.

It seems only the irony of fate that Hilton should have gone through all the dangers of these campaigns and then be killed when standing by his guns figuring firing data for the advance position to which the guns were constantly moving. I had just returned from the infantry. Hilton and I had lain down and slept together for a few hours just before the order came again to advance. I was bringing the battery into position when an officer, mistaking me for my brother, told me that he thought I had just been hit. Then I knew that the one dearest to so many hearts was gone.

I have seen and felt many things in these last terrible days; but I hope that I am soldier enough to bear up and continue to do my duty as I know you would want me to do.

VERSES BY HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

(Copy of verses found in the effects of Lieut. Hilton U. Brown.)

Soldier dying, soldier dead, sleep undisturbed,
No more for you the sword of red, or wrath uncurbed,
Your soul gone to those heights above,
To that far land of light and love
Is unperturbed.

No need for you to fear hell's fire, whom duty becked.
To fight in field and rain and mire, in cities wrecked.
You joined the forces of the right
To stop a demon wielding might,
And hold him checked.

It is that those who, holding power yet craving more,
Did cause on earth this leaden fire of death to pour,
Shall learn to fear far fiercer hells
Than screaming shot and bursting shells
Ere this life's o'er.

For they shall hear in all their dreams by day or night,
The widows' moans, the dying screams caused by this fight,
And let them flee by sea or land,
A desperate fear with burning hand,
Will hold them tight.

In years to come we shall not bow to brutal force.
Your children who are helpless now will find a source
Of power in God's own way,
When peace and love shall both hold sway
And run their course.

HANFORD NEWELL ROGERS, '97: Yesterday, November 11th, was a memorable day in France, particularly in Paris, where it was my privilege to be en route to my new assignment. It was a delirious joy that the people of the French capital expressed over the signing

of the armistice. The celebration, which lasted through the entire night, went unabated in its magnitude.

Allied flags, including Old Glory, were hung from every nook and corner, and immense throngs of civilians along with French, English, and American soldiers, formed an endless procession. The indelible impression of that day in Paris will never be forgotten. Paris was hysterical.

I have seen football demonstrations in America, when large colleges have been victorious over their foremost rivals, but such a celebration was child's play in comparison. "Vive la France," "La guerre est finie," one hears everywhere.

LIEUTENANT JOHN IDEN KAUTZ, '17: November 17, 1918. I wrote you fragmentary tales of the refugees we rescued and carried back in June, and called Fritz names because he machine-gunned us and bombed us while he did it. I gave you glimpses of what the old folks and women suffered and how they died in mid-summer. But after all that was partly unavoidable warfare and I hated them more for being the cause of it than for what they did.

And I have seen what they have done to trees and how they befouled the houses they left, have seen their loot—packs with costly tapestries and altar robes and sacraments piled high in open air—have seen the destruction they did with their artillery and forced us to do with our own, have seen men killed and wounded, and the dead piled high like cord-wood on the field of the Somme; tasted the bitter cost of their slow mines and traffic traps—all that, but war made *some* excuse.

But I say to you in all seriousness, that I hope God

will eternally damn them for what they have done to their prisoners, and what they have extorted from the bodies and souls of those they held in invaded lands.

Oh, they didn't loot and rape and kill as much as we thought, perhaps. There are a thousand notorious incidents, sure enough, but it wasn't all like that.

Several days ago I brought down some hundreds of soldier-prisoners. They were clothed in rags and half-frozen, for it is very cold here now. Some were so starved that they staggered as they walked. Half of them were consumptive from work in the mines and exposure while fatigued. Many had lost their reason—had the vague slack-jawed expression of imbeciles and followed one around like sheep. The sound of a gunshot made them cringe and whimper like licked dogs. We are not too good to our own prisoners, but I never have seen any that looked like these poor devils.

Two days ago at a frontier post I stopped my car at a gendarme's signal and took aboard a woman and child who had been released and set afoot at the borderline. The child's ears were frozen and bleeding; the shoes of both mother and child were mere rags, and neither had eaten all day except for a bowl of coffee begged from the soldiers at dawn.

And she was only one of thousands; all day long they straggle down the roads beseeching rides from military cars, already so full with their fellows that springs are sagging. They have to eat only such as the soldiers are able to give them. They sleep where night finds them on the way to their homes, and under such coverings as they are carrying with them.

Half of them are going back to find their homes a heap of bricks, their fields sown thick with rusted wire

and furrowed with shattered trenches. Most of them know it, but still they go because it's home, and the only one they ever had. Many of them know there will be so little left that they will not be able to stay, but they endure their journeys cheerfully that they may see. When the Boche left they took every bit of food they could lay their hands on. Till the French army got to them they had nothing. Now they fare with the soldiers, and we haul them food for sixty miles.

Another thing. At noon today, as I was coming down from Belgium on a crowded road, some undiscovered mine let go amidst a crowd of civilians who were trudging back. Tonight a town is burning as a result, and those surviving mourn the loss of what the fighting had left of their family group. I saw on the faces of the stretcher bearers the only tears I have ever seen a soldier shed. After four years—and then that.

Why, the other day a released Sengalese, passing a covert of Boche prisoners, went so mad at the thought of what he had suffered at the Germans' hands that he killed one of the prisoners with a clasp knife. Had I been near enough I would not have wanted to stop him, I think. He may have been wrong, but there was a certain justice to him none the less.

I think that neither you nor I will live to see the war over. The fighting has stopped. We will be home sometime within another year. But the hate that burns, and the cold blood of the dead that begs revenge, the memories of the wrongs, and the sight of all the ruins will outlive this century. God pity the *good* Germans—nobody else will.

I believe that nothing I saw during the fighting made me a good hater, but I am now.

MARY L. WINKS, A. B. '15: November 21, 1918. From the port to Tours we came through a very beautiful and charming country,—in fact, it has been called the “garden spot of France.” The fields were gardens each about an acre in size, the fences were hedges, and produce still green. Women were doing the work. All were in black with little stiffly-starched white caps on their heads, and large wooden shoes on their feet. The children along the way waved at us. The smooth white roads bordered with tall poplars, the new foliage, the bright green grass, the quiet streams, the vineyards on the hillsides, the quaint old towns, the picturesque stone farmhouses, and the queer homes of the cliff dwellers, made a picture I shall never forget.

On arriving in Tours we were taken to a hotel managed by the Y. W. C. A. for American girls. It is better than I had been led to expect and it was so much better than the boys have that we cannot complain. We have an interesting time with the French maids, trying to understand and to be understood. I wish I had taken French in college instead of German.

Our office building is a stable and is cold, but we enjoy it notwithstanding. My work is as it was in Washington, the filing of index cards for all sections of the Engineering division of the Ordnance Department. It is impossible to tell more of my work, except to add that it is very interesting.

The other day while hurrying to the office I met Edward Ploenges, the first familiar face I have seen.

There are several interesting places around here, and we usually spend Sunday afternoon in sight-seeing. We have been to the Chateau de Luynes, an old chateau where the king was staying when Joan of Arc

came to ask his permission to lead the French army. We climbed up the tower and out on the battlements, from which a wonderful view of the surrounding country was obtained. Here was the old feudal estate with the houses closely grouped around the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, on the distant hillsides acres and acres of grape vines, nearby the cemetery with its old and new crosses and the ancient church, and in the distance the beautiful Loire river. If only those old walls and towers could talk, what interesting tales they might tell.

Last Sunday we went out to an old tenth-century castle now in ruins, but we climbed up in one of the towers and amid centuries old dust. From the highest window in this ancient castle flew a bright new Tri-color and the Stars and Stripes.

About two squares from the hotel is the cathedral. It was begun in the twelfth century and completed in the sixteenth. The wonderful stained glass windows have been intact since they were placed. When you see all the intricate carvings and beautiful furnishings you cannot but think of how many men through centuries of time have spent their labor and their talent on this building. Then you think of the other cathedrals that represent the soul of France, that the Germans have so wantonly destroyed. Every fifteen minutes the big bells peal out.

Last week was one grand celebration. France is decked in gala attire, bright new flags fly from every house, store, and public building, while "Vive la France," "Vive l'Amerique," were on every one's lips. I never saw such exuberance of joy. A wonderful smile lit the faces of the hitherto sad French people, a smile one can never forget. The first night the Hotel

de Ville, which had been dark since the beginning of the war, was a blaze of light. France has lost her men, but her unconquered and unconquerable spirit still remains.

LIEUTENANT CARL C. AMELUNG, '18: November 29, 1918. Last Spring all members of the A. E. F. wrote their mothers on Mothers' Day. Today those same men who survived the great war and suffered the hardships of all those dark and bitter days, are writing to their fathers as "Dad's Christmas letter." Such is this. The work you sent us over here to do has been done and we leave it to you if we have not done a mighty good job of it. What say you? The Third Army, of which the grand old Thirty-eighth Infantry is a member, is headed toward Germany on a triumphal march and as the Army of Occupation. So you see we shall get to speak a little "Dutch" and trample on German soil before our return trip. We do not know when we shall get to come home, but we are not worrying as that will come in due course.

Before going on much further I must not forget to tell you what a wonderful help the people at home have given us during this great struggle. From a personal standpoint, I greatly appreciate the cooperation, cheerfulness, and ready assistance you and every member of the family have given me. Kindly accept my heartiest thanks and convey to the folks my deepest appreciation.

On Christmas day as you sit down to that wonderful dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings that I am sure grandma will have for you, just add to your words of grace thanks to the good Lord for His guidance, care, and protection which have enabled me to come safely through a bitter struggle.



CHARLES GARRISON
WINDERS
Lieutenant, Field Artillery
Replacement Draft



FREDERICK RANDOLPH
WITHERSPOON
Lieutenant, 150th Field
Artillery



FRANK MARION SANDERS
Corporal, 139th Field
Artillery



FREDERICK EMERSON
WAGONER
Lieutenant, 57th Coast Artillery

We are all glad the war is over, and we know the folks back home feel the same way.

LIEUTENANT WHITNEY R. SPIEGEL, '18: Avrecourt, France, December 8, 1918. A Merry Christmas to all! * * *

The news of the armistice was certainly wonderful. From letters I have received, you people in Indianapolis must have had a wild celebration. Not so with us. We ended the war in a very different manner. We were in the front line preparing to go "over the top" at 1:30 p. m. Orders had been received at 7 a. m. of November 11, to open attack at 1:30. We had made all preparations and the artillery was making its bombardment, when a runner brought the message that hostilities would cease at 11 o'clock, 11th of November, 1918. Nothing could have been more welcome, and yet the men gave but a cheer. The news was unbelievable, it struck us dumb.

Our regiment has been in the second battle of the Marne, the Saint Mihiel offensive, and the battle of Verdun from October 25 to November 11, 1918. This last experience at Verdun was the worst we have ever had. The old Boche was determined not to yield an inch at this point, and he surely carried out his threat. This sector was at the pivot of the German retreat, and an advance there would have cut off a great amount of their supplies. The small towns of Hautmont, Flabas, Samogneux, Ville de Chaumont, and Beaumont will always stand out in my memory, when I think of this sector. The papers have told you in detail of the Saint Mihiel offensive and the Chateau-Thierry fight, so I shall not try to add to what you already know.

At your earliest moment write me all about Butler, and give to all my friends my best wishes.

It is rumored that we are to return soon, but we know nothing definite. To think of Indianapolis seems like a dream. I can't believe I shall ever be there until I have both feet "planted" in the Union Station.

CORPORAL STOREY M. LARKIN, '19: Neuenahr, Germany, January 12, 1919. I received the *Quarterly*, the first that I have been able to read, and I have spent my odd moments since in absorbing it; but I'm not nearly through with it. There is nothing, to my mind, which so abounds with the true spirit and atmosphere of the college as this *Quarterly*. I read with much interest of the installation of the S. A. T. C. unit and I believe that the college never fostered a worthier enterprise, even though it proved later to be unnecessary. The college has no doubt been benefited from the few months that the unit was a part of it, and I imagine that many of its members owe to the unit desire for a college education which they otherwise would not have had. This war has impressed me as never before with the value of a college education. If we are relieved of this occupation duty in time to return home as civilians before next fall, you will find me again enrolled as a student.

We have been living in the midst of the Germans now for some time and I confess I am puzzled by them. While in the line fighting the Boche, I never thought of the German army as composed of human beings, but as a monstrous inhuman thing which menaced the safety of the world. Consequently, when we came into Germany as an army of occupation, we hardly knew what to expect from the Germans as individuals. We expected to meet with all the petty annoyances which

they could inflict upon us, if not more serious trouble; but, to our surprise, the people not only failed to trouble us, but even did their utmost to aid us in whatever manner they could. At first I was suspicious of their attitude, I felt that they were playing a part and overdoing it at that. But as time has passed their attitude has continued unchanged, and it seems impossible that if it were a mere mask their real feeling would not show itself occasionally. The people say that Rhineland was a prosperous country before the war and peacefully inclined, that the war was brought on by Prussia against their wishes, that the situation left them nothing to do but to take up arms. All are glad that Germany is rid of the Kaiser, and the hope is often expressed that they may be able to establish Rhineland as a republic absolutely independent of Prussia and the rest of Germany. All of which may be a well-organized propaganda movement, and then again it may not be. I myself have not been able to decide whether it is or not. If their statements are true, it raises in my mind the question whether we can, in justice, hold all the German nation, or only a part of it, morally responsible for the war and the bestial manner in which it was waged. There is no question as to all Germany, whether responsible in the beginning or not, must pay for the havoc that has been wrought insomuch as that is possible.

MAJOR CARLOS WATKINS BONHAM, '15: Camp Travis, Texas, January 23, 1919. While in France I was a member of the Fifteenth Field Artillery of the famous Second division which also contained the Marines you read so much about. It was composed of the Twelfth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Field Artillery, the Ninth

and Twenty-third Infantry, and the Fifth and Sixth Marines, under command of Major-General Omar Bundy. We sailed from New York on December 12, 1917, on the S. S. Adriatic, arriving in Liverpool Christmas Day. From there we went to Southampton and thence across the Channel to Le Havre. There we entrained for Valdahon in the Department of Doubs, close to the Swiss border, where we underwent training for the front. On March 21, we were ordered to the front, just north of St. Mihiel and south of Verdun. Here we stayed until about May 1 when we withdrew into rest near Bar-le-Duc. Then we moved south of Montdidier, ostensibly to relieve the First division. On the morning of May 30, we were preparing to make a two day march to relieve this division when we suddenly received orders to entrain, our destination unknown. We skirted Paris and then moved directly east to Meaux. As we detrained we knew what had happened for we saw trainloads of refugees pass us. The Germans had started an offensive from the Chemin des Dames, which lies between Reims and Soissons, and they had reached Chateau-Thierry and the Marne in two days. Things looked desperate; but we were ready for anything. Our infantry had preceded us in motor trucks and were already fighting when we arrived, having been unloaded right out of those trucks into battle. What few Frenchman were there seemed demoralized, but we set about systematically to stop the Hun. We went into position a few miles north-west of Chateau-Thierry and fired continuously for forty hours. The point of our station was the closest the German reached to Paris and there we stopped him in his mad rush on June 1. We fought hard uninterruptedly until the last of June when things

commenced to slow up. On July 2 we started a little fun on our own account and captured the town of Vaux with the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry. Previous to this the Marines had taken Bois de Belleau, Bour-esches and Torcy, with our support. Here I received the following citation: "Capt. C. W. Bonham, 15 F. A., on July 2, 1918, at Vaux, France. This officer was in an observation post in full view of enemy lines directing the fire of his battery on the town of Vaux, when he came under fire of a hostile battery. He remained at his post until overcome with toxic gas, thus contributing in no small measure to the carrying out of the brilliant capture of Vaux on the same date."

We were relieved about July 10 by the Twenty-sixth division and went about five kilometers back to take up a support position and rest. The most of us had not had baths for about forty days, but now we had time to play in the Marne.

We were expecting another German offensive and that is why we had to stay in position with orders to hold until the last man. On the night of July 14, we pulled out for an unknown destination, going north. We marched all night, and the next noon received orders to turn back—we knew not why. We know now it was because the Huns had started again on July 15, east of Chateau-Thierry. Soon, however, we received other orders directing us to turn again and pursue our original course. We marched all that night and the next day, and the next night found us in the great fires of Villers Cotterets. Still we did not understand why we were there until we saw suddenly some tanks. Then our hearts beat fast for we knew we were about to pull off an offensive, tanks not being used in the defensive. There we saw traffic such as has never any-

where been exceeded. The roads were literally choked with transports, infantry, cavalry, artillery, tanks, ambulances, motor truck trains, wagon trains and what not, six columns in one road all moving in the same direction day and night. We were under the screen and protection of this immense forest and the front lines were near the edge of it. The idea was to start a counter-offensive on this salient and surprise them. We were put in just south of Soissons alongside the First division, "the place of honor," as General Pershing says in his report. We were going to press in near the upper part of the salient and try to capture the Crown Prince's whole army, or, if failing in that, at least to make him withdraw. At 4:35 a. m. of July 18, our guns opened up the preparation fire. At 4:45, our infantry, one regiment of which, the Twenty-third, had just reached the trenches about two minutes before, went over the top. A worthy description of what ensued would take a better man than I to do it justice.

. . . . Immediately prisoners commenced to pour in and about 7 o'clock my battery was ordered to move forward, because the Infantry was "going some." That day we advanced about seven or eight kilometers. The next day we went only about five. Our infantry was so cut to pieces by use as shock troops that they had to be relieved—that is, those who were left. So, accordingly, that night our division pulled out in favor of an Algerian division. Our artillery had not suffered so heavily as our infantry, and the commanding general of our brigade offered our services to the Algerians, who accepted them. On July 21 I had the most interesting experience of my life. It would take more time than I have to describe it; so suffice it to give the following citation which accompanied a

recommendation for the Distinguished Service Cross: "Capt. C. W. Bonham, 15 F. A., on July 20, 1918, at Vierzy, France. He conducted his battery through the town of Vierzy which was then being heavily shelled and gassed, and because a road-marker was killed, Capt. Bonham was lost. He immediately set out to orient himself and came under very heavy machine gun fire. By his coolness and zeal he soon located his position and rendered very timely support to the infantry, thus setting an example of valor to his men and saving the day for the troops he was supporting."

We did not succeed in our purpose to bottle up the Crown Prince's army, for the Germans executed a masterful retreat. We did, however, force them to withdraw to the Vesle and it was this battle that ended the war—a continuation of this battle, I mean.

A few days later my division went into the Toul sector. There I soon received orders to return to the United States as an instructor. On August 22, I sailed from Brest, France, arriving at Hoboken on September 2. Shortly after I was promoted to Major.

SERGEANT WILLIAM A. HACKER, A. B. 16: With the exception of a few weeks my enlistment in the army has been served in Europe. I had but a few weeks training in France before I was called into action with my battalion which, like other machine gun units, was classed, not without some reason, as a "suicide club." I had the honor of entering the lines in the beginning of the second battle of the Marne at Chateau-Thierry, and took part in the advance to the Vesle river where, after several days of front line action, in which my organization engaged, I was rather severely wounded by shrapnel. After two and one-half months in the hospital I rejoined my company near the Argonne

front. Again I was returned to the hospital, and again I joined my unit in Germany with the Army of Occupation.

I think, perhaps, that one who has been subject to the awfulness of warfare would be the better prepared with time to narrate his experiences. It is hardly possible for me yet to gain a full realization of all the dangers that encompassed me or to visualize it as clearly as I shall be able some day to do.

When I first arrived in France I heard over and over again that "the Sammy has lost his smile." It is true that the Yanks had lost their cheerfulness, I think, for their thoughts were turned only to the dreadfulness of all—the long hard night-marches, the cold damp days and nights in the trenches, in the slush and the mud, and the chances of life itself seemingly against them. The experiences have been bitter with all the devices of demon ingenuity to contend with—the gas, the machine gun and sniper fire, and all the rest; but now we are in a stage of relaxation and we've found the "Sammy smile" again. Here in Germany the boys (or men I should the rather say, for this war has made men of the most of them) are a cheerful lot, happy that fate has been kind enough to preserve them. Yet there are dark moments when we think of all the good friends whose blood helped to redden the battlefields of France and who gave their lives for the cause we all know to be just.

I joined the Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion of the Fourth division, Regular army, last March, at Camp Greene, North Carolina, where we remained until the latter part of April. We arrived in France May 16 and went into training under the British; afterwards, under the French. Several weeks before entering the

lines we were placed in the reserve forces and stationed between Chateau-Thierry and Paris to aid in checking a drive on the latter place, should it become necessary. With the German drive in the direction of Paris in July we were rushed to the lines and helped to turn the Hun offensive into a rear-march which led to Allied supremacy, and finally to complete victory.

The story of bombs that seemed each night almost to shake the foundations of the earth, of the whistle of the big artillery roar, of the star-shells, of the dread mustard-gas, has been told as well as words can tell it. But it is a bigger story to one of us who went through it all than it is possible to convey to others. I had held the idea that war was really not so dangerous as depicted, only a great big business, organized on a great big scale, each man with his special duty to perform and in little more danger than a civilian on a crowded New York street. My first morning in a front line sector, however, corrected this conception. In our baptism of fire, one who was lying on a hillside beside me was killed. I moved to the foot of the hill beside another comrade who in a few seconds received his fatal wound.

It was in the Vesle river fighting that I witnessed and took part in one of the severest encounters in which the Americans were engaged. We were subject to artillery, machine gun and sniper fire, a great deal of gas, and the frequent harassing of planes. Here I was fortunate enough to meet a fellow-alumnus of Butler, Avery Morrow. I ran across him under rather peculiar circumstances. A large high-explosive shell had struck beside a dug-out I was occupying. The force of the explosion stunned and gave me a strong dose of shell-smoke which at first I thought to be gas.

I managed to get out and to seek another dug-out near where I found Avery. Soon I felt all right and we had as enjoyable a chat as circumstances would allow.

I do not know that it would hold true generally, but from my experience college men were the highest standard of courage in action. Three college graduates entered the army and were assigned to the company the same time as I. One was transferred after our arrival in France. The three of us were left in the company and entered action together. One practically assumed command of the company during the most severe phase of our action and later received a severe and perhaps fatal wound. The other was the very essence of courage, and no one could have displayed greater fortitude than he under terrible circumstances. He gave up his life in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Three Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded in my company, two of them to these two college men.

We prefer to muse on the prospects of getting back to sunshine and peace once more—back to the country whose honor we think we have upheld. We feel it a privilege to have been selected for the Army of Occupation and will continue, uncomplaining, in our country's service until the time all danger is deemed past. I think we can fairly say a glowing chapter has been added to the history of American honor and I am thankful to have contributed, even though slightly, to the defense and expression of her high ideals.

SEAMAN DELBERT ROSS McCORD, '19: U. S. S. Newark. Realizing there would be an opportunity to serve my country during this great struggle, I enlisted in the United States Navy in June, 1917. Upon completion of my apprenticeship at Newport, I was given the oppor-

tunity of qualifying for a petty officer; but I had volunteered for foreign service, my desire being to scout for German submarines in the war zone.

Early in February, 1918, the call came for men for duty on destroyers in the waters of France, England, and elsewhere. I was eager to accept the chance for real service. The voyage over on the great transport "America," carrying several thousand soldiers, was exciting. On the eve of entering the submarine zone, a periscope was sighted several thousand yards ahead of the ship. The alarm was given and instantly every man was at his battle station. The signal was given for firing one of the six-inch guns. In the midst of perfect silence the great gun belched forth her noise and fire. The so-called periscope flew into the air in splintered form. Later it was decided by the officers that the supposed submarine was nothing more than a floating spar from some torpedoed ship.

The following day every man's countenance brightened as there appeared upon the horizon fourteen American destroyers to convoy us in to Brest. These ever-vigilant boats coming whirling over the waves with spray flying in every direction made a most delightful picture, and what confidence they did bring us!

Upon arriving in Brest harbor we new sailors were sent to the receiving ship, or barracks. These barracks were located in an old chateau and were very pleasant. In two weeks I was detailed to a destroyer, and here my service really began. That you may understand the routine aboard a destroyer as I, a seaman, had it, I shall explain. It was deck work: scrubbing the deck, painting the ship, splicing tackle, anchoring the ship, steering when under way, standing look-out watches and gun-crew watches, having boat and gun drills.

Early in the morning the ship is made ready to sail. About 6 a. m. the siren blows and the boat with four or five other destroyers slowly steams out of the harbor on her way to the United States. I was usually on the flagship of the flotilla which went ahead taking a position in front of the convoy. Oftentimes there were as many as five transports in the convoy. When out of sight of land the destroyers would in zig-zag course surround the troop ships, keeping all the while sharp look-out for submarines and strange vessels. After about forty-eight hours the convoy was left to make its own way across the ocean. All the seamen had to do was to stand watch at the guns and in the look-out. It was a monotonous job.

After leaving the out-going convoy, the destroyers would steam along to a certain position where they would patrol and watch for an in-coming convoy. Each trip had a new rendezvous so as to foil the Germans. As the transports appeared on the horizon, we would go swirling and rolling over the foaming billows at full speed to greet them. Then the same grim routine of long weary watching followed until we headed for port.

I made fifty trips on the destroyer "Isabel." The most of them were convoy journeys; a few were scouting and submarine hunting trips. Two were mail trips to England. In all I cruised about 60,000 miles in the war zone in the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel, and the Atlantic Ocean.

One fine day in June, 1918, five American destroyers, two British destroyers and three French destroyers, were ordered out to hunt for a German submarine supply-ship which was supposed to be supplying submarines operating in the Bay of Biscay and off the

Azores. We steamed to sea in search. The weather was warm and beautiful. The French Admiral in command ordered us southward in battle formation. It was growing dusk on the first evening out and nothing had been seen. All at once we were suddenly stopped. A steam line in the fire room leading to the turbines had burst. We drifted for six or eight hours with all fires out until repairs were finished. Luckily no one was injured.

On the third day a periscope was sighted and we rushed forward at full speed. Of course it disappeared, but we could see its wake. In a short time twenty-two powerful depth-bombs had been cut loose. All we could see was a coating of oil on the water's surface. It is supposed the U-boat met its fate. On other trips we crippled two submarines which were interned in Spain. It was no unusual scene the early part of 1918 to see torpedoed ships. Floating debris met us continually. I never saw a ship torpedoed, but I have helped to pick up survivors near the entrance to Bordeaux harbor.

In August, 1918, we were in dry dock in Brest. I was given opportunity to visit Paris. I certainly availed myself of that opportunity. While there occurred the last air raid on that interesting spot. It did not last long and, thanks to the wonderful French planes, the Boche soon disappeared never to approach that beautiful city again.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE BEN LOY, '22: Though I did not reach the front and can not write of sectors held and of towns captured, nevertheless I did have the pleasure of being associated with many real soldiers and of passing through experiences of unusual interest. I

was in the service twenty-seven months and would like to tell you some things.

After helping recruit Battery E of the Indiana National Guard, I went to the First Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. The days there were full of hard work in our effort to become fit to be officers. Many Butler boys were there. The close of the training camp found us second lieutenants. "Tuck" Brown and "Tow" Bonham were chosen for immediate service overseas. I was assigned to Camp Taylor and for an even year stayed in Kentucky with the Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Field Artillery, going to schools and training troops. At last our regiment was proficient and the great day of our departure became a reality.

We had a special train from West Point, Kentucky, to Hoboken, and it was during this memorable ride that occurred the first of those things which impressed me so deeply. It was nothing more nor less than the wonderful way the people, especially the little children, greeted the troops as they passed. It was natural that the elders should cheer their sons going to war, but that the little children should show such devotion was touching, indeed. It made us feel that we really had a country worth going to war for.

On September 9, 1918, we sailed for France. Our convoy was large and the sight of those eighteen huge transports steaming in formation across the ocean was a sight never-to-be-forgotten. After landing at Glasgow, we went to Southampton and then across the Channel to Le Havre. From Bordeaux I went to Tours. The end of the war found me there in the aviation school.

In the Spring of 1919, after several months service in the "Mill" at Bordeaux, I secured a fifteen-day-

leave. Paris was seen as I passed through en route to the battlefields, and if possible to find the spot where "Tuck" was buried. Chalons, Toul, St. Mihiel, Verdun, and then Stenay, the last three towns still a pitiful sight. Indeed, the entire region was a sad sight. Towns battered into dump-yards of stone and fields perforated with shell-holes. The worst of all was the deep silence which prevailed, for the country was without inhabitants. Shells and shell-cases, fuses and hand-grenades in quantities so numerous that I believe I saw millions of them, and all the paraphernalia that an army leaves in its wake. The zone was as it had been left on November 11, 1918, except that the dead had been buried, and the rows upon rows of crosses—I shudder as I recall them. No one could view this land of desolation and of death without full sympathy for France and enduring hatred for war.

I left the rail-road at Stenay and proceeded inward towards Nouart where I had been informed that "Tuck" lay buried. For hours I searched the rows and rows of crosses looking for his resting place. It was late afternoon and soon darkness would approach, but how could I give up seeing the dear spot! Finally, a Belgian came along on horseback and directed me to the village I sought. It was a few kilometers away, but my eager strides soon brought me there. Nouart was a little village, shell-torn and war-ravaged, located in a valley of unusual beauty. Here, within a low stone wall, damaged and battered, were the graves of bygone villagers and of dead Germans, for the area had been held by the Germans for almost four years. The most of the mounds had been torn up by shells. I looked all of them over, but could not find the grave I sought. As a last resort I looked outside the wall

and there I saw two fresh mounds—Tuck's and that of the son of General Cameron. It was indeed a battlefield grave and a fitting resting-place for one who had died so nobly. Never can I forget this simple village burying-ground surrounded by the everlasting hills of the Argonne with its shell-torn vaults and its two freshly-made graves. Oh, it was not easy to leave!

But I returned to Stenay, going on up to Nancy where "Tow" Bonham was a student. Metz was my next stopping-place—a wonderful city. Then came the long ride to that wonderland of Europe and the world's play-ground—the Riviera. The mellow beauty and marvel of the region baffle description. It is the joy-land, the dream-land of our world. The beautiful Mediterranean, the beach, the palms, the villages with tiled houses of stucco; further back the hills "stepped" for orange groves; and further back the majestic Alps. I long for the day which will take me back to Nice. However, with sadness I continued my journey across southern France to Biarritz and on to Bordeaux. Waiting for orders home and then for a boat, were trying; but at last the longed-for day came and at the Bas-sens dock occurred the last impressive incident of our great adventure. Only those who have spent many months in a foreign land can realize the deep feelings we all had as we cast off homeward, hearing the strains of the STAR SPANGLED BANNER and of the MARSEILLAISE; home to these United States and to those whose love and faith had supported us in the endurance of war that they and the country might go on—a nation of high morals and righteousness.

LIEUTENANT JUSTUS W. PAUL, A. B. '15: France.
January 27, 1919. I was delighted to learn that a War

Record, in which will be set down all the fine things that Butler men have done, is being prepared. I am sure that no other college can show a more remarkable record. I am very proud to be among the Butler "bunch." I know nearly all the boys personally and I have not met better soldiers nor finer gentlemen.

It was with the deepest regret that I learned of the death of Hilton Brown, Jr., and of Kenneth Elliott. They were two of the finest men I ever knew. I have heard of them several times indirectly and everyone who knew either of them over here speaks very highly of them. I am sitting at the table now with Lieutenant Coudert, who was at the Saumur artillery school with "Tuck." He has been telling me what a fine record "Tuck" made there and how well he was liked by the other officers.

I personally have not very much of a record. I have been jumping about from place to place and from regiment to regiment ever since I left Ft. Harrison. I was not able to do what I hoped to do and wanted to do, but that is the army. At present I am in the Tank Corps, as you know, and it is to my mind the finest branch of the service. The tanks are wonderful creations—no one can conceive of the things they will do unless he has had experience with them.

LIEUTENANT LIONEL F. ARTIS, '19. Headquarters, Eight Hundred Ninth Pioneer Infantry (famous colored regiment) Camp St. Luce, Nantes, France. Lincoln's birthday, 1919. Many are the times in this far-away country that my thoughts have turned to Butler College and very pleasant memories they have been. The pleasant and inspiring class sessions and the quiet chapel hours will never be forgotten by those who shared in them.

But many things have happened since those days and many varied experiences have entered in between. The past six months have seemed so many years to me. Indeed, in all my life never has any like period been filled with such varied and at the same time worthwhile experiences.

From an "all-wise" civilian on the 22nd of August last, I was suddenly transformed into a full-grown khaki-clad soldier, and not until then did I fully realize what the men of the army were going through in the name of Liberty and Democracy. Then commenced the long, hard days of training. Along with that came those "shots." I am sure some of your boys must already have told you about those "shots" (typhoid and para-typhoid) which the recruit dreads more than the hardened soldier does the Hun shells.

From August 22nd until the day we left Camp Dodge seemed like an age; but in reality within three weeks of the time we first set foot on Camp Dodge soil we were aboard the train bound for the port of embarkation. That day will never be forgotten by us—Friday the 13th of September. Whatever else anyone has to say about Friday the 13th, it has been a lucky day for us. September 15th found us at Camp Upton, New York and September 23rd, one month from the day we entered the army, found us on the transport for France.

Pretty hard, these last days in the United States were, as we look back at them. So short had been our time for preparation before leaving Camp Dodge that our stop at Camp Upton was a forced one. They had not expected us and made no plans whatever for receiving a regiment of troops. We went up amid the stumps and mud of a one-time woods and pitched our

tents and called it our "camp." Rain came down in torrents daily and for the first day or so many of the men had to sleep on the bare ground. Meals came only twice daily and then sometimes they could hardly be called "meals." Such days as these have their equal only here in France; but now we know that they were only a foretaste of what was to be our lot on many a day ahead. Army "paper-work" was terribly behind and typewriters clicked all night long. In my office the men worked all day and far into the small hours of the morning on passenger lists, rosters, AGO change reports and the thousand other things that one finds to do only in the army.

But all this we did cheerfully. If our "brothers-in-arms" could do the things we heard they were doing overseas, sure we could sacrifice our personal comfort long enough to lend them a hand. We had been formed into the regiment from the Depot Brigade on the 12th of September, and on the 18th of September I received my warrant as a regimental sergeant-major. This is the highest non-commissioned rank in the army tables and formerly came only after several years of hard and faithful service. But many changes have come about in this National army and here I am regimental sergeant-major with not a day of previous service to my credit. I am told that our outfit is the only one that left Camp Dodge with a regimental sergeant-major who had not seen any previous service.

The trip across was one long to be remembered. Something like 25,000 men were in the convoy. We were crowded like sardines—the call had come to send men and to send them in a hurry and we were the answer. The influenza rage hit the convoy and many died at sea. The fourth day out found me down with

the malady and for over a week it was a life and death struggle. The ships were so crowded, the epidemic was so wholly unexpected that the doctors hardly knew what to do. A wearied bunch it was who landed at St. Nazaire, France, on the 6th of October. Because of the epidemic we had to pull down to St. Nazaire and had not landed at Brest, the original destination. The regiment was taken to a rest-camp; while I was sent to Base Hospital No. 101, where I lay until October 18th.

It was during these early days in October that our army was straining every nerve in the big offensive which began on September 26th. Men at the front were yelling for supplies and they must be rushed forward. Our men were called from the rest-camp and all day and all night details worked at loading and shipping these needed supplies. For ourselves, we got scarcely anything. All—everything—had to go to the front and the men in the back lines gladly made the sacrifice. This lasted for about two weeks, when we received an order sending us into the advance zone. Later this was revoked and we were ordered to the intermediate zone and on October 24th we moved. Part of the regiment went to Savenay and the remainder of the outfit went to Camp St. Luce at Nantes. One, two, three, four was the song heard all day, and far into the night drill sergeants kept it up with the “awkward” squads. At Camp St. Luce was established a base of supplies and our men have built this entire camp. In addition to building the warehouses and putting in the tracks, etc., they are now guarding its contents. At one place something like 38,000 barrels of picric acid, one of the highest kinds of explosives, were stored and to our troops was assigned the task of guarding that. Some of the men

were sent on mail service and some of them were assigned to duty at a Remount station farther north. Right now the whole outfit is expecting an order to move, where, we do not know, but rumor says we are to be attached to the Third army, and sent to Holland or Germany.

My regiment has seen no action at the front, and if that had been the case, I should not have been fortunate enough to have done much actual fighting. A sergeant-major does the biggest part of his fighting with paper and pen—and many a battle is fought out around regimental headquarters, let me tell you. Reports have to be filled out on the minute, troops have to be paid and accounted for and a thousand other things have to be done which a “civi” never dreams of. Right today my holiday has been spoiled because the payroll came in and the men have to be paid.

But what do I think of all this? What effect has it all had upon me? Sleeping on the bare ground at times, save for the O. D. blankets with which we are supplied; missing more meals than you often got; not knowing what a bath would feel like, not to say clean clothes; working all day and then half the night for days at a stretch—how do I look back on it all? These, I tell you, truly have been the richest days of my life. Then it was that I learned what life is really for and that behind all this hardship was a deeper purpose which was being worked out. In the quiet of an evening campfire many things come to one, things hitherto dark and mysterious. The beauty of life, its privileges and responsibilities dawn upon one more clearly than ever before. Not until men have soldiered together; not until hardships, sickness, and death have cemented them do they know what friendship, what comradeship

really means. But we men here in France know by now.

We are coming back to you soon and we do want you to be proud of us. The men who are returning to you will not be the same carefree fellows who went away from you. In spirit they will be total strangers to their old selves. An awakening has come over us—no man can go through this life and not be a bigger and deeper man for having had the experience. Ideals are nobler, lives purer and bodies cleaner. Homes will be brighter and ties of love truer for it all. The loved ones at home shall not have waited in vain. Men are finding themselves and in finding themselves are finding God again. Perhaps they do not say as much in words, but in their lives they are determined to follow Him as the Captain of their Salvation. Over here it is that God becomes very near and real to each one of us. I am thinking of H. G. Wells' book, "God, the Invisible King." God *shall rule*. The ideals for which we struggle are His and by His might they shall triumph.

Have I tired you? When one gets started on his experience in the army, he doesn't know when to stop. To us these things are prime. Surely you have followed us and understand. One of my highest aspirations is to do justice to the traditions of Butler, as I am the only former Butler student in my regiment. How I long for the day when I can again tread her halls.

ROSCOE C. SMITH, '15: Paris, France. While it was not my privilege to be in Europe during the period of hostilities, I am at present trying to do my part in serving the boys during the difficult period which has intervened since the signing of the Armistice. As you

know, an army at leisure, waiting to go home is in very great danger of going to pieces through various forms of dissipation; so men are needed to help keep up the morale of the boys while they wait embarkation and demobilization.

I arrived in France on December 10, and was assigned to Le Mans area with the Twenty-seventh division of New York, a splendid fighting unit, which took active part in the storming of the Hindenburg line on September 29. General O'Brien of New York, was their leader and they certainly gave good account of themselves under his direction, as was evidenced by the fact that General Pershing in reviewing them previous to their departure gave citations to many for their bravery and personally presented the Distinguished Service Cross to about three score of them.

My work since coming here has had to do with both the physical and the spiritual well-being of the boys. . . . It has been necessary for the Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations to do everything possible to help the boys pass the time profitably and honorably. Their billets were very poor, since large bodies of them were placed in small towns and villages. I have witnessed many of them sleeping in barns and stalls—quite significant, it has seemed to me, that the world's best men who have given themselves for the cause of world freedom should, like their Master, sleep in a stall. Yet, at a season of the year when it rains almost incessantly and the mud is knee-deep, one heard little complaining. They seemed to think that the fact their lives were spared and they were waiting to return to America was their great gain. Oh, I can not feel the world is worthy of these brave boys!

It was my duty to run a large regional warehouse

and by means of a number of Fords to supply the boys with physical comforts, as cookies, candy, chocolate, cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, tobacco, tooth-paste, brushes, towels, soap, and various other articles. We covered the territory within a radius of fifteen miles. Some days I sent out as much as \$20,000 worth of supplies, and then when night came on, because of a shortage of men, I would take one of the Fords and a group of entertainers to some point in the area for an evening's entertainment. Often we had no lights on the cars, it being impossible to get them; so we drove by faith and not by sight. On Sundays the chaplains would call upon us to go out to speak to the boys or sing with them. So, every one who had capacity for service of any kind was called upon to use it to the utmost to keep up the spirits of the boys. There is much to tell, but I am taking too much of your time. I can only say that this has been a wonderful experience to all of us, an educational privilege worth while.

I often think of the many happy hours at Butler and I feel indebted to those members of the faculty with whom I worked beyond my ability to pay for their patience and painstaking efforts. I only hope and pray that some little service which I may render here to our gallant army, may, in some way, reflect the spirit of unselfish devotion which Butler has tried to instill in the hearts of her students.

PRIVATE PAUL H. MOORE, '21: Pannes, France, March 18, 1919. Yesterday forty of us moved over here, arriving about noon. I spent the rest of the day arranging my infirmary—a pretty good place with not much to repair, only to rebuild three sides, the roof and



WOOD UNGER
Captain, 357th Infantry



ADAM H. FLATTER
Corporal, 155th Infantry



JOHN WILBERT BARNETT
Secretary, Young Men's
Christian Association



ROScoe CONKLING SMITH
Secretary, Young Men's
Christian Association

floor of the room. About four o'clock we were eating our three meals in one, when a bunch of German prisoners was brought in town. I went to the old barn where they were quartered and found out from the French guard that there were 453 of them. . . . This morning after breakfast I walked out to some dug-outs and got a table and chair and window. Upon return a French soldier was waiting to tell that several of the Germans were sick and wanted me to fix them up. So, I took some bandages and stuff and went over. I hope I may never again have to look upon such human beings in such a condition as these Germans. They were sleeping in a barn used during the war for horses, without being cleaned out. Not only that, but there are very few spots where there does not stand at least an inch of water. For your sake I am glad I can not describe better what I saw. Nearly all the men had either been wounded or were suffering from boils. Infection was so bad that I had to take them out of doors before I could finish dressing the wounds. All I had to work with was alcohol, bandages, adhesive plaster, iodine, a pocket knife and a pair of pliers. I used the knife for lancing boils and the pliers for pulling teeth. Until this morning I had the impression the Germans were cowards, but I have changed my mind. Out of all the men I treated only one showed the least sign of pain. He was a fellow with a mass of puss about the size of a tea cup on his back. After cleaning the place I poured the cavity full of alcohol. Then he moved for the first time, laughed a little, and in German said, "Sir, that is hotter than Hell!" I do not doubt he was absolutely right.

This afternoon I put a window in my house and finished reading "Rob Roy." A while ago I walked over

to the next town and got a dozen eggs, they costing only eight francs. Here I am now, with my candle almost as far gone as my fire, writing home with visions of fried eggs for breakfast.

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I have been taking care of my patients as usual, only more so. It's all a great experience, but the other day I had an experience I hope I shall never have to meet again. I was wrapping up one of the fellow's fingers which he had tried to chop off with an axe when we heard an explosion and a piece of shell went over our heads. We did not think much of it at the time, as things of that kind happen every day. In about two or three minutes, though, a French soldier came running in and jabbering so fast no one could understand him. I finally gained enough of his lingo to know that some one was hurt and help was needed. I snatched up bandages, etc., and ran to the prison camp. There I found a French soldier in one awful condition and another one shot through the arm and leg. The first one had his right hand off at the wrist, the whole right side of his face gone including his eye and ear, his right leg hanging by a few shreds just above his knee, while his body and left leg were full of holes. The first thing I did was to stop the bleeding in his arm and face. That was easy, but it was next to impossible to stop the bleeding in his right leg as there was so little of it left to work with. The next thing I was up against was to get him to the hospital and a doctor which were twenty-five kilometers from here. I had turned that part of it to the French when I first started on the mess, but instead of getting some kind of transportation they got into an argument about where they were going to take him. Finally, I got hold of Lieutenant

Whipple, who is our company commander and happened to be here in a Ford truck, and obtained permission to use his machine. After getting the Frenchman in a blanket we placed him in the back of the Ford and started off. The driver knew his business and we did not lose much time. After riding the longest twenty-five kilometers in the world's history, we got to the hospital and turned the man, still smiling and asking for a drink of water, over to the doctors. He died the next day, but, thank God, he was under the doctor's care and not mine at the time.

Night before last I spent about three hours with a Frenchman who had been on a big drink and had the D. T.'s and let his heart slow up on him. This a. m. at 2 o'clock I spent an hour with a German who had an attack of acute indigestion; at 6 a. m. I set a broken leg for another German; and at 10 a. m. answered sick calls for eighty-two other Germans, and redressed the other Frenchman's arm and leg. Otherwise, I have had a pretty quiet time this week. Am going to Verdun tomorrow.

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As to my trip to the Alps. No one has a vocabulary to do justice to that trip. It would be a sacrilege for me to try to describe such a stupendous thing.

You ask me to visit Hilton Brown's grave. I have done everything possible to get a pass, but without success.

This war is not over yet. The Germans are carrying out one of the greatest propaganda systems they have ever known, and all that there is to it is the fact they are promoting sympathy for everything German. As I see it, that is one of the most dangerous things the world has to contend with. Even the prisoners here

have brought about hard feeling between the Americans and the French and have both parties feeling that Germany is O. K. I do not doubt in the least that the same thing is going on in the States. So, beware of anything German; it's dangerous. I know from experience.

As to myself, I am in this little village, twenty-five kilometers from the nearest doctor, with no telephone, and about 500 human beings depending upon me for their well-being. Naturally, I do not have much time to write. Still, I have plenty of everything except U. S. A.

CORPORAL FREDERICK WITHERSPOON, '18: With the Rainbow division, Neuenahr, Germany, March 18, 1919. I wish I could tell you how much the college letters have meant to us, the *Alumnal Quarterlies* and *Collegians*, also. They have been passed along and read by all. A new budget came yesterday, and the school and teachers were fully discussed on the banks of the Rhine. Sad word came for "Bobby" Roberts in the news of the death of his mother. He has talked so enthusiastically of late of the long-delayed home-coming, and such a loss as his, coming as it does, seems infinitely sadder than anything that might have befallen in action over here. In fact, a soldier fears only for those at home.

There is much of my experience I should like to tell you, but I fear I have not the ability to do so. It may be said of me that I was among the many Butler men who jumped at the first opportunity to go, and to choose a buck private's berth that I might cross with the famous Rainbow division, the second American division to reach the fighting front. We arrived at St. Nazaire, France, on the night of October 31, 1917, and

proceeded to Camp de Coetquidan. Here the Sixty-seventh Artillery brigade, of which the One Hundred Fiftieth is a unit, remained in intensive training until February. In that month we started our move toward the front and entered our first position near the twentieth day, amid an avalanche of snow. This was in Lorraine of the Baccarat sector, just south of Lunéville. Here the regiment received its first taste of front-line life. We remained four months. The sector was reasonably quiet and our casualties, with the exception of those of one battery, were unusually light. At this time I was a line corporal in the topographical section. These Lorraine months were for me the most enjoyable I have spent in service. It was here my active fighting career came to an abrupt end, and I have since considered May 28, 1918, the most unfortunate day in my army experience, for I was then chosen one of sixteen enlisted men from the division to go back of the lines as an instructor in topography to troops newly arrived for training. So, I proceeded to Camp de Valdahon, a French artillery camp near the Swiss border. Leaving all old friends behind, I served in this capacity until near the end of August. While here I was fortunate enough to meet my friend, Tommy Hibben, but no one else known before. I missed my Butler friends and made repeated unavailing attempts to return to the front with my old organization then taking part in the great offensives at Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne, successively. Near the end of August the colonel in command at Valdahon, evidently wearying of my much asking to take French leave in the direction of the One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, sent me to the Officers' Training School at Saumur. Here I

was laboriously pursuing my studies when the Armistice became a reality. My class continued, however, and graduated two weeks later as "third lieutenants." Finally, I was returned to the One Hundred Fiftieth, now at Neuenahr, Germany, with my former status of line corporal; but I was pleased beyond words to be again with the old boys, although I found many of them, including "Danny", Ed. Wagoner, Forrey Wild and Ed. Whitaker, had in my absence been wounded and were either in base hospitals recovering, or on their long journey "to the home of the brave"—the good old U. S. A.

On February 1, third lieutenants were commissioned second lieutenants and at the same time offered commissions in the regular army. It did not take me long to decide. I chose to stay here for the present and to return home next month with the Rainbow division. The few Butler men who remain are well and are anxiously awaiting return orders. Nobody can ever know how it will seem to see good old Butler once more.

CHAPLAIN THOMAS GUY MANTLE, A. B., '20: March 26, 1919. In April, 1917, I was studying Ethics in Butler College. A month after the declaration of war I was studying to become an officer in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the United States Army. Militarily, I was called a candidate for a commission in the First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; civically, I was a ministerial student ready to be of service to my country. I tried to serve well during those three months of training. With surprising promptitude I was present at most drill formations, inspections, study periods, mess calls, maneuvers, and

even the assembly when commissions were handed out. I drew a second lieutenancy; in addition, an assignment to duty with the Eighty-fourth division at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. As there was no necessity for my presence at Camp Taylor for two weeks, the War Department allowed me to do whatever I pleased. I pleased to be married. Then I visited my home.

On August 27, 1917, I was at my new station of duty. Though having orders to report to the commanding general, I permitted a colonel to assign me to the Three Hundred Thirty-third Infantry. Soon this regiment began to receive its quota of selected service men from southern Illinois. Company M started out with men of German ancestry from Belleville and real Italians from East St. Louis. Upon acquaintance I found them to be good Americans and subject to my orders even as I was subject to the orders of my superiors. I tired of too much training and drill exercises; consequently, I applied for a commission as chaplain.

This time I was ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Thirteenth Machine Gun Battalion, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. San Antonio was an agreeable change from the wintry weather of Louisville, and my wife and I spent February and March there, very pleasantly. On April 5, came orders for departure for overseas. I did not know where the battalion was going, but I bade my wife goodbye and asked her to send letters to Camp Merritt, New Jersey. At this last station in the United States we did not remain long enough to receive mail.

April 15 to 28 were spent aboard the S. S. Philadelphia. Landing at Liverpool we proceeded south via Winchester, arriving in France May 1. Le Havre, like Winchester, had a misnamed rest camp. British

troops loaned us blankets and showed us where to sleep on the floor. But the American military machine found us in a couple of days and moved us by night troop train to Bar-sur-Aube, Department de l'Aube. Here for a month we had intensive training. Again the general took recognition of our presence and after looking over the division went back to his headquarters and issued orders that put us on the firing line, or rather in the trenches.

The Thirteenth Machine Gun Battalion and Sixth Infantry joined the Twenty-sixth Division at Menil-la-Tour and remained with them until the middle of June. Then they rejoined the remainder of the Fifth Division at Gerardmer in the Anould Sector of the Vosges Mountains. The men of the battalion spent a few days in the trenches near Ban de Laveline, but suffered no casualties. On July 10, we were relieved by Colonial troops from French Indo-China and went back to a training area near Epinal, Vosges. By the first of August we were again on the front line in the Saint Die Sector. About August 20, the battle of Frapelle took place and was our first taste of a real engagement. A negro division fresh from Dixie relieving us, we went back to our old training ground near Epinal. In one week we began to travel by night and to sleep by day enroute to St. Mihiel Salient.

On the morning of September 12, we went over the top in the first real offensive. As the machine gunners were scattered everywhere, I joined the Eleventh Infantry for duty in the battle. All the first day I assisted with the wounded. German prisoners were used to carry those who could not walk. Comforting words were said to those found dying. Shells had no attraction for me, but I felt that if I must die soon I could not

be taken from a more Christ-like work. On the second day of the battle I began to bury the dead, and for four days I buried about twenty daily. After September 17, we were on the way to our next battle; and from that date until October 23 I belonged to the Eleventh Infantry. This regiment went to Dieulouard near Pont-a-Mousson to support a French division. One Sunday the Boche began to shell the mess line of the First Battalion, Eleventh Infantry and Company C, Fifteenth Machine Gun Battalion, and killed outright twenty-two men. These men were loaded in trucks and taken to a cemetery. A sergeant, a corporal and I slept beside them until the next morning when we buried them in time to join the regiment which was moving toward the great Argonne—Meuse offensive. This mighty battle was on the same ground where the French had yearly held the troops of the Crown Prince. We entered it from Montfaucon and went forward in the rain and mud to Dun-sur-Meuse. The suffering was far beyond anything before experienced. My time was taken up entirely with the burial of the fallen. After coming out for a rest, orders were handed saying I must go to the Thirty-second Division. I joined my new unit after walking across a large field and was assigned to the One Hundred Twenty-first Field Artillery. This was a vacation as compared with my infantry duties. On November 1, the last big barrage was put over and my regiment was so depleted of horses and transportation that it could not keep up with the fleeing Germans.

After the Armistice the infantry of the Thirty-second Division went onward into Germany, but the artillery went into billets near Bar-le-Duc. I remained with them until transferred to the Third Army Head-

quarters at Coblenz on Rhine. Here I arrived in time for a Christmas dinner and was promptly assigned to Evacuation Hospital No. 2. Again I was kept busy burying soldiers dying of pneumonia and contagious diseases. With the coming of Spring the hospital duty lightened and I was sent to the Twenty-sixth Infantry, First Division, from which point I am looking forward to my return to America.

LIEUTENANT BASIL N. BASS, A. B., '20. Forty-first Aero Squadron: Besançon University, April 1, 1919. The *Quarterly* is a pleasure and a comfort. I read every word of it with all my gratitude . . . I have met only one Butler man since we left the States. My squadron is stationed near Toul and I often visited Nancy with other pilots from my organization. It was there that I ran on to "Tow" Bonham. We spent the greater part of two days talking over old times, the past war, and our present work. He is taking at Nancy a course in letters, similar to the one I am taking here.

This is a wonderful old town, very interesting and beautiful. The Doubs river flows around it in horse-shoe fashion. I have discovered that some of the old Gallic chieftains who used to cause me so much trouble when I was trying to translate Caesar's Wars, lived right around here. That is not exactly against the town but the fact takes something from its historical value, for me at least.

The university was founded in 1287, and some of the professors have evidently been here ever since. Really, some are past the age of speaking plainly. In spite of this fact, I understand the university stands high in France. The course will end on July 1, and I hope my squadron will then be ordered home.

LIEUTENANT MYRON M. HUGHEL, A. B., '18: Gievres, Loir et Cher, April, 1919. I am glad a record is making of the part the Butler boys have played in the great struggle. For a while, I thought we were coming home "toot sweet" and I could then give you my little story in person.

Since the second week of February we have been back in the intermediate section of the service of supply. Lots of work of varied nature is to be done here; and while our men have been working trying to get these roads in shape to keep our contract with the French to make up for the road deterioration caused by our army the officers have been detailed on duties of administration that those who saw nothing of service of supply often forget about. There has been much work to do. Before we moved back we had no conception of what was going on in the rear.

I would like to be right now in Irvington to greet old friends, especially as I would so much like to thank all of them heartily, personally, for their constant good wishes and their constant sacrifices of very necessities for the lightening of the soldiers' tasks. The completed story of the war will probably never be written—that is, in one set of volumes; for the honor of America's stand is due not only to the uniformed forces in France, nor alone to the uniformed forces at home and abroad, but to every last American in uniform or not. It was the stand of a nation rather than that of an army. Lots of us—all of us—are coming home (if we ever get home) singing the praises of those who gave the army. There have been no decorations for all of you at home for your courage and your great part, but they could well have been given. My best wishes to all of old Butler.

SERGEANT B. WALLACE LEWIS, A. B. '15: Paris, April 8, 1919. Remember Professor Greene and his lengthy discourses on the Sorbonne? Little did I ever think when I was listening to them that I would ever be a denizen of the Quartier Latin and myself a student in these ancient halls of erudition.

I am tremendously glad that I didn't go to Oxford. This is infinitely better. We are too much like the English, our philosophy, our literature, our ideals are Anglo-Saxon and essentially the same. Here I encounter a new and most refreshing point of view. French culture is marvelous. Not only has the war justified it over its opponent "Kultur," but I have had the opportunity of contrasting the two in their social manifestations, and life itself justifies it more completely than the war. The French thought of the best type is marvelous, exact and detailed to a greater degree than ours (something like the better phase of Teutonic thought), broad and fair like the English, and at the same time it shows a typically Gallic wit and verve and brilliance. I verily believe that French culture is the superior of the world.

I can never explain, nor attempt to, my love for France. Some English poet whose name I have forgotten said, "France has been the soldier of God." Doomed at the outset by her peculiar geographical position to a principal part in the ebb and flow of the tides of human history, France has nobly played her part—defending civilization many times against the barbarian to the last drop of her precious blood and to the last jot of her resources. An artistic and impressionable people, yet possessing the qualities of solidity and stability (which the Anglo-Saxon has without their animating brilliance), the French have more than any

other race paid the price of civilization, more staggering this last time than ever before. The French Revolution (the most tremendous event in the history of man) was the crowning achievement in man's long fight for personal liberty. It could have happened only in France. For only the French temperament could have pushed its horrors to a successful conclusion. And their Art! Less profound than the German, less graceful than the Italian, it is greater than either. Paris is the most artistic city in the world, it has been *the* artistic capital for fifteen centuries. Their literature is second only to that graced by Shakespeare. But the greatest of all is the people. Gay, brilliant, effervescent, they captivate the world. If one could forget their gigantic sacrifice and indomitable spirit of the last four years, he would still love the French. But it is as *that* that France will be remembered. The world will forget Hugo, Pasteur, Corneille, Molière, and all of their achievements in other fields in comparison with their last and greatest. Foch will replace Napoleon; Clemenceau, Richelieu; Guynemer, Bayard—and others. France with her back to the wall, defeated, ruined, despairing of everything, decimated, for three long years, rose anew in the last triumphant year to a greater effort than her first one. That is the sublimest thing in French history and the thing that will make France, to whom the world was already debtor, greater and more glorious forever.

Germany certainly has played the Frankenstein when she created the monster Bolshevism. I hope the thing she created will destroy her, but that would be a terrible danger for the rest of the world. I tell you, the future was never darker. I don't know how things are at home, but I am afraid for America. With the

American's *penchant* (especially the radical American) for following a fad, Bolshevism is a very real and very terrible menace, even in the land of the Free. Where is our great leader that history tells us always arises to meet a crisis? Where is he? It is certainly time for him to put in his appearance.

I wish I could explain to you the sensations I felt the other day when I stood with bowed head at the tomb of the mightiest man in history and looked at the tattered flags of a hundred glorious campaigns. A tablet above the massive bronze doors of his tomb says, "I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people I have so greatly loved." They do. And the whole world comes to do them homage. Frenchmen worn and discouraged by the defeats of the last war came and looked upon the relics of France's old greatness and took new heart. Englishmen came, too, to the grave of their ancient enemy, to take courage against their last and greatest foe.

I am certainly enjoying my work in Paris. It is an experience worth more than money. But fascinating as Paris is, and pleasantly as the time passes, and valuable as my stay here is, I yearn all the time for "*le retour*" when I can go back to my own people. No foreign land however wonderful can ever take the place in my affections of that wonderful land I'm trying to serve. Absence surely teaches love of country. The happiest day of my life will be when I salute the Goddess of Liberty, because I will feel then that I am back again with my own family, and that actual reunion will soon follow. You ought to experience the thrill of seeing floating over the Hotel Crillon the Stars and Stripes. It is surrounded by other flags, no

doubt glorious and thrilling to some: the Union Jack, the Tri-color, are fine flags, beautiful and significant. But there is only one that makes you catch your breath, and the little shivers run up and down your spine, and your eyes sometimes smart a little—there's only one that means all that you hold dear, there is only one that stands for Home.

HILTON U. BROWN, A. B., '80: France, 1919. Paris, June 3.—On the first anniversary of the battle of Chateau-Thierry, when the fate of nations hung by a thread, the valley of the Marne was a dream of sunshine and peace. Apple orchards were in bloom, the meadows were green, and the wild flowers softened the rough edges of shell holes in Belleau Wood and the fields about Lucy, Torey, Vaux and the other towns that were once the suburbs of the little city that gave its name to a battlefield made immortal by American soldiers.

There is a good, broad highway (like that which Sheridan followed to Winchester town) that leads eastward from Paris direct to Chateau-Thierry, about sixty miles by the highways, but much closer as a shell would travel. The road begins as a city street and becomes a main artery not only to Meaux and the Chateau region, but on to Metz. It is an old, old thoroughfare and many gallant and jaded armies have traversed it. But none perhaps contributed more to history than the divisions from the United States that marched over its solid granite block and macadam surface a year ago in response to Marshal Foch's request for help to stem the German tide that was overwhelming France.

This is not a history of the battle, but, if anything,

merely an outline of the setting. Picture Paris calm, but ready for flight. The old and feeble had already been sent south for safety. The bulk of the population was awaiting the order to go. When the wind blew from the east and north the guns could be heard. The peril was real. If the outlying armies were defeated there was no intent on the part of the French to subject their city to siege and destruction, but to continue the battle south and beyond the city. At this juncture the American troops enter on the scene. They did not pass through the city, but around it, and on to the highway referred to. After they passed through Meaux, facing east, the Second American Division began to meet the retreating remnants of the French army, hollow-eyed, powder burnt, sagging with overwhelming weariness from four days of unrelieved fighting and retreating.

Some shook their heads at the folly of these strapping youngsters from the west, venturing to thrust themselves in the way of that onrushing victorious Hun avalanche. These said the end was at hand and that the Americans would better save themselves. Eye and ear witnesses testify as to the answers. Weary only of drilling and waiting the reinforcements, they asked for a chance to get at the Germans. The road was packed with solid columns of American infantry and artillery, hot for action.

"What do you think we came here for?" the dough-boy asked.

A French officer commanding seventy chasseurs, remnant of a regiment, asked an American colonel:

"Shall we die here or do you wish us to pass through your troops?"

"Pass through and give us your places. You have

done enough." And the Second division made way for the grimy seventy to pass to rest, together with scattered fragments of scores of units that had been shot to pieces.

And so the Americans came under fire. The Boche artillery and air men had located the road. The infantry and artillery passed to right and left, while the two regiments of marines attached to the Second division had already gone to the left of the road and engaged the Germans at Lucy and later in the woods beyond, now known as Belleau Wood.

Twelve months after the battle, Lucy is still a white ruin, its limestones and mortar ground to powder by the guns, its houses unroofed and its walls, that had stood for years and some for centuries, tumbling from shell fire. And yet the village is not obliterated, and a few of its people have returned. In the road way are still evidences of an ammunition dump exploded by a German shell. The marines had piled their rifle and machine gun cartridges under a tree. When the shell struck, it set this ammunition to going at such a rate that the Americans feared for a moment that the enemy had got into the rear. The tree was blasted and its leafless, amputated limbs afford scant shade for the children who play beneath it in the mound of shells, some of them unexploded. Through the opened wall of the roofless church the crucified Christ may be seen hanging to the cross, most pathetic of all the objects in that glut of ruin. Out in the roadway a hen with her brood stirs up the dust and tries to fly over the broken wall when the sergeant-chauffeur drives that way. A bent old woman stands where once was her doorway and looks at the meager life and the gloomy chaos about her.

But out in the fields the farmers, such as remain, and many women folk are at work. The smaller shell holes have been filled. Nature and husbandry are beginning to heal the scars of war except in the towns. Here little or nothing of repair is to be seen. It will be better to lay out towns in the virgin fields than to attempt to rebuild, but home ties are strong.

As in Lucy, so in these other towns one finds a dismal monotony of wreckage. The Germans are, of course, the sole cause of this desolation, though not all of the destruction is due to Boche guns. Let Vaux and her people speak: The Germans took the town, the inhabitants fleeing. Here are old houses, once sound and even pretentious. There are deep cellars and a covered stream that passes through and under the village. Hiding in these the Germans opened fire on the Americans. Some of the inhabitants fled to Captain Harper of Battery F, Seventeenth Field Artillery, and asked him to dislodge the enemy from their homes. They pointed out the strongest buildings with deepest cellars and told him that there the invaders were in hiding with their machine guns. They begged him to fire and he did. His battery of 155's threw 1,044 shells into the village and when the infantry took it by assault only one hundred or more Germans remained alive. If the excavators ever go deep enough they will find the bones of Prussian guards where the natives were wont to store their wines and winter vegetables.

But what of that gay and eager throng in khaki that late in May a year ago went valiantly down the Metz road? They fought in all these villages, in the Belleau Wood and on to Chateau-Thierry, where, with the unconquerable Second and Third and Rainbow and other divisions, they first shocked and astounded the Ger-

mans by the method and ferocity of their attack and finally forced them into retreat, changing the campaign from defensive to offensive warfare and ultimate triumph in the Argonne. But they paid a price.

Near every village and often in fields and roads remote from dwellings is a soldiers' graveyard. By thirties, fifties or hundreds, "row on row" lie the dead that died not in vain. The burial places are clean and free from underbrush or weeds. A barbed wire fence surrounds each yard and a cross stands at the head of each grave. To the wooden cross, thirty inches high, is attached a metallic circular disc bearing the colors of the United States. There is also a metallic plate on which is stamped the name, number and unit of the buried soldier. His identification tag is also attached to the cross with wire and at the head of each grave is a small flag, bright and unfaded, fluttering with every breeze. A few graves, alas, are marked "unknown," but for the most part identification has been complete and precautions are taken to preserve the identification inviolate.

Below the crest on which Belleau Wood stands, burial parties are digging concentration graves. These are five feet deep by sixty in length. Into these places the scattered dead will be brought. Overlooking them is a small tower at the crest of Belleau Wood—a building that was once a lodge or caretaker's place. From it the battlefield may be surveyed. The hill itself is fearfully torn with shell fire and with dugouts. Projecting rocks afforded hiding places for the Boche and often in these dugouts the remains of Germans are still to be found. German prisoners have recovered and buried many of their comrades, but scores of these dead can never be identified.

There are places in Belleau Wood where life above ground was impossible. On two trees within the reach of one's outstretched arm were counted eighteen bullet holes, and where anything was left to indicate a bullet's flight the marks everywhere were as numerous as in the instance related. And so the men "dug in" and even there they were not safe, for the visible remains tell of the carnage.

Had not the American troops shown the courage and tenacity necessary to drive the entrenched enemy from this all but impregnable stronghold, the war probably would not have ended when and as it did, and the outcome of the march on the road from Paris would have differed from this narrative.

As it was, these American soldiers can not be forgotten by the French. Diplomats and cabinets may quarrel, and peoples may be estranged, but it will be hard to believe that the French, who saw these troops come into action in the nick of time and in the hour of disaster, can forget. Certainly now they smile on the Yanks in the chateau country and meet them as friends and brothers.

Chateau-Thierry itself was only an incident in this great battle. From the hill on which the old chateau was built first more than a thousand years ago, the city in the valley below, spread along the Marne, may be seen to the last tile on the roofs. The business heart of the city was blown to pieces by German air men who thought American headquarters were there, but the greater part of Chateau-Thierry remains intact. The French are selling off army horses there to the farmers (at about \$325 each); the occasional relic hunter is to be seen on his rounds, and the River Marne, about as big as Fall creek, but with more water and greater

uniformity of flow and depth, clean and clear, now flows on its way uninterruptedly, carrying to the very gates of Paris, where it unites with the Seine, its canal boat cargoes of provisions for the saved and sacred capital of France.

CHAPTER III

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' DAY

JUNE 17, 1919

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, FOUR O'CLOCK

PRESIDENT HOWE: Friends, at this time of the year, at the end and the beginning of things, our thoughts are wont to leap lightly back. Today we are taking a little time out of the busy, hurrying world, to think of some things that ought to remain forever fresh in our minds and to influence us as we go down through the years.

I think, today, of those happy June days—those beginning June days—five years ago, when all the world was at peace—or seemed to be—when all was fair, and no one thought of anything else than the common troubles of every-day life. That was a long time ago. That was in the days of the old world. Today we are in the new world, and between the two there lies a great and flaming gulf—between those June days of 1914 and these of 1919, there is a wide and terrible chasm. Little did we think of what could come to us; little did we dream of the changes that would find their way into our lives; and I wonder if we should have had the courage, had we known just then what was ahead of us, to meet the issues that have faced us since those bright June days of the olden time?

There came a great flash and a summoning of all the world to arms. We had thought, sometimes, as we

theorized and philosophized, that the days of real love of country had passed; that we no longer had such patriots as in the days of the Civil War, when those boys went out from this college, well-nigh two hundred strong, at the call of the country's need, ready and willing to make the supreme sacrifice if need be.

It seems like a horrid nightmare, and we wonder as we recall the days through which we have lived how we have endured them. There is not one of us into whose life anxiety and care and grief have not come. But, I think that we would not be willing to have it out of our life. Terrible as it is, I am sure we are better men and better women because we have lived through it and have survived. It has burned the dross and the earth out of some of us. We have appreciated certain things that seemed of little worth in former times, and we have come nearer to understanding the real values of life.

In the colleges boys, and girls too, were perhaps forgetting what their country meant, how precious its liberties, the meaning of human life, and what justice signified in the world. But when the call came, it was from the colleges of our land that the greater number, relatively, went than from any other place. And that was as it should have been. Because, my friends, if the picked boys and girls in the colleges and other places of learning do not respond to the call of service and of duty, then there can be little hope for the world; and it is the glory of this nation today that those colleges and universities that have been fostered by the prayers and the sacrifices of those who founded them have not proven untrue to what was expected of them. They have shown themselves worthy to survive, as they did in the days of the great struggle between the brothers of the North and the South.

And so, this afternoon we may say to ourselves "Is it possible that we have gone through all this, and that it seems to be well-nigh over?" We have come together here—friends of the college some, and some others of those who answered the call and went out in the service of the Nation. And this, soldier and sailor-boy friends, is your day! We have come here to hear some words from you; we have come to feel, together, the thrill of the common love that we have for our Alma Mater; we have come to fix a little more clearly in our minds a real picture of what this one little college, out of almost six hundred, has done as its share in the great world struggle.

It was a goodly number who went out from this college to take their part, who took the oath of allegiance to our flag, and who committed themselves to the task assigned to them, whether it was to stay right here and study, whether it was to go into the training camps, whether it was to go onto the ocean with its dangers seen and unseen, or whether it was to go to the fighting front, through shot and shell and deadly gas and all the rest of that hell-front—doing their duty wherever sent.

We welcome you back this afternoon, we welcome you home. There are some who can not be here. There are others who are far away, even across the sea; there are others whose business would not permit their coming in person, although we know that their hearts are with us. Those of us who are here must feel and speak for all. We, who have been the stay-at-homes, have gone with you in affection and in prayers by night and by day, and we welcome you back. We hope that you will not regret, as the years come and go, the sacrifices you have made and the part that you have played.

This afternoon we are to have talks by some of the boys.

SERGEANT HERMAN JAMES SHEEDY, A. B., '20

“THE STUDENTS' ARMY TRAINING CORPS”

President Howe, and Friends: I confess that I feel rather out of place this afternoon. I feel that I have done so little, while these other men, who are next to speak, have done so much.

However, I am very glad that the S. A. T. C. is to be represented, because I feel that it has been generally misunderstood. The fact that it was not a raving success was not due to its purpose, its management, or its organization. Nor was it due to the character of the men who were in it. It was due merely to the fact that it did not have time to prove itself. Had the war continued another year, as everyone thought it would continue, the S. A. T. C. would have been recognized as one of the greatest branches of our army. It would have been recognized as the greatest source of officer material.

Our government realized that by July 1, of this year, it would need one hundred and fifty thousand additional second lieutenants, and it thought the best place to find them was in the colleges. For this purpose the S. A. T. C. was founded.

Training camps were established at Plattsburg, Fort Sheridan, and in California, and representatives from one hundred and fifty colleges in the United States were sent to those three training camps. Late in September those men were sent back to their colleges to act as assistant military directors.

There were about two hundred and seventy-five men who came to Butler to attend the S. A. T. C. For various reasons we lost a few of them, so that the final roster showed two hundred and sixty-four men, and of those two hundred and sixty-four men, every one was a high school graduate and was perfectly sound, morally, mentally and physically! That was as fine a bunch of men as you could get together at any time, or at any place; and every one of them came here realizing that at any minute he would be subject to call, and that when he took the oath, he became a member of our army, just as surely, just as completely, as any man who was wearing the uniform.

Of course it took a few days to settle down, but, after the first week or two, the unusual life, the living in barracks, and the drilling had become an old story and we got along very well.

It seemed to be the ideal combination, just the right proportion of brains and of brawn, and at the time we received our discharges, things were running along smoothly.

We had our share of the influenza, of course, but due to the good medical attention that we were given, we had but one loss—Russell Mercer, of Anderson. He made many friends while here, and everyone who knew him was truly grieved to hear of his death. However, I am sure that we were very fortunate, indeed, that out of this two hundred and sixty-four men, just one man was lost.

The aim of the S. A. T. C. was high, and I do not believe it was a failure. I know that I am proud to have been in it, and every man who was in the organization should be glad that he was allowed to wear the uniform—the same uniform that was worn by every man in the service.



ARTHUR JAMES PERRY
Major, 77th Infantry



HOWARD CLAY CALDWELL
Ensign, United States Navy



HERMAN JAMES SHEEDY
Sergeant, Students' Army
Training Corps



HARRISON CALE
Corporal, 6th United States
Marines

If the war had continued another year, these men, drilled out there on Irwin Field, might now be in France. That was the purpose for which they came here, and they realized that they would be sent across just so fast as they were prepared.

MAJOR ARTHUR JAMES PERRY, '15

“THE HOME CAMP.”

President Howe, and fellow members of former times: Glancing down at this mark on my arm, I was reminded that while there were, perhaps, two million men in France, entitled to be decorated with the blue chevron and the gold chevron and some of them, now, with three gold chevrons, there are about ten million of us, more or less, who are still wearing the silver chevron.

I would like to relate a story that my last Division Commander was very fond of telling, and it may be some consolation to those of us who stayed on this side. The gentleman to whom I refer, Major-General Hutchinson, joined the army back in the days when the Indians were in the habit of having festivities of their own, and it was necessary, at intervals, to despatch troops of cavalry out to subdue the Red Man. It so happened that General Hutchinson, then a new second lieutenant and, in the language of the army, known as a shave-tail, had joined his command down in New Mexico, only a few days before the occurrence, which I shall relate. One of the troops was to be sent out to look after some of the Indians and the General was very anxious to go. Having had four years of West Point, he debated whether he should go directly to the captain and ask to be permitted to go. Well, he

thought he would do what he could. It so happened that it was his time to stand stables and look after the grooming of the horses and all that, and he made sure that the work of the sergeants and the corporals was exceedingly well done, and when they were about through, the captain, who was a typical officer of the old school, came around [of course, the young lieutenant clicked his heels together and gave a very elaborate salute], and said, "Yes, I see that the picket line is, indeed, in very fair shape," and he looked around. Lieutenant Hutchinson remarked, "Captain, I understand they are going to send a patrol out after those Indians." "Yes, yes, I understand they are. Yes, this picket line is in very nice shape." Finally Lieutenant Hutchinson mustered up courage to say to the captain, "Well, Captain, I would like to take that patrol out," and the old captain looked down at him and replied, "Well, my boy, let me tell you one thing. When Uncle Sam wants you, he knows where you are, and he will come and get you. So go ahead and keep your picket line in good shape, and that is all you are to do."

Now, that is exactly the situation in which we all found ourselves when we had to stay here at home. It reminds one of a game of chess, in which each individual member is nothing more than a pawn.

Some of my good friends here were among the few who were sent across. But there were a lot of good men, and units of the regular army, who were kept on this side.

The only consolation that comes to me is the thought that perhaps some of these units were retained at home owing to the situation in which England found herself, due to the lack of British officers. England was abso-

lutely stripped, because she sent over practically all of her trained troops in the very first advance. We were advised to keep some of our trained men on this side, to drill and to instruct the new units as they were brought in. Whatever consolation that offers, we must take it.

My own experience in this war, I am forced to recall, was had within three hundred miles of my home. Just think of putting in twenty-three months within three hundred miles of your own home, and feeling that at any minute you might be called to go across!

I have been in four of the largest training camps in the country, and I want to say to you that the government has handled the units in such a way that I don't see how anything could have been done to improve that work. The government erected enormous plants in a very short time.

There were some mighty black days back there in 1917. Even in the fall of that year, I saw men drilling in overalls, instead of uniforms, and sleeping under comforts of every kind, confiscated from department stores or anywhere they could get them. But they lived through it all, and I think that every man, whether he got across or stayed near his own home, feels that he is a broader and better man for this service and experience.

ENSIGN HOWARD CLAY CALDWELL, A. B., '15

“THE UNITED STATES NAVY”

Mr. President, I recall, when I used to be a regular attendant here at chapel not very many years ago, that it was always keenly disappointing to have a missionary from Africa, or some other place, come and

give us a talk on the general broadening influence of English History, or something like that. I always figured that I would have been much better satisfied had he talked a little about his own experiences. That is one of the reasons that I shall confine what I have to say to the "Battle of the Great Lakes."

I wonder how many sailors happen to be here this afternoon. I would like to see your hands. Well, there are so few of you that I ought to be able to get away with almost anything.

Had I been nine pounds heavier when I enlisted in the navy, I might have been a fireman. They were needed pretty badly at that time. But standards are standards, and they finally decided to pass me up. I eventually got in as an apprentice seaman. I didn't know much about the job at that time, but I learned a good deal a little later on. The apprentice seaman, you know, is the fellow who makes the navy such a clean, desirable branch of the service!

I suppose that every man who has been in camp recalls very vividly the first reveille. I am sure I do. It was at that time that I was introduced to that often to be repeated and never to be misunderstood summons, "Hit the deck, you'se birds!" When we heard that we always tumbled from our hammocks, scared to death, for fear we hadn't got out quickly enough. One of the men in our company wanted to know what he was to hit the deck with! Well, he soon found out. They handed him a mop. The fact of the matter is that we became very expert in the use of the mop. That is a very indispensable article about the ship, as some of you men may know. Well, I began by scrubbing down the so-called decks, three times a day, and then when we ran out of anything else to do, we scrubbed

them down some more! They had to keep us busy those days.

Since seeing other rookies, just after they had made their transformation from the cities to the apparel of the Gobs—and, by the way, that is what the sailors prefer to be called—Gobs—not Jackies—I was rather glad that they didn't permit cameras in those days, whereby the spectacle that I made of myself might have been perpetuated, because, like most of the other boys, I would have wanted to send a picture home to my family, just to show them how their boy looked!

There were about a thousand or more men coming in to the Great Lakes station, and the clothing was issued in cafeteria style. We marched along and some hard-boiled gentleman on the other side of the counter would throw us the size of clothing that he happened to think we needed, and it didn't make much difference whether we got blouses, or handkerchiefs, or hats, but we had to be on the lookout when boots and shoes came over! The worst tragedy, and one that frequently happened, was when a fellow got clothes that were intended for the six-footer just behind him. Of course the salty individuals on the other side of the counter didn't always throw where they intended, and they didn't have time to rectify mistakes. Naturally, there was a good deal of swapping after we came from the outfitters, and what swapping failed to take care of, the tailors fixed us up on. I am glad to say that the navy would not tolerate ill-fitting uniforms.

But why is the sailor's uniform, anyway? Most people wonder about that. Really, I don't know, unless it is because England had specialized on her navy so long and with such success that it was well to emulate her in that respect. But there is really a reason back

of the peculiarities of the sailor's uniform—even to the flopping trouser legs. They are mighty easy to roll up at scrubbing time. That is a universal reason. Most of the others are British. Take, for instance, the three stripes on the collar. They represent three of the world's decisive battles, generally said to be the defeat of the Armada, the battle of the Nile, and the battle of Trafalgar. The handkerchief was first introduced, as I understand, upon the death of the great naval hero, Nelson. I don't know that there is any particular reason for the style of the officer's uniform, except punishment. This uniform isn't very well known in Indianapolis, and I was somewhat taken aback, when, in Irvington, one of the venerable citizens looked up at me over his glasses, and said, "Well, young feller, what band might you be playin' in?" The movies have played some part in making the naval uniform a familiar sight. The other day, going down the street out here, a youngster chanced to see me, and ran across to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma, look at the moving picture hero!"

For fear lest you may infer, from my remarks, that about all the sailor has to do is to scrub the decks, I might explain that the Gob, especially an apprentice seaman, is supposed to know a little of everything. First of all, he must learn how to sleep in a hammock without falling out. And, by the way, that is no little trick, as the hospital records of broken arms and legs will attest. He must be able to peel spuds, box the compass, and do a whole lot of things besides scrub the decks.

The navy sent five fourteen-inch guns overseas, and they put the sailors in marine uniform. Of course, they were pretty well back—twenty-five miles, I be-

lieve, was the average range. But you must give them a little credit for that, because they could have gotten back forty-two miles with that gun.

Some of you men may have heard of that very interesting piece of naval ordnance called the Davis Double Recoil Gun, which was used on aeroplanes during the war. That gun fired from both ends at the same time. The projectile that went to the rear was a dummy, while the one that went forward was a twelve-inch projectile, the two recoils neutralizing each other, so that there would be practically no shock to the fuselage of the plane. The shell was loaded in the middle of the gun, and, of course, there was a synchronizing gear employed that enabled the gun to shoot through the blades of the propeller. The handling of that Davis gun, and a great many other weapons, is being taught at Great Lakes, where they have organized the Naval Gunners' School of the United States. In that school, there is a course for aviation mechanics. I was out at that plant this spring, and they showed me a sort of jewelry shop that they have there, where the fellows were tearing down watches and putting them together again. I asked them why they had that done, and they said that it was done to teach the boy the fine points of fine machinery, so that they would appreciate the fine points of the gasoline engine. Now, I don't know whether they were kidding me or not.

I suppose the army has a lot of expressions that are peculiar to itself. That is true of the navy, I know.

In the navy you never go to the stern of the ship, you always lay aft. You never tie a rope to anything—you belay it. You never pick gear out of a box—you always break it out. You pipe all hands down, at night, to turn to. You never say boatswain—you say bos'n.

You never say gunwale, you say gun'l. And so on. The fact of the matter is you do and say a lot of queer things in the navy, besides "see the world and learn a trade!"

Before we entered the war, it used to be a favorite pastime of our Chautauqua orators to lambast the battleship program. You all recall how they used to tell us how many schools could be established with the money that it took to build one dreadnaught. Even now we see some signs of sinking back into the old rut. Before Secretary Daniels went to Europe he was talking about a big navy. Now he is back and is talking little navy.

I notice that England has never talked little navy. She has produced some very wonderful ships during this war. She has produced a type of battle cruiser that is beyond anything that we ever dreamed of. We were busy building six or eight battle cruisers that could make thirty-six knots an hour, when Balfour decided that he would visit us over here. Some folks have said that the ship that brought him came over at the rate of fifty miles an hour. But that ship was not brought down to New York; it was left up at Halifax and Balfour came down by train.

Before I received my commission somebody told me that I would be in until I was sixty-four. Well, I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps after I get to that point I can join the army.

But really, my friends, I am glad that I am in the naval reserves. I think a well organized Officers' Reserve is a good deal more practical in this country than is universal military training. I don't hear much enthusiasm about universal training among the men who have been in the service.

I don't want to let this opportunity pass without saying a good word for the Y. M. C. A. Even at the Great Lakes that organization was subjected to much criticism, which, to a great extent, I know was absolutely unmerited. The Y. M. C. A. up there worked under a great many difficulties. In the camp that I was attached to, it was not permitted to have a recreation room, but when it came really to doing things, I think it was the only organization that went out of its way to accommodate the men—speaking from my own experience. When the influenza came without a word of warning at the Great Lakes, the Y. M. C. A. secretaries were tireless in their work. Four of the secretaries in my own camp died as a result of their work among the boys during the epidemic of the “flu.”

I am very glad to have an opportunity to express my thankfulness to Butler College. When I was here, plugging away at mathematics, Prof. Johnson, I didn't know that it would be such a short time until mathematics would come home to roost! If it hadn't been for that year of mathematics I would certainly have failed to obtain a commission. The navy insists on its men knowing navigation. You fellows have probably seen those men come out on the bridge and look through their little instruments along about noontime. I always have a great deal of respect for them. They figure a whole lot. That is all they do.

More than one individual has remarked that the college man had the edge on the other fellow in this war. Perhaps he did. Anyway it has been mighty good propaganda for the college.

SERGEANT CLAIR McTURNAN, '11

"THE AMMUNITION TRAIN"

I suspect that here is where the program begins to get bad for about fifteen minutes—if I can last that long! If I can't last that long, it will begin to get good just so much the sooner. I feel very much that I am spoiling the program, because I have listened to the things that have been said with vast interest, things expressed in a better way than I have heard them anywhere else, at any time—and I have heard a whole lot of people talk about the war, too.

The most that I know about the war, anyhow, is what I have heard about it. I don't know anything from personal contact with the war, of any consequence. I happened to get to take a nice ride across the water, which, by the way, came about by getting mixed up with that organization called depot brigade, which everybody wished he was out of, as soon as he got in.

I happened to fall in with a Butler man, who advised me that the ammunition train was a very safe place. Consequently, I made every effort to get fixed up in a place where no German could molest me. After I got through with my first three weeks, I decided if there was anything left for a German to do with me, I would be willing to take a chance.

I went through that, however, and I began to get heavy, and I wanted a change of uniform. But they didn't put anything more on my sleeve than I had when I started. The only change in my uniform was in the weight of it. When I began to intimate that I was pretty old and maybe it would look better if I had something on my arm, I was told that it was a thing

that shouldn't be mentioned, and if you did mention it, you would spoil your chances—and some people didn't have any chance, anyhow!

However, I was finally changed as to my uniform, and was inducted into the ammunition train service, and I expect I can tell you as much about the ammunition train as you know if you have ever seen a truck, or two, going down the street.

When I first went into the ammunition train service, one of the young men who had been in it for some time and had done the same thing that I was doing for six months after I got in—which was nothing—told me that the ammunition train was a place where they trained ammunition to shoot. Well, that sounded pretty reasonable, and so I got some ammunition and put it in my belt. All of us carried it in our belts, and I didn't have the advantage of anybody else, except that the fellow who carried a revolver carried twice as many rounds as the fellow who carried a gun.

Fortunately, I found several of my friends in the ammunition train service as I was going across. Nobody seemed to know why they were taking us across, and nobody else knew why he was going across.

Well, we got across and went into training—that is, some of them did. I didn't do much training, myself.

I will not tell you what I did—it is too simple.

I will tell you what the fellow said that I worked with most of the time. He was a sergeant, or something—maybe a corporal—I had got advanced away up to a sergeancy at that time—I think they did that because I smoked cigars, and they didn't give cigars away overseas. They did give a lot of cigarettes away, and all the men who smoked cigars were advanced, so that they could pay the difference. At any rate, the fellow that

I worked with—I will not say whether I was exactly in his class or not—said that if we ever distinguished ourselves, it would be with the typewriter. I knew it would be that way with me, because I never had learned to use more than one finger on the typewriter. I found out that skill in the use of the typewriter is one of the things that you have got to have in the ammunition train service. Then we were told that maybe if something happened to everybody else in the train, we would get a chance to take a truck and go up to the front. Not having had any experience in driving a truck I was very busy in contemplating how I would do that—how I would lead it up to the front.

Well, everybody is entitled to a scare—that is, in the army—and we got ours. I was coming back from Bordeaux, and I met a professor who had been in the Government class when I was in school studying law. I did want to hear one or two things that he had to say. I never knew the man, except that he would ask me to read things on the board every once in a while. When I got over to Bordeaux, I was meandering down the street one day and I saw a fellow who looked like this professor—he was nearsighted and he had on a pair of these thick lenses, and I knew he was my man, so I hailed him and asked him if he remembered me, and he said he did. He talked pretty good English, and we had quite a good conversation, and I arranged to do certain work for the ammunition train service. I don't know what it was, but by virtue of that arrangement I got to go into Bordeaux every day, and this man had a charming house, a charming wife and served charmingly, and I enjoyed my service in the army while I was at Bordeaux.

Now, I was coming back from Bordeaux one evening

à la truck—that is the way that everybody but the officers rode, and sometimes they too rode that way—a truck is just what it is here, only it has less springs over there. The roads are pretty good, however. Well, when I got into the gate of the camp, everybody seemed to be in quite a commotion—at least, down around our headquarters there seemed to be quite a commotion. Everybody seemed to be pretty nervous and it was rather hard to get any definite statement, or answer to a question—especially for a man who didn't run any higher in sleeve decoration than I. But I finally found out what was going on. We were going to the front, and I proceeded to get as nervous and excited as all the rest of them put together, and we all proceeded to be lost for a period of half an hour. We didn't go! It was another ammunition train that went. It seems that the order had become confused, and another ammunition train had been called out. But I did have the sensation, anyhow.

There is a great deal of humor about being in the army—providing you don't take the matter too seriously. I really found out that if you go at it right you can speak to an officer! Of course, you have to be careful. But there was, really, a great deal of humor, and the officers appreciated humor—but they were not permitted to show it in public. I don't know what they did in quarters—except on one or two occasions, which were privileged and confidential relations, to which I can not refer, of course.

But there were two observations which were really worth while that I can remember.

The first impression that I received was the wonderful vivacity, the wonderful fervor of the reception that was given us by what might be called the proletariat of

Liverpool. I can not imagine coming into New York harbor and receiving any more real, more definite, or more enthusiastic welcome than we received in Liverpool. And, the people were, more or less, of the proletariat type. I was very much surprised, because all Englishmen whom I had known were true to the traditions, and were extremely conservative in their manner. I would not have been so much surprised to have found so enthusiastic a welcome in Paris. I am sure that there was nobody in the ammunition train who did not feel that the line between the English common people and the members of the ammunition train was a very indistinct line. Old women who had sons in the army would greet us and urge us on. Of course that was bound to make us feel good. But even feeling as well as we did, we couldn't be entirely mistaken about analyzing the amount of enthusiasm that we found there.

The second thing that impressed me—and I think it impressed everybody else—was the amount of food and supplies that were stacked up over there. I supposed that we had an enormous quantity, but I hadn't the slightest conception of what was really there. I didn't get over there until 1918—just in time to come back—but I was told that conditions had been the same all along with reference to the food supply. I saw stacks and stacks of supplies in warehouses. It looked to me as if somebody had been doing an awful lot towards subscribing toward the carrying on of the war, over there, who were not doing it in the capacity of actual soldiering. If the supplies were as enormous as they looked to me, it was certainly a wonderful tribute to the work of the people at home, who were not in soldier uniform, but who were fighting the preliminary

and essential battles which must be fought in just that way to win a war.

If there was anything on earth that brought my heart back to the people at home, that made me see the relation between the poor, weak soldier, with a belt full of ammunition and nothing in his knapsack—it was when that broad expansive view of stuff appeared before my vision, and I knew that I could fill other things besides my knapsack as full as I pleased.

You can not fail to feel your heart thrill with thankfulness, when you are placed in the situation where you know you may be subjected to danger, and you realize that there is not one American who has not contributed to the welfare of the American soldier on foreign soil, and your heart goes back to those who are co-operating with you, who are supporting you in the United States, not in uniform, but by their earnings, by contributions to the Red Cross, to the Y. M. C. A., to the Salvation Army, and those other glorious organizations—your heart goes back to them just as surely, just as truly, as it goes forward to the boy in the trenches who is to give up his life.

With these two great bodies of soldiers and contributing civilians, drawn together in one harmonious effort, we could not fail to win the war.

CORPORAL HARRISON CALE, '07

“THE TURNING OF THE TIDE”

Mr. President, Soldier Brothers, and Friends: I am afraid that after hearing these talks this afternoon, if I should tell you some of my experiences I would cast gloom over the occasion. I volunteered in the Marine Corps immediately after war had been declared, and I

became a member of the Ninety-sixth company of the Sixty-first regiment. There were two regiments of marines assigned to the army in France. They composed the Fourth Brigade of the famous Second division.

These June days are the anniversaries of the series of engagements of the Chateau Thierry sector, known, officially, as the battle of Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. It was just a year ago this month, when the American marines struck the first smashing blow against the German armies which administered the first crushing defeat that those armies had experienced through four bloody years of war.

There is now a great deal of controversy in the newspapers, and often the question is raised as to how it was that the Marine Corps received so much credit for this action. In explanation of that, I would like to say that the Marine Corps left twenty-four hours ahead of the other units of the Second division, and when we arrived on the Chateau Thierry front and met the Germans on the Metz-to-Paris road, we were just twenty-four hours ahead of every other unit. So it is for that reason that we have been given the credit, which, in a measure, should go to the other units in our division, because if it had not been for their assistance, we would not have been able to have held the line after we had taken it.

Just a year ago last May the German army had finished a three-months' drive on the Somme front. The first British army had been completely routed and were on the shores of Flanders, the Belgian coast, while English ships stood out at sea, waiting to take them off, in order to save as many as possible from complete slaughter by the Germans. On the Picardy front all of the French reserves had been wiped out.

The marines had been in training in Verdun for sixty days and had met the Germans on several occasions, and had been dubbed by them "The Devil Dogs!" We were one of three units that were nicknamed by the Germans during the entire war. They called the Scottish troops the "Ladies from Hell"; the Alpine Chasseurs, the "Blue Devils," and the Marine Corps, the "Devil Dogs." When they did that, we felt we had passed our probationary period and could stand alongside the very best troops of Europe.

We were sent to the Somme front to stop the drive which was then threatening the Picardy front. For four days and nights we marched down the long, dusty, dreary road. Water was scarce. It was hot weather. All the horses hitched to our artillery train died along the road—walked to death. We had no more than arrived on the scene of action and prepared to go into the engagement, when word came that the Germans had struck and that their victorious army was advancing on Paris at the rate of twenty-five miles a day.

General Pershing then asked General Foch if it would be possible to place the American troops in the gap, and the Second division was ordered to Chateau Thierry. It was for about thirty hours that we were loaded on those trucks and most of us had to stand up with our heavy packs on our backs, but we rode across France just as hard as those trucks could be driven. In Paris, the trains were backed up in the railroad station, awaiting the evacuation of the civilian population.

We met the main body of the French army at the little village of Vaux, in full retreat. As we advanced down the Metz-to-Paris road we found it filled with thousands of refugees, driven before the advancing army of the Huns. It was a motley crowd of men, wo-

men and children, and cattle and carts and everything else mixed together. The people were all in despair and were sullen, their eyes flashing with hatred. They looked at us as though they were saying, "They are just like the rest of the men that have gone to the front and have never come back." There was no cry of joy to speed us on. They simply said, "Kill the Boche," passing their hands across their throats that we might understand their meaning.

This was the crisis that the marines faced when they passed down the Metz-to-Paris road on June 1, 1918. The Germans were then knocking on the gates of Chateau Thierry, and it was said in France that only a miracle could save Paris. About five o'clock in the evening we got off the trucks that had carried us over, and down the road we could see the long line of advancing Germans. After four years of bloody warfare, is it any wonder that they sang as they came down that road, which was as wide and as well built as Washington street, on their way to Paris? They had a battery of six-inch guns immediately behind their advance, so confident were they of victory. They were thirty-nine miles from Paris—thirty-nine miles from the heart of the allied cause; victory was in their grasp!

But suddenly there arose before them a stone wall of resistance. We swung out into skirmish formation, and the Boche line did likewise. We then saw that we were up against our old friends, the Prussian Guard—the finest troops in Europe. As we came closer and closer together, there was a flash of bayonets and the marines cast the die, to show them that we wanted a bayonet fight. On the Boche came, but when he got close to us, he wavered, and that was our signal for the charge that swept the Prussian Guard off of the Metz-

to-Paris road, and sent them hurtling back through the woods under the protection of their machine guns.

It was hard going through the woods. We had to crawl through the brush, and shoot the men that were in the trees, first, and then get over and bayonet the machine gunners. We couldn't locate them when we first went into the woods, because we couldn't see just where they were. We had to hunt them out. But we cleared the woods, finally, and took possession of the advantageous points along the road, and that night we effectually blocked the road to Paris for the Germans.

My company was ordered to take the town of Bouresches, which was the town mentioned in the despatches immediately after you received the word of the fight. It was necessary to cross a wheat field two hundred yards to get into the town. Before the town was a screen of trees and a kind of underbrush thicket. The leaves on those bushes vibrated and rattled under the crack of the concealed machine guns, as we started across the fields, and somebody called out, "Come on, do you want to live forever?" And so we started to rush forward, and in that American style of fighting we pushed on a little way, and then down, and then pushed on again, and down again. As we crossed the field I had charge of a squad of twelve men. Before we had gone a hundred yards eight of the men had been shot down. The bullets clicked and cut our clothing and shot the ammunition out of our belts. A shell passing close to me knocked me off my feet and stunned me for a second. The men thought I had been killed, but I leaped up and went on with them down through the woods. We cleaned out a machine gun nest and then went into the town. Out of one hundred and fifty men who started for that town there were but twenty-four of us who ever reached it.

There were three hundred Germans in the town when we came down the street. They had machine guns organized at every point of vantage. They had their sharpshooters in every doorway; they had one machine gun up in the church steeple, and it was just a question of accurate shooting, and quick shooting. Well, we cleaned those Huns out of that town. They had begun to retreat as we came in, leaving only the men who were organized on the strong points. But we took that town of Bouresches in less than one hour.

That was a hand-to-hand bayonet fight. It was cutting and slashing and sticking at every corner. A shell burst over the heads of myself and a lieutenant, and made big dents in both our helmets, but we escaped uninjured. As we passed down past the machine gun, of which we had just killed the gunner, we came to a number of Germans who had run into a cellar. By that time the German artillery was shelling the town so heavily that the Germans themselves were seeking shelter in the dugouts. As they went down, they called to us and asked if we would allow them to surrender; but, as you know, the marines took no prisoners, and the next thing we did was to give them a hand grenade, which finished the war for those Huns.

After we had taken that town the question was up to us to organize it. By nine o'clock that night we had something like fifteen hundred men in the town.

That evening the Germans began a counter-attack, and continued it from three o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the afternoon. They came over on us in their famous mass formation, which had worked so well with the British and the French. It was there that the training which the marines had received, brought forth the praise from the French colonel. So

accurate, so careful was the fire of the marines, at that time, that the French colonel exclaimed that it was the first time in European warfare that men had ever sat down and sighted their rifles and shot down men as if they were on a target range.

The taking of Bouresches caused the fight of Belleau Wood, which was a large clump of trees, and then came a wheat field, and then another clump of trees, and then another field filled with poppies and wheat. This series of woods it was necessary to go into, against an almost impenetrable fortress. Belleau Wood had been in the hands of the Germans, and they had organized it; they had filled it with machine guns, until almost every man in the place had one of those terrible machines of warfare. They had the treetops filled with German sharpshooters, so that when a man would crawl along on the ground, the sharpshooters in the trees would hit him. It was the sort of old Indian fighting which the American soldiers naturally fell into. But with the American initiative, the American grit and determination, against the organized German mass formation, we were able to take these woods.

After two days of hand to hand fighting in Belleau Wood, the marines were unable to pass what was called Death Gap, about fifty feet deep and about thirty-five or forty feet across. The marines were withdrawn immediately, and the artillery, which had arrived the night before, shelled the woods. One hundred guns operated on those woods, and the cannonading shook the ground like an earthquake; the bursting of the shells and the crashing of the trees, and the terrific lighting of the skies, as the shells burst over Belleau Wood, was a scene that defies description. But above it all you could hear the cries and shrieks of the Boche who was yelling and begging for mercy.

This artillery action lasted for almost three hours, and just at daylight, when the artillery fire ceased, the Germans started to attack, and the Americans came in. The marines swept the Germans entirely out of the woods. I was not in the fight itself, I was just on the right flank of the woods, as they came out, and we were able to turn our machine gun in such a position as to make it impossible for any more of them to come out of that section of the woods. They hunted another exit away beyond.

After this series of actions, at the end of twelve days, the Marine Corps withdrew. At that time, out of eight thousand men, we had less than two thousand alive. We lost, during the entire war, only twenty-five prisoners, for we saw it was either kill or be killed. We were pitted against thirty-five thousand Prussian Guards, in those actions. They were not only the crack troops of Germany, but of all Europe. Their specifications were that every man should weigh two hundred pounds and stand not less than six feet tall. Their five divisions, which were against us, had been resting at the town of Noye, north of Soissons, for over a month. They had received refreshments, and had been filled up to full strength, and brought down on a train and debarked close to where we met them. So that they were absolutely fresh troops, and they came down the road with orders to take Paris at any cost!

Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry will go down through history and will probably be classed with the fight at Thermopylae, because of the far-reaching effect that it had in the war. The action, itself, was really a local action, but it was the first smashing blow that had been struck by the Americans, and the fact that we had saved Paris, instantly brought new hope

and new energy to the entire Allied armies. From that time on the British and the French took fresh determination and swept on in great drives, which brought us, eventually, to victory.

I would like to say that we owe a great deal to the womanhood of France. There has been very little said to you about what the French women did in the year during which we had declared war and were trying to get our men to the front. It was almost impossible for the French army to hold on until we could get our men up to the front line, and in condition to get into action. And it was only through the morale of the French women that it was really made possible that we could win the war.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to the Red Cross, and particularly to the Red Cross nurses—the women who went over there and experienced all the hardships that they had to undergo as nurses.

And about the Salvation Army—the girls who came right up to the trenches and served doughnuts—that is an absolute fact, my friends, and not newspaper propaganda, because I was there and saw it myself.

You have, no doubt, wondered if, with it all, there might have been some humorous features connected with our service. There were some amusing things which occurred. They had some colored troops in a New York division, and they were sent up to the Toul sector. While they were in the trenches, waiting for attack, the officer, thinking that he would build up their morale, told them that there was a company of white men behind them, and he said, “Now, I don’t want any of you black boys to get scared because you are going over the top, but when you get the signal, jump and go. There are five thousand white men im-

mediately behind you, and they will come in right after you, and will support you in this attack." One of the darkies turned to his friend and said "George, what do you reckon the headlines in the New York papers will say tomorrow morning, when they read about us niggers going over the top?" "I don't know," replied his friend, "but I 'spect it is going to read 'five thousand white men tromped', because I'm going to the rear right now."

A HYMN

IN HONOR OF THE PART PLAYED BY BUTLER MEN IN THE
GREAT WAR

By Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, A. B., '97

I—THE BITTER YEARS

Now June comes 'round again—the golden sun
Falls all too warmly on the waving grass:
The air is heavy with the scent of flowers.
Across the campus, freed from tedious hours,
In cap and gown the grave collegians pass.
Ah, Youth and June!—the poets, every one,
Have hymned these themes since history was begun,
And still will sing them till their race is run.

A year ago, the sun as brightly gleamed,
Perhaps—the rose her fragrance shed,
And yet, our skies were overcast—it seemed
As if a part of summer's bloom had fled.
We did not heed the robins' cheery notes,
But strained to hear the drum-beat from afar.

The old gay songs were stilled in all our throats,
And on our lips was one grim phrase—the War!
One aching thought was all we dwelt upon,
“The boys! the boys! our lovely boys are gone!”

How does one live through anguish? Bear the load
That seems too heavy for the burdened mind?
I know not—yet there is an end to every road,
No matter how its weary course may wind.
Those wise Greeks of the olden time would say,
Bowing their heads with Stoic calm, “Today
You suffer. ’Tis the lot of humankind.
Endure, endure. This, too, shall pass away.”

And so the bitter years dragged on. It seemed
Sometimes as if the war would never cease,
And that those silly, happy days of peace
Were only something we had idly dreamed.
Monotony, despair—when suddenly
A thrill of hope ran through the tired old world,
And flashing came the word across the sea,
“Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! for Belgium’s free!
France sings her Marseillaise exultantly!
Behold, the Britons ride through Bagdad’s gate!
The Hohenzollern to the ground is hurled:
No more he shouts his lusty hymn of Hate!”

“Our boys?”—we questioned, wild with joy and pride.
Back came the winged call across the tide,
“Those glorious lads? Look in the dark Argonne,
Look in the bloody nests of Belleau Wood.
See where the haughty Prussian legions stood,
The foul imperial eagle and his brood . . .

It's always darkest just before the dawn,
They say: and in the world's most tragic hour,
When Prussia sneered in arrogance and power,
Then, in the darkness of a whole world's pain,
The Yanks came laughing through the mud and rain,
And lo—the clouds of deep despair and doubt
Were scattered, and the sun of Joy broke out!"

II—THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS

Ring, ye bells, the night is gone,
Peal your happy carillon.
Ring, exultant bells of earth,
Laugh and dance in easy mirth,
Ye people—keep your carnival
In lowly home, in stately hall.
Proud ships, sailing through the foam,
Bring our boys in triumph home!

Across the land we see them go—
Sun-browned face, thoughtful eyes,
(What has made them all so wise,
Care-free boys we used to know?)
Bring them safe, ye roads of steel,
Even senseless iron must feel
Sting of pleasure almost pain,
That Youth returns to us again.

Soldier jokes—"Oui, oui, Marie,"
"Beaucoup mud," and "gay Paree"!
Laughter, with a hint of tears,
"Mother, see!—my souvenirs."
Tattered flag and empty gun,
Tin hat, shining in the sun,

Gas-mask—staring bogey-face,
(All its tubes and disks in place)
Belts and ribbons, Croix de Guerre,
Bits of shrapnel here and there,
Hob-nailed boots and funny cap,
Trim puttees and polished strap,—
“Listen, dear. I hear the tap
Of a crutch.”—“Yes, poor old chap,
Lost his leg at Vimy Ridge—
Went through fire to save the bridge.”

Now I know why you are wise,
Sun-browned lads with thoughtful eyes,
Eyes of gray and eyes of blue—
Grave young soldier-lads, you knew
What a hell the world passed through,
What it cost in blood and pain
That Belgium might be free again.
Price these paid to set us free,
Free from basest treachery,
Cruelty, deceit and lies:
Death that drops from out the skies,
Death that lurks beneath the sea.
Free from terror, free from fears,
Down the blessed future years.

III—MEMORIES

The drums are stilled, the flags of war are furled.
So, June comes back again, and o’er the grass
In cap and gown the serious seniors pass—
How does it seem, the little college world—
Its peaceful round of duties, lessons taught,
Its sweet companionships, its talk of class,

Of budding love-affair 'twixt lad and lass,
Its mild concerns and philosophic thought,—
To those who bore the war, who marched and fought?

I fancy, 'mid the joy of safe return,
The kiss of greeting and the warm embrace,
Their stubborn thoughts revisit many a place,
And crowding pictures on their memories burn,
And yet—the years that come will blur awhile
The sharpness of those pictures: peaceful cares,
The love of home and wife, the baby's smile,
Will steal upon those memories unawares.

THE TRENCHES

But one will never quite forget the night
He waited with his comrades in the dark
Until the zero hour, his fingers cold and stark
Upon his bayonet.— A gleaming light
On the horizon's edge—the low command,
The gallant scramble over No-Man's-Land,
His pal beside him—then a shrieking ball;
He looked around and saw his comrade fall.
A smile, a farewell word—"Good-bye, old top,
The best of luck—you carry on—don't stop
Until you reach—Berlin!" And that was all.
Between him and his busy work, some day,
That face will come in memory, and that gay
Heart-breaking smile he'll see till memory's gone,
And hear that voice, "Good luck—you carry on."

THE BIRDMAN

Another will recall, as years go by,
Those days he rode triumphant through the sky:

Looked far below him, saw the world outspread
Like bits of children's toys—all green and red
With funny little towns—while overhead
The fleecy clouds were shot with gleams of gold.
He laughed in sheerest rapture to behold
The wonder-bird beneath whose shining wing
He rode.—Ah, death were such an easy thing
If it could come when one is young and bold,
Instead of waiting till a man grows old!

DEVASTATED FRANCE

And in the memory of this other lad,
Will linger, like an etching sharp and deep,
A pitiful French village—little, steep,
With ashes where the village homes had been—
(Such harmless houses, too, when men were glad,
And happy love and laughter entered in,
Before the war came, and the world went mad).
The village church was but a shattered shell,
With twisted roof, and altar all awry.
He saw no tears—the fount of tears was dry.
But day by day, the people straggled back,
With broken sabots, and a ragged pack
For all their wealth—old miserable crones,
With sunken eye-balls, little racks of bones
That once were children—never sight of maid,
Or stalwart youth, or any child that played
As children should. He asked, dismayed,
Of one old wistful creature, “Grandam, tell
Me where the other people are.” She raised
Her eyes to his—he shrank from their despair.
(In them he saw reflected France's pain.)
“The dirty Boches came here when life was fair,”

She said. "They took the maids away, but where,
We know not. They will ne'er come home again . . .
They say we'll have once more Alsace-Lorraine.
The Boche's day is done. Well, God be praised!"

THE SEA

And there's a sailor. How his thoughts will soar,
(As he, immured amid the city's roar,
Cons dreary figures)—where the sea-gull floats,
And mariners sail out upon their boats—
Those daring ships that carry precious freight,
Defiant of the skulking foes that wait
Beneath the water, out there in the blue:
Those crazy ships, with many a puzzling hue
Of gray and green and white, against the skies.
Poor sailor! He shall dream, with half-closed eyes,
Of tossing white-caps, tumbling, madly-free,
Of lonely vistas, only clouds and sea.
His nostrils once again shall strive to know
How rude, and cold, and sweet, the sea-winds blow.
Perhaps a prayer will linger on his lips,
"For those that go down to the sea in ships."

THOSE WHO "NEVER GOT TO CARCASSONNE"

And these shall ponder, in the days to be,
On fate's caprice, that kept them fretfully
In camp and barrack—though the eager heart
Yearned to be gone across that death-strewn sea
To France. Expectantly, each did his part,
Endured unwonted discipline, restraint
That irked young shoulders, all without complaint.
To them the day of peace brought no relief,

But disappointment, and a boyish grief
That theirs had been the harder, quiet task
To wait, and learn, and dream, and vainly ask.
Yet as they journey down the passing years,
Remembered faces, fun-alight, shall glow
In happy fancy—ringing in their ears
Shall echo boyish accents. Long ago,
A dying Scotsman voiced a hopeful plea
That man and man, the whole world o'er, might be
For a' that, brothers. So these boys shall grow
In power and love, and make reality
The poet-prophet's dream of true democracy.

IV—THE AGELESS ONES

And so the years shall go, and each returning June
Shall bring the grave young Seniors in the cap and
gown.

Returning Autumn, with her leaves of gold and brown,
Shall bring new children, all with jest and merry tune,
To academic halls. We shall, alas! grow old,
And all these soldier lads, as seasons shall unfold,
Shall note how this time is passing, and shall say, each
man,

“Eheu, fugaces, Postume, labuntur anni”
Just as gay old Horace did, in ages sped.

But in these halls shall linger, ever strong and young,
A timeless Youth, about whose shining head is hung
An aureole of glory. We go out at night,
And see, far sparkling, up through all the heavenly
space,

Those glistening stars that never fade, whose won-
drous light

Comes radiant to the aging earth. And so the bright
Remembrance of those gallant lads whom we call dead
Shall through the years bring clear each glowing
youthful face.

No more shall young Joe Gordon, on the chapel wall,
Against his starry banner, hang aloof and lone.

Around him group his comrades. And I think at night,
When all is dark and silent here, young Joe will call,
“Where are you, boys? It’s roll-call”—and they’ll
answer, every one,

“I’m here! Here’s Bruce and Tuck and Charlie, Mer-
cer, Toon,

Here’s Michael, Elliott, Leukhardt—here are Bob,
MacCrae,

And Marsh and Marvin!”—Then I think the kind old
moon

Will look in through the chapel window, and will say,

“Ye are a worthy part of that vast company,

Ye Butler Boys. Behold, it wings from sea to sea!

Your comrades call to you from trampled Flanders
plain,

From Servian mountains, fields of ripe Roumanian
grain,

From France and Russia, from Italian snows—for ye
Are those who gave your All, to set the nations free!”

PRESIDENT HOWE: There are two presentations to
be made to the college at this time, one by the Rev.
Carey Cleo Dobson, of the class of '19, and the other
by Lieutenant Henry Michener Jameson, of the class
of '19.

MR. DOBSON: President Howe, Returned Soldiers

and Sailors, Fellow Students, and Friends of Butler College: You have been accustomed to hear people from this platform say that it was a pleasure to be here. Perhaps you have thought some of them made the remark merely as a matter of formality. But I want to assure you that it is a great pleasure for me to be here; that it is not merely a formality; and that there are many reasons for my pleasure on this occasion. One of those reasons is the purpose for which I am here.

I have no stories of the battlefield to tell you. Some eighteen months ago it was my privilege representing the organization here in the college known as the Sandwich Club, to present in its name to the college a large service flag upon which were one hundred and sixteen blue stars and four red triangles. That flag was assigned a place on the wall of the chapel and has been there almost continuously since.

At the time of the presentation of that flag the boys were leaving home and college and going away, we knew not where. But, today, it is an occasion when the boys have returned, some of them— while others are on the way, and others are making preparations to leave the camps.

At that time, we were looking to victory through the eyes of faith. But today, we are trying to look to victory through the eyes of reality. On that occasion, it was the pleasure of the Sandwich Club to present that flag with its blue stars and red triangles, representing one hundred and sixteen living men—men who had gone forth to answer their country's call; but today, it is the pleasure of that club through me to present to Butler College another service flag, one not representing one hundred and sixteen men, but seven hun-

dred and ten men, twelve of whom gave their lives for their country, the world, and for humanity.

LIEUTENANT JAMESON; Mr. President, and Friends: It seems only yesterday since we were all together. The past assumes the aspect of a picture; the trivial incidents are forgotten; the great moments of our lives are romanticized. One of the favorite playgrounds of our memory is our college. This is proven by the fact that we are here today. It is a great pleasure to meet those with whom we had experience during the days before the war. There isn't one of us who was in the service, who has not looked forward to the great day when we should all gather together here, who has not regarded old friends as the best, and who, no matter how far away, was not anxious for some news from the college.

There isn't one of us who didn't make his peace with the Almighty on the day he enlisted, and commend his soul to God in the firm belief that it was God's purpose to use us in the protection of our country. After that we were not responsible except to do as we were bidden.

Our paths led in various directions, and in some cases, where there was no hope or joy, and where the only compensation was the satisfaction gained from work well done. In other cases men's souls were burned white by fire, and a few faced the Supreme Test.

It was the privilege of all of us to resign ourselves to God. It was the privilege of a few to be selected for extreme danger. It was the privilege of some to pay the supreme price for ideals.

The class of 1919 is honored with the memory of a boy who was once a member of our class, a boy who

was killed in action "over there." I refer to Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown who fell in the Argonne.

Not often is one so near to us taken away at the supreme moment of his life. Had he lived through the fight, he would have been regarded as one of those men of sterling qualities, tested and proven by the rigors of war. As it is, we regarded him as a human approach to perfection, because he attained to the point of what would have been the aspiration of each of us, had occasion demanded.

War has revised our views on the meaning of life. Life is no longer to be considered in terms of years, but in terms of accomplishment.

Here was one who lived so true to his ideals that he was willing to die for them. As Lieutenant Brown expressed himself, "I have often thought what a God-send this war has been to our country. We will have been the gainer in the end, if it costs us a million men; and here is one who is willing to be of those, if the Germans are completely defeated and subdued, and a lasting peace is assured!"

It is one thing to be a speaker, but it is a greater thing to say these things, knowing well what they might cost, and, having said them, to live up to them.

We, who are here today, must bear in mind that our absent classmate looked forward to this day as much as any of us. Whether on the drill field, or at the front, in the hospital, or in a far-advanced position with the great forward moving army, in the Argonne, he dreamed of home. He lived and died in the belief that this homeland, this state, and this college, would be richer and stronger and finer because of his striving.

There is an historical marching song that has been

used in the American army for more than one generation which lightens the way of every soldier, "His Soul Goes Marching On." Sung originally of old John Brown, it may be sung again of Hilton Brown.

If there is anything in the belief of the hereafter, and the testimony of humanity through the ages has been growing toward that belief, as a flower grows toward the light, then there is no reason to believe that Hilton is not right here with us today, hoping and praying that we will see the same light he saw and ennoble our lives by the example that he has set, hoping that we will take what he has given for the greatest good, hoping that we will "carry on," in the same spirit of devotion in which he carried on, thereby reaping the greatest benefit possible from the seed that was sown in the Argonne.

In order that we may not forget readily that such nobility once lived among us, and that it was our pleasure and honor to walk with him, and that we may all live in the presence and spirit of our old classmate, we, the class of 1919, present to Butler College this portrait of Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown.

Hilton Brown, we salute you and resolve by word and deed to carry forward the ideals for which you laid down your life.

PRESIDENT HOWE: Members of the class of '19, Mr. Dobson and Lieutenant Jameson: The college president has some pretty hard things to do, sometimes, because college presidents have, like all other human beings, human feelings. I have been the president of Butler College for twelve years, and you have set for me now the hardest task I have ever had put before me, to say a word at this time. Words are such hollow,

mocking things now and then. They can not express what lies down in the bottom of one's soul.

First of all, the college has some things that are simply beyond price, and this service flag is going to go down as a treasure whose value can not be estimated.

Six hundred and ninety-three men in the service of various sorts! Think what that means in the aggregate of anxiety, of heartaches, of joy of achievement! Seventeen in the noble service of the Y. M. C. A.! And those other stars! Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Lieutenant Kenneth V. Elliott, Lieutenant John Charles Good, Lieutenant Robert E. Kennington, Sergeant Henry R. Leukhardt, Private Wilson Russell Mercer, Corporal Guy Griffith Michael, Sergeant Marsh W. Nottingham, Private Marvin Francis Race, Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison, Lieutenant MacCrae Stephenson, Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon. Five killed in action; seven die in service! Friends, there isn't anything that can be said about that. It speaks for itself. That is one of the things in our possession of which we may well be proud.

Now, this portrait. The man who painted this said to me a little while ago as we came down the street together, "I had known this boy all his life, and it was a labor of love—the painting of this portrait." He added, "We have all loved him."

Well, I should like to know who didn't love him! I, too, have known him all his life, and he seemed like one of my own. We were all so proud of him! That boy was typical of all that is good and noble and true in American life; of all that makes the Declaration of Independence worth while. That was what the war of '61 to '65 was fought for—to produce such as

this. But what else would you expect him to be? From his early childhood he was in a home where love and respect for father and mother, where devotion to country and its service, where reverence for God and Jesus Christ, were fundamental things. He typified the best of Christian civilization. I don't suppose he was thinking about being a hero. He just was one. Think of what he did. Twenty-one days, sleeping in those dug-outs, in that shell-pitted field; running out and back again to rest; and hearing that his men were without food, going back to bring food to them, to succor those hungry men—and giving up his life as he did it. Is it any wonder that he achieved the Croix de Guerre, and that the Distinguished Service Cross is to be his? To whom should they go, if not to such as he?

My friends, his portrait is worthy to be hung beside the other lad for whom also we shed our tears this afternoon. But we are not shedding tears for Hilton; the tears we shed are for our selfish selves. His work is done—well and nobly done. His fame is secure. We weep, of course, but it is because of the loss we have sustained.

How many of us are going to have the courage to go on and to do our duty, day by day, as we face the tasks that are before us in the spirit in which he did his duty, so that when the time comes, whether it be by shot and shell, or lingering sickness, we may say "It is well with us, for we have done a man's part?"

The man who painted this portrait has said one of the finest things I have heard said, the best possible thing that could be said:

So you are dead in far Argonne, and the lovely land of war-swept France you fought to save holds you at last in close embrace.

We who knew you, saw you grow from childhood into perfect youth, straight, clean, and tall, looking life in the face with clear, untroubled eyes and joyous smile—challenging unafraid the brooding shadows that ever hem us round about—we might have known or guessed the hero spirit waiting for its call.

Boundless our pride to know such youth has walked among us. While waters run, clouds blow, and earth is green, need we have fear for our dear motherland that breeds such men?

Dead in Argonne? Nay—but in the glorious throng innumerable of heroic souls joyously triumphant, radiant new shriven, from the fields of sacrifice—flower of our youth sweeping past the great archangel—he the dragon slayer of the flaming sword saluting greets them: Hail, brothers mine! for ye have slain your dragon. Welcome to your glorious rest! Lo, even as Christ died for men, so have ye died for Christ.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' DAY DINNER

THE CLAYPOOL HOTEL, SEVEN-THIRTY O'CLOCK

President Howe, as toastmaster, introduced the speakers of the evening, who in part responded as follows:

PRESIDENT BUTLER, A. B. '68: Butler College has been a great part of my life. I grew up with it. As a student I passed many years within its walls; as professor I served a long, long term, for I taught Latin in the college, beginning in 1871, until 1907. During part of that time I served, also, as its president. Now, I want to say that most of you here are not personally known to me. The generation of my day have found their later interests, as you all in time will find yours, outside the reach of our influence here. They rarely

come back. A few I see, year by year, but most of them do not come, so most of you in these days are strangers to me. But I do want to say that the inspiration in later life that I get out of my college days, is that that came to me in the class room. I remember the faces of those who sat in the seats before me years and years ago, whose names, perhaps, in these later years, I have forgotten. I remember the interest I felt in my students then. Those memories of the old days are very sweet to me now. I loved some of the students I have known, even as I have loved those of my own blood.

I have the honor, and I esteem it a very great honor I assure you, of addressing the soldier-students of Butler College—the soldier-students in the Great War. We have been introduced to each other. I have heard all of your names, and President Howe has told you my name. But you don't know me, except on his word—and you know what he is!

What do I think of the soldier-students of Butler College today? You remember, I am an old soldier, myself, and I could talk a long time, just about myself, but I will dismiss that. I have a more interesting subject.

* * * * *

I suppose that the proper thing for me to do, on this occasion, is to give you some advice, drawn from my own experience. I shall have to do it briefly. What did I derive,—what quality of mind, what purpose of soul, what fear of the Eternal God did I derive from my service in the army? Believe me, I derived much. Oh, I know there are dangers in camp life; there are dangers in the reckless life of the soldier. And is it not peculiarly true of boys about the age of eighteen or twenty or twenty-two years, that they are susceptible

to the influence of dangerous surroundings? You know how true that is. But with all, I think a man grounded in right purposes, reared in the midst of a favorable environment, is bound to receive immense good from service in the army. It is commonplace to say that we are benefited physically. It is not so common to believe that we are benefited morally and intellectually. But I believe it is true—under right guidance—true with the best of the men.

I didn't do much in the war, of course. I went into the service before I was fully eighteen years of age, and I served three years as an enlisted man. I got back home, and I wasn't met with a brass band, either—I got back home before I was twenty-one years of age, after three years' service. When I went into the army, I went in among strangers. I had tried to enlist the previous summer, but had been rejected by the mustering officer in Indianapolis. But I was bound to make it, anyhow, and I heard of a regiment down in Kentucky, that had suffered severely from an epidemic, and had lost many of its men, and wanted recruits. I remember that I got up early one winter morning, at four o'clock, and that my mother was up and gave me breakfast. I don't believe any of the rest of the family got up. I ate my solitary breakfast—but there are some things that I can not tell you about, young men! Well, I walked four miles to the Union Station and got on the train and went down into Kentucky, before I was eighteen years old. I had never been away from home before, and I went up to that camp and enlisted. I was put into a company of men the names of whom were absolutely unknown to me, and not one of them had ever known anything of me. But I was a little fellow, and perhaps that explains

why I made good with them. They all wanted to take care of me. I had that kind of a time all the way through the service. Well, I came back at the end of my term, and started in again at the college.

Now, boys, I got this out of the life that I had led: this mingling with all kinds of people, from all parts of the country—for, later, I was in the service that drew its recruits from every loyal State in the Union—and making friends from far and wide, gave me an acquaintance with human nature. Then, too, I got visions out of the war. At times, when, in my later years, I have been put to sore stress, I have listened for the bugle call that summoned us to duty, and I have never failed to hear it and it never failed to rouse me to action. There is this thing about it all: I believe that in war a man's faith in the Power not ourselves is developed, is strengthened, to meet whatever fate life brings.

Now, among you young men there are differences in terms and kinds of services, I understand. Some of you have been retained at home and have not been successful in being sent abroad. I know that you regret that, as for your sakes, I do. Other of you young men have gone beyond the seas and have seen fiery work at Chateau Thierry and Saint Mihiel and other places that we have heard all about here at home. I congratulate you young men who have returned, and with you I mourn those who have returned not. Last fall I called to see some friends of mine—a family from which three boys had gone to the war. We talked about that, and I remember the quiet optimism of the mother. She said, "Oh, they will come back! They will come back! We shall all be together again." Ah, me! What did I say? What I said I deeply regretted after I left

there for one of those boys did not come back. I said, "If they don't come back, they will have died gloriously, and that were a great reward."

Oh, God of infinite pity, oh, God of infinite love, bless the souls that have been offered up in sacrifice upon the altar of their country; and bless with tender love the hearts that mourn tonight for those gone, never to return. Amen.

JUDGE IRA W. CHRISTIAN, '80: I come to you tonight with a heart full of feeling, with a mind stirred with many memories. Let me say to you that the meeting this afternoon in the old College Chapel was a great inspiration. I come to you to speak on this subject, "The War's Recompense."

Whence came our wonderful army no one can tell. It was not the product of a single race, but of many races and every stratum of society sent its sons. Prowess is the gift of the soul, and therefore a possession of every race. The sons of the Mayflower and the immigrant of yesterday fought side by side. The lofty and the lowly, the college boy and the boy from the slums, were striving together for the destruction of the forces of tyranny. They were sharing the pup tent, the mess hall and the dugout. They were marching, fighting, toiling, hungering, together; accepting the rain, the snow, the sticky mud and the deadly trench with the same cheerful indifference. It was an army that could not be discouraged or beaten; its indomitable spirit was unconquerable. All were anxious to go overseas. That was the goal of their ambition. It was a mixing and mingling that was an education for brotherhood and it brought out the best that was in those who thus shared the hardships, danger and death.

Were there aliens in the ranks? Yes, thousands of them, loyal to the colors for which they fought. As an illustration of the spirit shown by the aliens in our land I mention but one example which is one among many. The draft had in one city called 1,500 aliens to the colors and when they were told by the officers that the government had no legal right to hold them,—that the doors of life and freedom were open to them, less than 200 availed themselves of the privilege of leaving the army; more than 1,300 remained to fight for the flag to which they swore fealty in the face of death.

Listen to an extract from a letter written by a Croatian boy to his brothers: "I am young and life seems very attractive. I love my home and the temptation to go home is very great, but none of my fathers ever had a chance to fight for democracy—I am going to take that chance."

* * * It was a serious and solemn occasion when the last camp was reached, when the tents in the company street were down, when belongings were packed and the boys and their loved ones, who had come to bid them good-bye, were gathered around the campfire. All were brave, even the wives and mothers shed no tears; there were some songs and some jokes, but there was seriousness, an earnestness of purpose shown by all. When the word came that the train is on the siding and that the boys are to entrain at midnight, a thrill and uplift was felt by all—even anxiety could not quench that feeling.

Going on the transport at Hoboken, doubtless, was more impressive to the new recruit than even entraining for the sea-board; there were none here to bid him good-bye and Godspeed; he was going for the first time on the ocean where submarines lurked and storms

raged, but there was no flinching; he went on board singing, "We won't come home till its over, over there." Out on the ocean the soldier, for the first time in his life, touched hands with the infinite. The blue sky had been his friend from boyhood and the dawn had thrilled him with joy; but the ocean had been to him an irregular, dim, blue picture on a map in his old school geography—but when he met it, he found it a mighty force, vast, overwhelming, mysterious. In the war days it had become a mighty loom, ships of peace and war were the flying shuttles going back and forth across the Atlantic, weaving the story. It was a war unsought by us, but a war that met us at the seaport towns, at the harbor's head and in the offing; met us at the sea gates and on the open ocean. And thus our ships sailed away loaded with fighting men.

That was a great day in the history of the world when General Pershing, in the city of Paris, laid a simple wreath on a hero's tomb and said, "Lafayette, we are here."

Belgium, France, England and Italy were well-nigh exhausted and were in sore need of our help. It seems to me that it was left for America to write that final imperishable page of history. It was splendidly written, simply and without ostentation, and yet so unselfishly and with such fine spirit that even the enemy was compelled to admire.

When our soldiers stood on the far-flung battle front there was no disguising their fell purpose, they came to conquer and not to be conquered; they came to drive the invader out of France and Belgium, and when the battle was on the enemy recognized the awful fact that they had at last an antagonist that was more than master. They were impetuous and determined; their

spirit is shown by the words of the doughboy up in the Argonne Wood, in the thick of the fight, when death was all about him and hell breaking loose overhead, who, when his unit was ordered to fall back, shouted, "That isn't what we came over here for!"

For such an army no heroic bugle shall ever sound retreat. Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry, and the forest of Argonne tell the story more eloquently than any words of mine.

The American Expeditionary Forces, combined with the United States Navy, made it possible for the French, English, Belgians and Italians to force the Germans to capitulate in November, 1918. The armistice followed close upon the completion by the United States Navy of its mine barrier thrown across the North Sea from Scotland to Norway, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles. Our ships began sowing the sea with mines in June, 1918, and by September had planted and anchored 70,117 sea bombs, making it next to impossible for a German submarine to break through.

It took the unterrified American Army to finish the job. Without the Americans that grand, aggregated World War victory could not have been achieved. What we like about the victory best of all is that our boys are bringing home with them something more than the laurels won in battle, something more than the aroma of heroic deeds. They are bringing home with them lessons of faith and hope, lessons of love and courage—memories of dead comrades, loved and lost. Shall not these things be and abide with us as a precious inheritance? Shall not these lessons be handed down to our children and our children's children? Shall not the spirit of those brave, young lives inspire

us to strive harder and more manfully for the better things? Shall not their example cause the youth of our land to go forward with greater zeal and quickened steps toward the mark of life's high calling? For did they not fight for life's eternal verities? These are some of the things our boys are bringing home and with these things a larger vision of life and its responsibilities.

Battlefields are our monuments, and dot, like imperishable periods, the pages of history. They are the grim and mighty milestones that register on life's road the high tide of heroic endeavor. The nations of the past climbed up a ladder of swords, and today, no less strange but more terrible, they are defending their holdings with the same weapon. It takes life and valor to sanctify. Battlefields become hallowed ground only when men die that others may have life and have it more abundantly. At first it is hard to reconcile ourselves to the vastness of the fact that our soldier sons are not all coming back. Yes, it's hard to realize that awful thing we call death and when we think how they crossed the sea, were landed at an unfamiliar port, transported hundreds of miles across country in freight cars and when unloaded, hurried into a sector where shell and shrapnel fell in torrents and where they were the targets for the Hun's terrific gun fire, and fell like grain before the sickle—we agree with Hamilton in his observation made after a visit to the battle regions that nothing can ever be more impressive—not even gathering the bodies into one vast American cemetery with markers of stone—than are the groups of mounds with white crosses at the head and each man's name and identification tag, and often his gun and helmet to mark his resting-place.

As we think on these things the mystery of life and death are brought to our minds and we realize as never before how ennobling to man's soul was the courage that faced out bravely to such a fate. He who met the foe and gave his life in this great struggle not only saw life at its high tide, but has also contributed to his uttermost for the good of the world.

Everyone whose son rests over there is glad to have borne a son who has rendered such a splendid account of himself at such an hour. You do not ask God to bring him back to you, but rather you ask God to make you worthy of such a son and to consecrate your life to the unfinished task he so nobly began.

The war is over and those who fell, are they not at peace? Are they not in possession of eternal life? Are they not at home with the immortals? Tomorrow will come and with it a new song upon its lips. A new day will dawn and will it not be better and richer for the achievements of yesterday? Is not all life one mighty generous tide sweeping ever onward towards the eternal gates of the Holy City? Do not the longings of the human soul echo the longings of the human heart in its reaching out for the better things? Beauty is ever young, it can not grow old, it can not die. The good, the brave, and the true are always beautiful. These young lives have not gone out, they have gone on. They are with us here tonight and should the roll be called, I'm sure they would answer to their names.

To the Butler soldier boys who are present and to those who fell on the far-flung battle front over there, the words of Beranger, the French poet of the Revolutionary period, seem most fitting: "God give you, my children, a glorious death." Permit me to add to the thought therein expressed the further thought, may

God give to you, who were so fortunate as to survive, a glorious life. By so doing you will not only honor yourselves, but your dead comrades whose guardians you have become for all time; and at the same time you will honor those who bore you and gave you as a priceless offering to the high and holy cause of freedom.

From a letter by Clair McTurnan, '11, written in November, 1919.

It is difficult for a man to find words for feelings and impressions that are at the very tips of consciousness in his finer sensibilities. This I know and can say: While all service men were awakened by a sense of duty to the Flag and the ideals and principles by it represented, they took a special delight in the thought that they were serving and representing and in part repaying their friends, their instructors and advisors and the institutions of which they had once been a part and to whom and to which would come a certain degree of honor and credit if the service were meritorious; and to whom and to which would come a shame and humiliation if the service failed to meet in character the expectations and hopes of those who were entitled to and did indulge in personal expectations and hopes. Thereby hung the personal element in service, and it touched and inspired men as generalities and abstractions could not. The men who waged battle for mankind as it was typified by their mothers and sisters, and the men who waged battle for preservation of institutions and the traditions of institutions as typified by those with which they were most familiar, felt themselves to be the particular servants of those mothers and sisters and institutions.

The greatest encouragement and inspiration for service lies in the support and confidence of one's friends, and the greatest compensation for service lies in the approval and appreciation extended by friends. Desire for approval may be a weakness of human nature. And when Butler College planned and held the reunion of service men last June and paid tribute, by program and presence, to the service men, there was rendered and paid the highest form of compensation for service, a form that stimulates and perpetuates the desire to carry on in the service of citizenship. And because I can say what an inspiration the spirit of the program was to one who had rendered no particular service, I feel that I can understand what a wonderful source of compensation it was to those who had rendered actual service, fired by a kindred inspiration. And I know, too, that the consideration, approbation and interest of the college are very stimulating and very precious to the service men. They are tributes to the loyalty and service that make soldiering well worth the cost. I don't know whether you can understand how much these things mean to the service men, but I know enough of the men who went "over the top" to believe that their greatest desire was to render the service which those who were interested would desire, and that the crowning glory of such service was to receive from the hands of their own friends recognition of their faithful effort.

OUR DEAD

There must be Wisdom in Great Death

—TENNYSON

LIEUTENANT CARL CHRISTIAN AMELUNG

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

PRIVATE CONWELL BURNSIDE CARSON

LIEUTENANT KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOTT

CORPORAL DEAN WESTON FULLER

LIEUTENANT JOHN CHARLES GOOD

LIEUTENANT ROBERT EDWARD KENNINGTON

SERGEANT HENRY REINHOLD LEUKHARDT

PRIVATE WILSON RUSSELL MERCER

CORPORAL GUY GRIFFITH MICHAEL

SERGEANT MARSH WHITNEY NOTTINGHAM

CAPTAIN VICTOR HUGO NYSEWANDER

PRIVATE MARVIN FRANCIS RACE

LIEUTENANT BRUCE PETTIBONE ROBISON

LIEUTENANT MACCREA STEPHENSON

APPRENTICE-SEAMAN HENRY CLARENCE TOON

CHAPTER IV

OUR DEAD

LIEUTENANT CARL CHRISTIAN AMELUNG, '18, died on July 31, 1920, at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the age of twenty-five years. He was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky.

Carl Amelung was a soldier before April, 1917. He was made of fighting material—persistency of purpose, endurance when it cost to endure, forgetfulness of self. He was gentle and courteous and kindly; he was manly, brave and good; he was appreciative of fine things in literature and in life. Those who knew him best loved him most.

His military record, taken from his diary, was as follows: "Attended the Second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison which opened August 27, 1917. On December 15, reported to the Thirty-eighth Infantry, Third division, at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina and was assigned to Company D for duty; trained in the States with that Company until March, 1918, when ordered overseas. Arrived in Scotland April 3, 1918. A few weeks later reached the training area at Arc-en-Barrois (Haute Marne). Detailed to attend the Second Corps School at Chatillon-sur-Seine (Cote d'Or). Ordered to the front and went into the Loire east of Chateau Thierry. Remained here until the first of July when the divisional sector was moved on a few kilometers to the east. At midnight of July 14, company in support near Crezancy helped to stop the German rush. After holding the enemy for three days the counter attack started. At this time was gassed and evacuated to Base Hos-

pital Number 30. After ten days here sent to Convalescent Camp at Allery. Discharged and sent to Saint Aignan to first replacement depot. From here, as soon as able, sent back to the front, where fought until the armistice."

In July, 1919, Lieutenant Amelung returned to the United States. After a fifteen days' furlough spent with his parents and one day with friends in Irvington, he was sent to Base Hospital Number 21 at Denver, Colorado. On May 1, 1920, at his own request, he was discharged to fight at home his last battle. Succumbing to the dread disease brought on by the fatal gas, he was soldier to the end, true to his pledged word nor failing "that rendezvous."

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR., '19, of the Seventh Field Artillery, First division, fell in action in the Argonne forest on November 3, 1918, at the age of twenty-four years. He was buried in the American Sedan cemetery near Beaumont, whence afterwards reburied in the Romagne cemetery.

Hilton U. Brown, Jr., enlisted in June, 1916, at Indianapolis, in Battery A, First Indiana Field Artillery, and served on the Mexican border in the following fall and winter. In May, 1917, he was transferred to the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison where in August he was commissioned second lieutenant in artillery and designated for immediate service overseas. He sailed from New York September 7, by way of Halifax for Liverpool. Arriving there September 22, he proceeded to Southampton and then to Le Havre. After three days in a rest camp he was sent by way of Paris to the Saumur Artillery School. Completing his work here he was assigned to

the Seventh Field Artillery (United States Army), First division, then in the Toul sector on the Lorraine front, and was with this division on its unconquerable career. On May 12, in the Cantigny campaign, he was wounded and evacuated for three months to hospitals Number 1 and Number 34. He returned to his former unit of the First division in time for the Saint Mihiel drive, went through the Meuse-Argonne engagements until he fell at Nouart, near Stenay, on November 3, "dying," so wrote his brother, "the way all soldiers would like to die—quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefield of a great drive." The Croix de Guerre was awarded him, with the following citation:

"Second Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown (Deceased), Seventh Field Artillery. Displayed unusual courage and devotion to duty during the Argonne-Meuse offensive, October 4th to November 3d, 1918, both as battery officer and liaison officer with the attacking infantry. His utter disregard for personal danger was an inspiration to his men and contributed to the effectiveness of his detail in maintaining this important communication, until killed while laying his guns during heavy shell fire on November 3, 1918."

Hilton Brown belonged to Butler College by right of inheritance. She followed him with affectionate interest from happy childhood into boyhood, on into young manhood. She saw the tall athletic youth, the bright cheeks, the merry twinkle of eye; and she saw even the promise of the heroism that was to be.

Lieutenant Brown's soldiership was of a high order. He loved his men. He was their servant as well as their leader; at all times and in all places they came first in his thoughts, and until they were made as



LIEUTENANT CARL CHRISTIAN AMELUNG
July 31, 1920



LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR.
November 3, 1918



PRIVATE CONWELL BURNSIDE CARSON
October 5, 1918



LIEUTENANT KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOTT
August 31, 1918

comfortable as circumstances would allow there was never thought of self. He had a sense of protectiveness for one younger or for one less equal to endurance. He was honest in the finer way of absolute sincerity of honor. His courage rose very high. His action won for him, posthumously, the Croix de Guerre, but it won for the college a still greater thing—a concrete expression of Americanism in finest form: humorous, resolute, courageous, unselfish, willing to lay down his life if thereby the agonies of war might be eliminated from the world. “We will have been the gainers in the end, if it costs us a million men. And here is one who is willing to be of those if the Germans are completely subdued and a lasting peace is assured.” So wrote he. Greater love hath no man than this!

Hilton’s nature had an artistic side. He was fond of literature, instinctively he knew real literature. He loved poetry and wrote verse that gave great promise. His letters were often illustrated and his dugouts on the battle front bore evidence of his humor as a cartoonist. His friends had planned for him a journalistic career, following in his father’s honored footsteps. They had pictured for him, as doubtless he had pictured for himself, a life of usefulness and power in his native and loved Irvington, in which Butler College would not be wanting.

“His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love’s delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

“Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep,
Where, in the yew-tree shadow congregate,
His fathers sleep.

“Was this the one thing needful to distil
From life’s alembic, through this holier fate,
The man’s essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.”

PRIVATE CONWELL BURNSIDE CARSON, '15, died of pneumonia at the Red Cross Hospital, Camp Sherman, Ohio, on October 5, 1918, at the age of twenty-six years, and was buried near his native town of Boggstown, Indiana.

Conwell B. Carson was the only son of James M. and Winifred Burnside Carson, and was a descendant of General Ambrose E. Burnside. He entered the college with the class of 1915, but did not remain long. He graduated from the Indiana Law School in 1918. He was a close student, conscientious in all his undertakings, of high principle and devout patriotism.

He enlisted at Shelbyville, Indiana, June 24, 1918; was detailed to Camp Sherman; assigned to Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Depot Brigade; on September 7, promoted to Adjutant Detachment Camp Headquarters, Camp Sherman, for the remaining weeks of his service.

LIEUTENANT KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOTT, '20, died August 31, 1918, in Base Hospital Number 23, of wounds received while in action at Chateau Thierry, at the age of twenty-three years. He was buried in the American cemetery at Vittel, France.

Lieutenant Elliott enlisted at Indianapolis in May, 1917, and entered the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. In August he was commissioned second lieutenant. After training at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, at Camp Greene, North Carolina, and at Fort Still, Oklahoma, he was assigned to the Machine Gun Battalion, Fifty-eighth United States Infantry, Fourth division, and sailed overseas June, 1918. He was commissioned first lieutenant on June 20. The division landed in England and proceeded to Calais, following which it, for the most part, trained in the Saumur area with the British. In July the division was sent to the front, and on August 7, Lieutenant Elliott received wounds from which he died.

Kenneth Elliott was a dramatic figure. He swung into the college vision, unknown, in the autumn of 1916. A dignified thoughtful bearing declared he knew his own mind and had a purpose in the coming. He made many friends. There was something superior in his manner, in his type of thought. One knew instinctively that his experience had been broader and deeper than that of most young men at his age. And so it had been. He had left his home town of Sheridan, Indiana, and for four years had been in the United States Navy, thus traveling around the world. As a boy he must have dreamed greatly. Scarcely out of boyhood he had converted those dreams into reality. Kenneth Elliott had that rare power of bringing things to pass. He knew he wanted a college education. He came to Butler. He was a leader of Freshman activities, alive to every interest and full of possible betterment. He knew fine literature, he loved it and made it his own. He was rare, so rare that when an Indianapolis townsman met him on the train with troops of other soldier

boys en route to their training camp, he fell into conversation with him, and later converted that impression in his "Valley of Democracy" into the typical youth of the West. In a letter written by Mr. Meredith Nicholson are these words: "He made a deep impression upon me by reason of his simplicity, his wide range of interests, his fine ambitions. We talked a long time on the train that night, and mostly of the sea—of the rush of great waters and the stars and the way of sailor folk. He was like a good book. The poetry of the sea had entered into his soul, the mystery and the wonder of it. It was an inspiration to know him. The memory of his manliness, his high aims, his understanding of those things that are of good report, will always abide with me.

'Good lives do not go out, they go on!' And he has lived a full life and it is not for us to think that it is not complete and fully rounded, or that it perished in the thing we call death. He gave the most precious thing he had for his country and for the women and children of the world, and he is one of the heroes of this mighty war for freedom and justice and mercy. And I like to think of him as he said goodbye that night, hopeful, courageous, with no fear in his eyes of what lay before him. He sails somewhere beyond our knowing, upon a good ship in tranquil seas, with friends about him and happy isles ahead."

CORPORAL DEAN WESTON FULLER, '18, died in the Base Hospital, Palo Alto, California, on July 6, 1920, at the age of twenty-five years. He was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

His life was spent in his native Indianapolis, save for the twenty-one months in the service of his country,

and for a brief visit from home in his sixteenth year, interesting here because a letter then received from the mother he had loved and lost travelled in his pocket throughout the experiences of life overseas and in the West.

In Dean Fuller was a striking union of strength and gentleness. Not rugged in physique, he yet accomplished definite results surprising for one of his years. He had little to say of what to others might have seemed hard. He was modest and unassuming; industrious, aspiring, sincere, happy; at all times he was the gentleman in appearance and in manner—beautiful to look upon with his delicately carved features and winning smile. Everywhere he won friends.

It smote to the heart to see Corporal Fuller leave for the southern camp; but a much keener pang was felt when he returned from overseas with Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, the best of life having departed. Death did not come to him short and sharp upon the field of action, but for many months his battle was fought in Base Hospital, facing and accepting without complaint or even regret the inevitable outcome of the too rigorous camp life. He was discharged at his own request from Camp Benjamin Harrison to seek a friendlier climate, and he "went West."

LIEUTENANT JOHN CHARLES GOOD, A. B. '17, died of pneumonia on March 30, 1918, at Camp Dodge, Iowa, at the age of twenty-four years. A world of hope closed when this only son was laid in the Ebenezer Lutheran cemetery, Indianapolis.

Charles Good was a favorite with everybody, participating in general activities. He was captain of the football team and president of his class in its junior

year. He stood for the best things—things of “good report.” He loved flowers and music, good fellowship and good books. He was forceful, and sympathetic. His kindness and his smile linger, and he will long be held in affectionate memory.

He enlisted on August 27, at Indianapolis, attended the Second Officers’ Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, where he was commissioned second lieutenant, and was detailed to Camp Dodge as member of Company C, Three Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery. He did not see the active service for which he longed, but his friends knew he would have met any crisis with a full measure of devotion. He did his duty and he did it well.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT EDWARD KENNINGTON, '15, fell heroically fighting at Chateau Thierry on August 4, 1918, at the age of twenty-five years. He was buried in the American cemetery near Fere-en-Tardenois, situated on a hillside looking toward Chateau Thierry, and reburied, on July 9, 1921, in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.

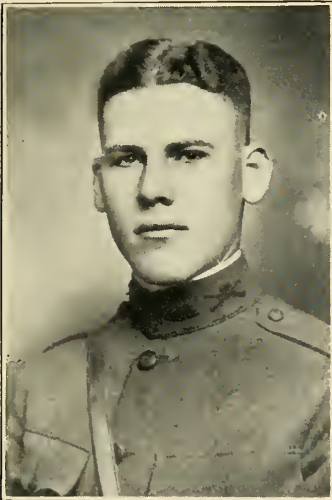
He was a student of the college during the years 1911-1913, afterwards graduating from the Indiana Law School. He had just entered with promise his chosen profession when the call to the Colors came. One need not be told that he was among the first to enlist in the First Officers’ Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison that May, 1917, which saw so many Butler students offer their lives for the help of the world. Here he was commissioned second lieutenant and transferred to the United States Army. After training at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, and at Camp Greene, North Carolina, he sailed over seas April 28



CORPORAL DEAN WESTON
FULLER
July 6, 1920



LIEUTENANT JOHN
CHARLES GOOD
March 30, 1918



LIEUTENANT ROBERT ED-
WARD KENNINGTON
August 8, 1918



SERGEANT HENRY REIN-
HOLD LEUKHARDT
October 2, 1918

with the Fourth division, landing in England and proceeding to Calais, thence to the Saumur area for training. On July 15, he was sent to the front, having previously been commissioned first lieutenant. He was killed in action August 4, 1918, while leading his men through a German barrage.

The Chaplain of the Fifty-eighth Infantry wrote: "The afternoon of August 4, we commenced our attack, starting from a large farm near the town of Chery, northeast of Chateau Thierry. It was our second fight and naturally all felt like veterans and went at it with a will. Our battalion was on the left flank and had to pursue a course through a ravine covered by German artillery. It went through with few casualties in spite of a rather heavy barrage. There were a number of difficult positions to be cleared, but our boys were absolutely fearless. It was very evident that the enemy was retreating and depending exclusively upon artillery and machine guns to protect his retreat. The enemy took up a position at the River Vesle where we had some bitter fighting later and where he remained twenty days after our division was relieved. But in advance of that position, especially the first few days of the fighting, he had a number of outposts and snipers. Sometimes these were in large groups and as the country was hilly and woody and favorable to defensive operations there was plenty of work to be done.

Lieutenant Kennington had just taken up a position on the crest of the hill overlooking the ravine. He had with him a squad of automatic riflemen. They were barely in position when a high explosive shell of large calibre made a direct hit on their position, killing seven of them instantly. Lieutenant Kennington was

struck in the forehead by a small fragment which caused instant death. The Red Cross station was near at hand, but he had passed beyond human aid. Later when opportunity offered, I buried him in the cemetery at the Les Pres Farm, near Chery-Chartreuve, north of Chateau Thierry.

Lieutenant Kennington was an excellent officer, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duty. He was most popular with his brother officers and loved by his men. As a leader he was able and efficient and acquitted himself nobly in our first fight in which we took part in the beginning of the allied counter-offensive, July 18. It was then stern work for all of us, but the credit for all success was due to the platoon leaders like Lieutenant Kennington, who were shining examples of all military virtues.

It is no exaggeration to say we knew Lieutenant Kennington even better than his friends at home. Danger is the real test of a man, it shows his true nature and lays bare his very soul. He stood this test unflinchingly and gave an exhibition of fine manly heroic virtues. His memory will long be treasured by all who knew him here."

At the college, Robert Kennington was known as a man of action, intensely alive, simple, lovable, not troubled overmuch with brooding introspection and the pale cast of thought, but rich in a rugged common-sense philosophy and a breezy humanity that found outlets in many a pleasant way. Danger and hardship exhilarated him. Life had been full of sunshine; the future prospect was as bright. Plans far into the future years had been laid: professional attainment, useful citizenship, happy home. It was a costly sacrifice that laid all on the altar of freedom.

At a meeting of the Indianapolis Bar Association a former Butler man* said, in part: "Robert Kennington was a thorough student of the law. . . . Unusual personal charm endeared him to those with whom he came in contact and won for him a host of friends. His ambition to succeed did not tempt him selfishly to crowd ahead of others. Straightforward manly ways, kindliness towards others, a winning smile that made one glad even for the most casual meeting, are qualities that we recall. To these should be added the high ideals that took him so quickly into his country's service, enabled him to face death and give 'the last full measure of devotion' to the cause to which his life was pledged.

Robert Kennington's career at the bar was like his career in arms, all too brief. At the bar, it was full of promise; in arms, a single month brought immortality. The torch he so bravely held aloft he has thrown to us that in his spirit we, too, may hold it high. It is his happy lot to be remembered always as one who by way of splendid death has entered into eternal youth."

SERGEANT HENRY REINHOLD LEUKHARDT, '12, died of pneumonia on October 2, 1918, at Camp Pike, Arkansas, at the age of thirty years. He was buried in St. Joseph cemetery, Indianapolis.

Henry Leukhardt enlisted, December 7, 1917, in the Aviation Signal Corps. He trained at Fort Thomas, Kentucky; Camp Taylor, Kentucky; Kelly Field, Texas; Eberts Field, Arkansas; Camp Pike, Arkansas. On April 10, 1918, he was appointed Sergeant, One Hundred Twenty-fourth Aero Squadron at Eberts Field. At his own request he was transferred to the

*Charles W. Moores, '82.

infantry of the United States Army. At the time of his death he was teaching in the Development battery, Headquarters Company, One Hundred Sixty-second Depot Brigade, Camp Pike. The transfer from aviation to army reduced him from sergeant to private. This demotion he felt and was eager for a commission.

Henry Leukhardt was a star player on the football team of 1908, and was made of the stuff of which real athletes are made. All the energy and fire and skill of football were turned into the far nobler game in which, in 1918, the world was engaged. He was restive in the home service, eager to get overseas. To a friend he wrote: "What I want most of all is a chance to go across. I would be a fine big boob when it's all over over there and never to have had my hand in it. I know there is such a thing as doing my bit at home, but I'm full of pep and want to let it out where it will do some good. Also, I want a chance at a commission, as I feel capable of making good." The longed-for commission came the afternoon before his death, but he never knew it.

As one stood in that home, German by name, but finely American in spirit, one realized that the sacrifice of the young man lying there enfolded with the Stars and Stripes had peculiar significance, that a higher promotion had come and that a larger service was now his.

PRIVATE WILSON RUSSELL MERCER, '22, died of pneumonia at the Base Hospital of the Butler College unit, on December 12, at the age of nineteen years. He was buried at his home town of Anderson, Indiana.

Russell Mercer entered the college in the autumn of 1918. He was of the Students' Army Training Corps

which on that memorable October 1, swore allegiance to its land and was inducted into service.

He was a man of athletic and scholastic promise. In high school he had been a basketball enthusiast and had taken part in general activities. He was fond of canoeing. He loved Nature and the country was always more attractive to him than the town. He was thoughtful and studious and earnest. Whatever his hand touched he did with his might. He loved whatever he was doing with a warm enthusiasm—his school, his studies, his teachers, his military life and its opportunity of service; he loved his friends and spoke only good of them. He was true to every trust committed to him. He had youth in his limbs, light in his face, hope in his heart.

CORPORAL GUY GRIFFITH MICHAEL, '11, died of diphtheria at the Base Hospital, Quantico, Virginia, on April 10, 1919, at the age of forty-two years, and was buried at Noblesville, Indiana.

Guy Michael did not remain long at the college, leaving to pursue his medical studies. As an oculist he practiced his profession in Noblesville. He enlisted in Cincinnati, June 1, 1917. On the following day he was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, where he was promoted to corporal. Here he was detached from his company to become secretary to Chaplain Father McDonald. Later he was transferred to Quantico as warrant officer and chief reporter on the Marine weekly, known as "The Leatherneck." He was discharged on March 25, 1919, and had hoped to reach home on the day he was brought home.

CORPORAL MARSH WHITNEY NOTTINGHAM, '19, was killed in action while leading a party across No Man's Land on July 31, 1918, at the age of twenty-one years. He was buried near Roncheres, France; reburied, on August 1, 1921, in Beech Grove cemetery, Muncie, Indiana.

Marsh Nottingham had, from childhood, been gifted with the use of his pencil, having received scholarships from the John Herron Art Institute while in the grades and at the Manual Training High School. His artistic sense showed itself, also, in a love of music. While he never made it a study, he played well the piano and several stringed instruments. A tiny banjo-mandolin was his frequent and loved companion over there. "It is battle-scarred," he wrote home, "but will make a tune. I hope to keep it and bring it back with me. It will be quite a relic." It was sent home, as "Mr. Britling" sent the pathetic object of the love of the young German tutor. But it was not only the gentler virtues which characterized Marsh; he had rugged force and determination, a fondness for athletic sports, and the strong manly qualities. He was tactful and thoughtful and very considerate of others; perhaps he was slow in forming friendships, but having made a friend he grappled him with hoops of steel.

As he looked forward to illustration as a profession, Marsh transferred, during his freshman year, his studies from Butler College to the Art Institute, and had planned to study later in New York; but when the bugles sounded war he cast aside his easel and threw his lot in with the agonizing world. He enlisted as a camouflage artist. His overseas service with the Headquarters Company of the Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, Third division was brief as it was intense. A comrade

wrote: "It was a great fight. Every time a man moved it seemed as though a thousand guns opened fire instantly. There we were in the midst of it all, not knowing what sorrow the day would bring forth. Information we had gathered in regard to the position of machine guns had to get back as soon as possible to the Major of the battalion; but we soon found our telephone communication had been broken. Then it was Marsh showed what stuff he was made of. He volunteered to carry the message forward through intense shelling. He started. Soon he was struck, a piece of shell must have pierced his heart. He had a smile for every one in life, in death it was the same."

The smile in the picture which hangs on the chapel wall may well be a study. It reveals, at all events,

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

as well as the power of the "extraordinary heroism in action" expressed in the citation accompanying the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously sent to his parents:

"AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES UNITED STATES
ARMY

Distinguished Service Cross Citation

Corporal Marsh W. Nottingham, Headquarters Company, Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States at Roncheres, France, on 31 July, 1918, and in recognition of his gallant conduct I have awarded him in the name of the President, the Distinguished Service Cross.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-chief."

Awarded on 3 January, 1919.

CAPTAIN VICTOR HUGO NYSEWANDER, '10, was killed in action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive near Bantheville, on November 1, 1918, at the age of thirty-two years. He was buried in the American cemetery at Romagne, reburied in his native town, Plainfield, Indiana, September 15, 1921.

Victor H. Nysewander entered Butler College with the class of '10, later studying at Indiana University, and graduating as an "honor man" from the Law School of the University of Michigan. He enlisted in Indianapolis, August 26, 1917; trained in the Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, where he was commissioned first lieutenant, and at Camp Travis, Texas, where he was assigned to Company C, Officers' Battalion, One Hundred Sixty-fifth Depot Brigade, and later transferred to Company K, Three Hundred Fifty-ninth United States Infantry, Nintieth division, American Expeditionary Forces. He sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, June, 1918, landed in England July 1; was detailed during July and August to Chatillon-sur-Seine; was gassed in the Saint Mihiel drive on September 15, after four days fighting which won for him the promotion to captaincy—the rank of which he was justly proud because won on the battlefield. After being discharged from the hospital on September 25, he was placed at the head of Company K, Three Hundred Fifty-ninth infantry, which he commanded until his death.

Captain Nysewander had the thoughtful determination of the mature man, consideration for his own men, warm gratitude for hospitality received in England and in France, always kindly, generous, courageously enthusiastic.

His colonel wrote, in part: "Our regiment had been



PRIVATE WILSON RUSSELL
MERCER
December 12, 1918



CORPORAL GUY GRIFFITH
MICHAEL
April 10, 1919



CORPORAL MARSH WHITNEY
NOTTINGHAM
July 31, 1918



CAPTAIN VICTOR HUGO
NYSEWANDER
November 1, 1918

in the Meuse-Argonne sector since October 16, and on the 30th of that month we took over the front lines just north of Bantheville. On the morning of November 1 a great attack was launched against the enemy and as the morning wore on they began to reply heavily with their artillery. Captain Nysewander was leading his Company K, and as they were approaching the road that ran from Bantheville to another village called Aincreville they were met by the fierce German barrage. Captain Nysewander immediately gave orders to his men to seek what protection they could in the shell-holes or behind the bank of the road. While he was giving these instructions, standing there so bravely with shells falling all about him, his one thought being the safety and protection of the men under his command, he met his soldier's death. A shell exploded nearby and a piece of it struck him in the temple, killing him instantly. The same shell, let me add, killed a corporal of his company and a German prisoner who was standing beside him. The chaplain and his party came upon the body not long after, covered it with a blanket, and the next day buried it with such military honors as were possible under the circumstances, in the little newly-made American cemetery at the edge of the village of Bantheville. He is laid away with fellow officers and men. A cross stands at the head of his grave and on it is given his name and other particulars of identification.

Assuredly your pride in Victor must be profound. Alive, he was one of our best officers, efficient in all his work, brave in all campaigns, and especially so on the day of his death; dead, he is one of the eminent exemplars of whom our entire country is proud. His

name will live forever on America's rolls; he gave all he had, his glorious young life, and gave it willingly, generously, bravely for his country."

A comrade wrote of this beloved captain: "He sacrificed his all for the noblest cause for which man has ever fought. Not a man but would have given his own life to save Captain Nysewander. He fell a hero, bravely facing the enemy on the field of honor while leading his company over the top."

PRIVATE MARVIN FRANCIS RACE, '21, died of pneumonia on January 26, 1919, in the Base Hospital of Lincoln, Nebraska, at the age of eighteen years, and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

Marvin Race seemed a mere boy, but the man was in him and the soldier was in him. He loved work and worked hard; he loved play and played hard. In athletics he was in his element. His alertness of mind and quickness of step made him one of the best of his team. So eager was he to enlist and to do his full share in the great struggle, that he came several miles from his home for drill at seven o'clock in the morning. Then, classes, work in the afternoon at *The Indianapolis News*, basketball practice, studies, in all of which he met his full obligation, made the daily program of this alive, happy, aspiring lad.

Working during the summer with brothers in the West, and that he might continue to be near those brothers, Marvin enlisted in the Students' Army Training Corps of the University of Nebraska. Here his battle—his first and his last—was fought. A ten weeks' struggle with influenza and its effects ended on January 26. He wanted to live, he fought to live, but he did not shrink from death. Unafraid he answered

the last roll call and found doubtless the Captain of his Salvation waiting to meet him face to face when he had crossed the bar. He was a gracious spirit, loving whatsoever things are fair, and the unconscious influence of his young life continues to reach far.

LIEUTENANT BRUCE PETTIBONE ROBISON, A. B., '15, died at Camp Dodge, Iowa, on November 19, 1918, at the age of twenty-four years, and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

Bruce Robison was a student in the Law School of George Washington University when the United States entered the war. He passed examination, at Fort Myer, Virginia, for the Officers' Reserve Corps, prior to the declaration of war and was commissioned second lieutenant of cavalry, May 1, 1917, and ordered into active service May 11, as a student-instructor in the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. On the termination of this assignment, he was ordered to Camp Dodge, Iowa, as inspector-instructor of bayonet training. From October, 1917, to March, 1918, he was acting-adjutant, first battalion, Three Hundred Forty-ninth infantry. He was then ordered to Camp Perry, Ohio, for a sixty days' course in small arms firing. On completion of this course, he was re-ordered to Camp Dodge as instructor. He was commissioned first lieutenant of United States Infantry, July 24, 1918.

Bruce belonged to Butler College by strong ties, seen and unseen. He was manly, forward-looking. He stood for progression in all academic interests, whether athletic, social or scholastic. He was open-minded and high-minded. His soldierly spirit manifested itself in

a remark to a fellow-student, after he had been assigned as physical instructor to a colored officers' training school: "How do you like the assignment?" asked the student. "It's not for me to say. I am a soldier and these are my orders," replied the gallant officer.

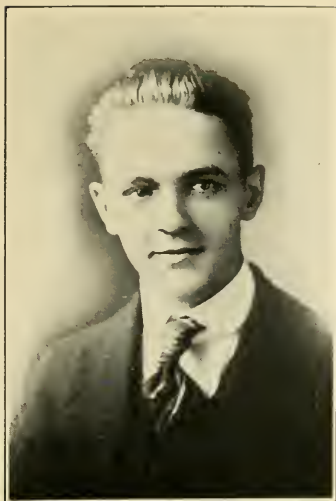
He had a striking influence over younger classmen. His judgment was final to them; his commendation an honor indeed. They recognized his gentlemanly qualities.

The life which opened with such promise was a heart-rending sacrifice, and the college mourns him. But he lives. Somewhere he lives. And those who knew and who loved him do not forget that the war has touched him to immortality.

LIEUTENANT MACCREA STEPHENSON, '12, was brought to his death in the Saint Mihiel offensive on September 18, 1918; he was buried near Jarny, France, and re-buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis, June 19, 1921.

MacCrea Stephenson was the product of good, refined, wise home-training. He combined within himself those qualities which make the high type of American manhood—energy, resoluteness, sympathy, intelligence, purpose in life, responsibility to self, to parents, to society, to country, to God. Attractive in appearance, interesting in conversation, one knew instinctively that he was a young man of fine temper.

MacCrea Stephenson enlisted in the Air Service soon after the declaration of war, entering the Dayton Aviation Training School. After completing the officers' training course, he was sent to Mineola, Long Island, in command of the One Hundred Third Aero



PRIVATE MARVIN FRANCIS
RACE
January 26, 1919



LIEUTENANT BRUCE PETTI-
BONE ROBISON
November 19, 1918



LIEUTENANT MacCREA
STEPHENSON
September 18, 1918



APPRENTICE-SEAMAN
HENRY CLARENCE TOON
January 20, 1918

Squadron. Here he spent seven weeks of intensive training. On November 22, his command sailed overseas; via Liverpool, he arrived in France in January, 1918. After a course in advanced flying, bombing, and gunning in various schools of instruction, he was attached to the Seventh and later to the Eleventh Aero Squadron. With the latter Squadron he made his last flight on September 18. A bombing raid of six machines set out for the field at Amanty, Meuse, near Gondrecourt, with La Chausse as objective. A Hun plane dropped a note near Toul stating that MacCrea Stephenson had died in Germany.

Months passed without definite knowledge of the whereabouts of Lieutenant Stephenson. Not until March 10, 1919, was anything known of the fate of the brave aviator, and then only because a brother, Lieutenant Edward E. Stephenson, Battery B, Three Hundred Twelfth Field Artillery, Seventy-ninth division, was detailed in search of information. In a letter, he says: "If I could only make the air fight half as wonderful as told by the peasants who watched and knew it moment by moment It was the height of the San Mihiel drive. Their bombs had been released and they were returning to the base, when they were met by the Riechthoven Circus of greatly superior numbers. All five planes were shot down, two making safe landing, though the men were wounded. The men from the burning planes were dragged from them by the Germans immediately after they fell, to secure all possible papers of identification or information; these being secured and all articles of clothing of value taken from them, the men were left uncared for. After several days the French peasants were allowed to bury them They were carried one and a half kilo-

meters to a cemetery, tenderly covered with sheets and canvas, and laid side by side in one grave. And here is the finest tribute of all. The Mayor collected about five hundred francs with which were purchased two large Lorraine crosses. These crosses are covered with their beaded floral offerings. About the grave had been placed a twisted rope of laurel or green vine. As no American flag was obtainable, the Mayor's wife used her husband's red and blue necktie and with white ribbon made the colors which were tied about the wreaths. No one family, but all seemed to have helped. From the peasants we learned that MacCrea fired his guns till his plane struck the ground."

If, according to George Eliot, "the greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero," then Lieutenant Stephenson left to the world the greatest of heroic gifts. One sees it in the face which hangs on the college wall. It would seem the artist had caught his expression at the moment of decision. The young man has heard the call, he has measured its meaning, with all the high seriousness of his nature he is ready with his reply—ready, because he knows "'Tis God's voice calls."

APPRENTICE-SEAMAN HENRY CLARENCE TOON, '15, died of pneumonia at the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, on January 20, 1918. He was buried in the Buck Creek cemetery, near Julietta, Indiana.

Clarence Toon had served a long training in warfare with ill health, and, disciplined by disappointment, he had won many battles. After repeated efforts to enter the service, he had been accepted in the Radio Depart-

ment of the United States Navy and had been assigned to the Great Lakes Station. Exposure and work had overtaxed his strength, and in January (one month after enlistment) he died.

He was fun-loving, generous, manly, cheerful when it cost to be cheerful, had a power to inspire others to accomplish the things denied to him.

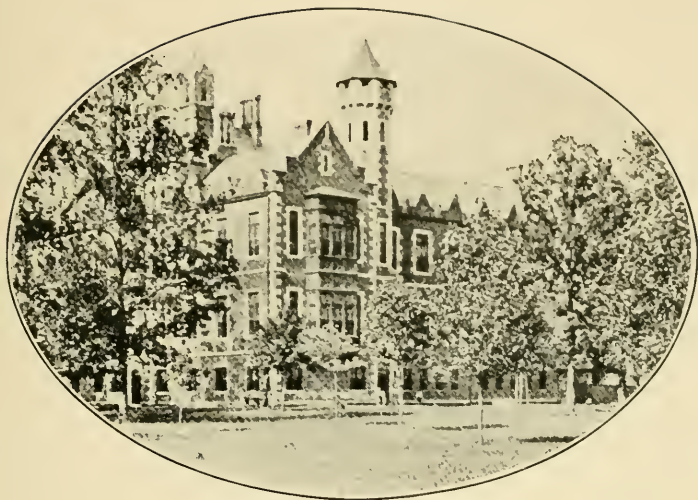
Apprentice-Seaman Toon was the first student of Butler College to fall. He went to his death as heroically as any on the battlefield. The college honors him as she honors them.

CHAPTER V

BUTLER COLLEGE IN EARLIER WARS

THE CIVIL WAR

Abbott, William A., Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Adams, James W., Seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Alexander, George W., Twenty-second Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
Ames, Edward R., Seventh United States Infantry and Eleventh Infantry.
Anderson, Marion T., Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.
Armentrout, George W., United States Navy.
Armstrong, James W., Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.
Atwater, Amzi, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Avery, John P., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Barker, Jerry, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.
Barnett, John L., Eighth Cavalry.
Beaty, John C., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Beaty, David C., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Bell, Milton, Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.
Branham, J. C., Seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Brevoort, Edward L., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Brown, William M., Seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Butler, Chauncy, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Butler, Scot, Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers.
Buttz, Michael R., One Hundred Fifty-first Illinois Volunteers.
Cappell, Frank, One Hundred Sixteenth Indiana Volunteers.
Carter, Vinson, Twelfth Indiana Volunteers.
Cassell, Frank C., One Hundred Sixteenth Indiana Volunteers.
Cassell, J. Montgomery, One Hundred Twenty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
Cassell, H. C., Seventy-second Indiana Volunteers.
Challen, James R., Sixty-ninth Ohio Volunteers.
Challen, Thurston C., Sixty-ninth Ohio Volunteers.
Cheshire, W. W., One Hundred Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.



"THE OLD UNIVERSITY"
College Avenue
Indianapolis

Cole, Barton W., One Hundred Thirty-sixth and One Hundred Forty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.

Cotton, J. W., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Craig, J. C., Seventh Indiana Volunteers and Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers.

Crain, Silas B., Tenth Indiana Volunteers.

Covington, George B., Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.

Cox, Charles H., Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.

Cox, M., Twenty-first Indiana Volunteers.

Cröse, John S., Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Cunningham, Clinton F., Seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Curtis, Alfred, Nineteenth United States Infantry.

Danforth, Albert Judson, Jr., One Hundred Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.

Daugherty, William Wirt, Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Davis, Henry Clay, Eighty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Dennis, Charles, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Dixon, William A., Ohio Volunteers.

Downey, James E., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Doyal, John L., Seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Dumont, John F., One Hundred Nineteenth Indiana Volunteers (Seventh Cavalry).

Dunbar, John C., Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.

Dunbar, Samuel A., Eighth Indiana Volunteers.

Duncan, John Sanders, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Dunn, Addison M., Fifty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Eagle, John S., One Hundredth Indiana Volunteers.

Eddy, Lon H., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Ellsworth, Henry L., One Hundred Fiftieth Indiana Volunteers.

Elstun, John W., One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Volunteers.

Elstun, Marion, Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Enos, R. C., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.

Evans, William H., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Fleming, John S., Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.

Foltz, Howard M., United States Navy.

Foudray, James, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Foster, Chapin C., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Frenyear, George J., Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.

Galvin, George W., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Gillespie, W. A., Thirty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.

- Gist, George W., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Goodwin, Angelo, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Gordon, Joseph R. T., Nineth Indiana Volunteers.
Graham, W. H. H., Sixth Cavalry.
Graydon, Andrew, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, Meigs Battery, United States Volunteers and Eleventh Infantry.
Graydon, James W., Seventieth Indiana Volunteers and United States Navy.
Green, John C., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Guffin, John, Twentieth Indiana Volunteers and One Hundred Fifty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.
Guffin, Ross, Fifty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Hadley, John V., Seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Hall, Perry, Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Harden, John W., Tenth Indiana Volunteers.
Harper, Rufus, Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Hayden, Marshall P., Fifty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.
Hobbs, Alvin I., Sixty-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Holliday, Cortez F., One Hundred Twenty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
Holliday, John H., One Hundred Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Holliday, Wilbur F., Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers.
Hornaday, Twenty-eighth Indiana Volunteers (First Cavalry).
Hubbard, R. G., One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Volunteers.
Hunt, Charles, One Hundred Seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Hunt, Walter, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Igoe, Martin, Thirty-fifth Indiana Volunteers.
Jameson, Alexander C., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Jenkins, Jesse, Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers.
Jewell, W. R., Seventh Indiana Volunteers and Seventy-second Indiana Volunteers.
Jones, Horace, United States Navy.
Keith, Squire Isham, Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Kellogg, Justin M., One Hundred Forty-third Indiana Volunteers.
Ketcham, John Lewis, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.
Ketcham, William A., Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers.
Langsdale, George J., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers (Third Cavalry).
Langsdale, Robert, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.
Lawhead, Thomas R., Seventy-seventh Indiana Volunteers (Fourth Cavalry).
Lewis, John H., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

- Long, Henry C., One Hundred Twenty-eighth Indiana Volunteers and Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.
- Major, W. S., One Hundred Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.
- Manlove, John, Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
- May, Alvin D., Thirty-third Indiana Volunteers.
- May, George A., Twenty-eighth Indiana Volunteers (First Cavalry).
- May, J. Hannegan, Twelfth United States Infantry.
- Mauzy, James H., Sixty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
- Metcalf, Stephen, Seventy-fifth Indiana Volunteers.
- Miner, Willis R., Forty-first Indiana Volunteers (Second Cavalry).
- Moore, Henry M., Twenty-fifth Illinois Volunteers.
- Morris, Charles G., Twentieth Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
- Morris, James W., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- Morris, John L., Twentieth Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
- Morris, Lewis T., Nineteenth United States Infantry.
- Morris, Thomas O., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- McChesney, Edward, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- McLaughlin, Casper W., Twenty-sixth Indiana Battery, Light Artillery and Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.
- Neff, James L., One Hundred Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.
- New, Frank R., Seventh Indiana Volunteers and Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
- Parker, R. P., Seventh Indiana Volunteers and Fourth United States Colored Troops.
- Patterson, James H., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers and Nineteenth United States Infantry.
- Pattison, Augustus E., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- Pattison, Terrell, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- Pee, Emmett, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- Phipps, Charles, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
- Phipps, Joseph B., One Hundred Seventh Indiana Volunteers.
- Phipps, William C., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
- Pickerill, William N., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers (Third Cavalry).
- Poston, C. W., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers (Third Cavalry).
- Ritter, Eli F., Sixteenth Indiana Volunteers and Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
- Robbins, Irvin, Seventh Indiana Volunteers and One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Volunteers.
- Roberts, John H., Fifty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
- Rosengarten, Leon, One Hundred Fourth Indiana Volunteers.

- Ruble, W. E., Fifty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Ruddell, James H., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Seerest, Nathan, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers and United States Colored Infantry.
Senour, John, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Sheets, W. H. H., Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Shortridge, William C., Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Southard, George, Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Southard, Macy, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Smith, Butler K., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Smock, S. J., Tenth Indiana Volunteers.
Snoddy, James H., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Spahr, George W., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers (Third Cavalry).
Squier, Platt J., Forty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.
Stephenson, Richard, Quartermaster United States Volunteers.
Stone, V. H., Fifth United States Artillery.
Story, R. C., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers and Twenty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.
Strong, John T., Forty-fourth United States Colored Infantry.
Sulgrove, George W., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Taylor, R. A., Twenty-fifth Indiana Volunteers.
Tilford, Jesse W., Seventy-seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Tilford, John H., Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
Tilford, Samuel E., Twenty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.
Thayer, Edward, Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.
Thomas, D. L., Sixty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
Todd, Jerome G., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Tomlinson, Samuel, One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.
Traub, Jacob, Fifteenth Indiana Battery, Light Artillery.
Tutewiler, Henry W., Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers.
Vaile, W. P., One Hundred Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.
Van Buskirk, D. R., One Hundred Thirty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.
Vance, George P., One Hundred Thirty-second Volunteers and United States Navy.
Vance, Samuel C., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers and Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.
Van Voorhees, Flavius L., Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.
Varner, Jacob, Seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Wallace, George E., Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers and Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers.

Weaver, Amos C., Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.

Weaver, Augustus C., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers. (Third Cavalry.)

Wells, George M., Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.

Whisler, Josephus, Thirty-ninth Indiana Volunteers.

Whitten, James H., Twenty-third Indiana Volunteers and Eleventh United States Infantry.

Whitten, John W., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.

Whitsell, W. H., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Wilkerson, Thomas B., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers (Third Cavalry).

Williams, Daniel B., Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.

Williams, David B., Seventeenth Indiana Battery, Light Infantry.

Wilson, Harvey B., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers and Seventy-second Indiana Volunteers.

Wilson, Henry B., Eleventh Indiana Volunteers and Seventy-second Indiana Volunteers.

Wilson, Louis C., Forty-fifth Indiana Volunteers (Third Cavalry).

Wilson, Thomas K., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Wright, Benjamin C., One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Yount, D. O., Sixty-ninth Indiana Volunteers.

CONFEDERATE

Davidson, Preston A., Stonewall Brigade, Confederate States Army.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

THURSTON C. CHALLEN. Date of death unknown.

GEORGE B. COVINGTON. Killed June 1, 1864, in Atlanta Campaign.

ALBERT JUDSON DANFORTH, Jr. Killed on a date not reported.

JOHN L. DOYAL. Killed May 5, 1864, in battle of the Wilderness.

SAMUEL A. DUNBAR. Died of wounds received at Terre Bonne, Louisiana, July 8, 1864.

ADDISON M. DUNN. Killed November 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tennessee.

MARION ELSTUN. Died of wounds at Vinings Station, Georgia, July 23, 1864.

GEORGE J. FRENYEAR. Died from effects of service August 1, 1863.

JOSEPH R. T. GORDON. Killed in battle of Greenbriar, West Virginia, December 13, 1861.

RUFUS HARPER. Killed in battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

PERRY HALL. Died of typhoid fever at Indianapolis October 27, 1862.

MARSHALL PRATBY HAYDEN. Killed in battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1864.

SQUIRE ISHAM KEITH. Killed in battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862.

JAMES LAWRENCE NEFF. Killed at Kingston, North Carolina, March 10, 1865.

PLATT J. SQUIER. Killed in battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

JESSE WARREN TILFORD. Died of typhoid fever at Gallatin, January 18, 1863.

GEORGE P. VANCE. Died of wounds received at Paducah, Kentucky, July 10, 1864.

JACOB VARNER. Died of wounds received in battle of Port Republic, June 8, 1862.

When I think of the noble conduct of Indiana in this struggle for liberty, I thank God that heroism is not dead.

—JOHN L. DOYAL

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

- Braden, James, '01. Field and Staff, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
- Burns, Lee, '93. Company D, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
- Carver, James Edwin, '01. Company H, One Hundred Sixtieth Indiana Volunteers.
- Curtis, James B., A. B., '80. Captain, Twenty-seventh Battery of Light Artillery, Indiana Volunteers.
- English, William E., '74. Captain and Aide-de-Camp on staff of Major-General Joseph Wheeler, commanding Cavalry Division, Santiago Campaign.
- Hynes, Amos Patterson, '96. Twenty-seventh Battery of Light Artillery, Indiana Volunteers.
- Julian, Paul, '87. Twenty-seventh Battery of Light Artillery, Indiana Volunteers.
- Henderson, Harry Leonard, A. B., '95. Twenty-seventh Battery of Light Artillery, Indiana Volunteers.
- Moorhead, Robert Lowry, '96. Field and Staff, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
- Mount, Cleon Wade '00. Company I, One Hundred Sixtieth Indiana Volunteers.
- New, Harry S., '81. Captain, assigned to Second Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps under Major-General Brookes at Chickamauga.
- Rinehart, Ernest Robert, '99. Company D, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Indiana Volunteers.
- Roberts, Alonzo Swain, A. B. '97. Medical Corps, United States Army.
- Smith, Raymond Abner, A. B. '00. Company A, One Hundred Fifty-ninth Indiana Volunteers.
- Thayer, Ira K., '98. Twenty-seventh Battery of Light Artillery, Indiana Volunteers.
- Wallace, William, '87. Eleventh Infantry, United States Army.
- Williams, Jesse Benton, '02. Hospital Corps, United States Army.
- Williams, John Sherman, '02. Company H, One Hundred Sixtieth Indiana Volunteers.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD WAR RECORD

'Tis God's voice calls: how could I stay?

—BROWNING

- ABBETT, HUGH W., '10. Enlisted December 12, 1917; assigned to Fourth Company, Second Regiment, Motor Mechanics, A. E. F.; sailed March 4, 1918, reaching France the 14th; served as Master Signal Electrician at Tours Aviation Field, March 14, 1918 to April 7, 1919; discharged April 25, 1919.
- ADAMS, GILBERT PARKER, '17. Enlisted December 15, 1917, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; served as private in Thirty-fourth Company, Ninth Battalion, One Hundred Sixtieth Depot Brigade; discharged January 23, 1919.
- ADAMS, LOUIS PHILIP MAUER, '18. Enlisted March 8, 1918, Indianapolis; served as sergeant first class Ordnance Detachment, Aberdeen, Maryland, to November 1, 1918; discharged February 12, 1919.
- AGNEW, GEORGE E., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- AGNEW, RALPH LESLIE, A. B. '18. Enlisted November 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- ALDEN, SCHUYLER G., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- ALEXANDER, HARRY, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- ALLEN, FRED H., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- ALVIS, EDMUND OCHS, '19. Enlisted December 20, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred to Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps, October 28, 1918; no active duty.

- *AMELUNG, CARL CHRISTIAN, '18. Enlisted August 5, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; assigned, December 15, to Company D, Thirty-eighth Infantry, Third Division, Camp Greene, North Carolina; sailed in March, landing in Scotland April 3, 1918; sent to training area Arc-en-Barrois; in April detailed to Second Corps School at Chatillon-sur-Seine; in May returned to Company; in June ordered to front east of Chateau Thierry; gassed and evacuated to Base Hospital No. 30, thence to St. Aignan to First Replacement Depot; returned to front until Armistice; returned to United States July, 1919, sent to Base Hospital No. 21 at Denver, Colorado; discharged on own request May 1, 1920; died from effects of gassing at home in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 31, 1920; buried August 2, in Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky.
- AMOS, ARMIN JULIUS, '18. Enlisted August 30, 1918, Camp Sherman, Ohio; served as private in Eighth Provisional Battalion and attached to Clinical Laboratories of Base Hospital, Camp Sherman; discharged September 16, 1919.
- AMUNSON, MALO MARIUS, A. B. '05. Served during 1918 with Young Men's Christian Association as Hut Secretary at Tours, France, in connection with Seventh Division.
- ANDERSON, CHARLES MEEKS, '19. Enlisted United States Navy, December 10, 1917; trained in Cleveland, Ohio, until April, on U. S. S. "William A. McGonagle" and at Pelham Bay Training Station; promoted Ensign; served as Battery Officer, U. S. S. "Aeolus", August, 1918 to January 1919; released January 26, 1919.
- ANKENBROCK, WILLIAM S., '21. Enlisted June 12, 1917, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps October 10 to December 23, 1918; discharged August 12, 1920.
- ANKROM, HERSEL D., '22. Enlisted in United States Naval Reserve Force, Chicago, July 2, 1918, as apprentice-seaman; reported at Great Lakes Training Station for active duty, July 6; promoted seaman second class; released January 26, 1919.
- ARMSTRONG, ROBERT DOUGLAS, '15. Enlisted, after rejection nine times for physical disability, June 22, 1918, Indianapolis; served with One Hundred Fifty-eighth Depot Brigade, Sixth Company; later with Medical Detachment, Second Division Battalion, Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged as private candidate November 29, 1918.
- ARNOLD, RALPH N., '15. Commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Corps,

September 11, 1917; assigned Metropolitan Hospital, New York; served in Base Hospital No. 48, A. E. F., Chateau Thierry; with Second Division at St. Mihiel and Ambulance Train, Meuse-Argonne; on duty at Nevers, France, January to July, 1919; discharged July 29, 1919.

ARTIS, LIONEL FRANKLIN, '19. Enlisted August 22, 1918, Camp Dodge, Iowa; attached to Company Sixty-five, One Hundred Sixty-third Depot Brigade; assigned to Headquarters Company, Eight Hundred Ninth Pioneer Infantry (colored) A. E. F.; promoted regimental sergeant-major; transferred to Headquarters, Ninth Army Corps, St. Mihiel; School Detachment University of Beaune, March to July; discharged July 12, 1919.

ATHERTON, RUSSELL, '14. Enlisted July 27, 1917; served in Naval Experimental Station, New London, Connecticut; discharged February 3, 1919.

BADGER, EVERETT HASTINGS, '15. Enlisted August 15, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; commissioned first lieutenant, November 27; assigned Three Hundred Twenty-seventh Field Artillery, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; arrived in France September, 1918 and ordered to Le Mans area; promoted captain, November 9, 1918; discharged February 20, 1919.

BADGER, KENNETH RAINEY, '13. Enlisted August 21, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; commissioned first lieutenant, November 27; promoted captain, October 1, 1918; assigned Headquarters Company, Third Infantry, Replacement Brigade, Camp Gordon, Georgia; discharged January 13, 1919.

BAIRD, MONT K., '15. Enlisted United States Navy as hospital apprentice, first class, June 6, 1917; promoted to pharmacist's mate, third class, December, 1917; same grade, second class, February, 1918; same grade, first class, April, 1918; chief pharmacist's mate, July, 1918; detailed as instructor in Chemistry and Bacteriology in Hospital Corps Training School, Great Lakes, November, 1917 to February, 1919; transferred to English receiving ship for duty at Liverpool; to duty aboard U. S. S. "Narragansett" in English Channel, April, 1919; returned to New York, June 12; discharged as chief pharmacist's mate, United States Navy, June 28, 1919.

BAKER, CHARLES MAXWELL, A. B. '19. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed canteen sergeant; discharged December 6, 1918.

- BAKER, CLYDE M., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BAKER, ENOS H., '14. Enlisted October 21, 1918, Akron, Ohio; trained Heavy Artillery Officers' Training School, Fortress Monroe, Virginia; commissioned second lieutenant January 10, 1919; discharged January 10, 1919.
- BARBRE, WILLIAM THOMAS, '15. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Sheridan, Indiana; attended Training School for Chaplains, October 4 to November 1; commissioned first lieutenant November 1, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged, January 22, 1919.
- BARKLEY, LELAND S., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- BARNETT, CARL HENRY, A. B., '10. Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association, Camp Logan, and Ellington Field, Texas, March 7, 1918 to February 25, 1919.
- BARNETT, JOHN WILBERT, A. B., '94. Served overseas September 15, 1917 to September 8, 1918; four months in London at Eagle Hut as assistant building secretary; six months at American Rest Camp, Winchester, as religious work secretary, camp secretary and hospital secretary for the district; two months in special work for the Overseas Department in America; September 9, 1918, to June 30, 1920, director of religious work, receiving ship, Boston, Massachusetts.
- BARNEY, CHESTER FINK, A. B. '21. Enlisted April 9, 1917, Indianapolis, Troop B, First Indiana Cavalry, federalized August 5, and designated as Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; assigned to Headquarters Detachment One Hundred Thirteenth, Camp Shelby, Mississippi; sailed with Thirty-eighth Division for France; returned to United States, December 20, 1918; discharged January 8, 1919.
- BARNHILL, ROBERT GUNKLE, '21. Enlisted September 3, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Thirty-second Company, Eighth Battalion, One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BARRICK, ALFRED, '22. Enlisted October 18, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- BARRICK, MILFORD, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BASS, BASIL NEWETT, A. B., '20. Enlisted May 11, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned to Forty-first Aero Squadron, Fifth Pursuit Group, Second Army, A. E. F.; commissioned first lieutenant, Tours, France, May 13, 1918; wounded in two aeroplane accidents; Student Detachment, University of Besancon, March 1 to July 1; discharged August 13, 1919.
- BATTON, ROBERT RALPH, '12. Enlisted June 19, 1918, Wabash, Indiana; trained Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant, October 16; promoted to assistant adjutant of Observation Area, November 2; discharged December 7, 1918.
- BAUS, WALTER, '20. Enlisted November 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed mess sergeant; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BEAMER, GAIL HAMILTON, '20. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; Ground School of Aeronautics, Columbus, Ohio; Desronto, Canada; Kelly Field, Texas; Garden City, New York; assigned One Hundred Forty-eighth United States Aero Squadron, A. E. F.; commissioned second lieutenant; returned to United States and discharged in August, 1919.
- BEAVER, ROSS R., '22. Enlisted October 11, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- BECHTEL, HARRY P., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged, December 6, 1918.
- BECK, ARTHUR E., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BELL, JAMES E., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged, December 6, 1918.
- BELL, ROBERT F., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- BENNETT, LOREN R., '21. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged, December 6, 1918.
- BEPLER, RALPH BEVERIDGE, '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918; Harvard University Marine Unit; discharged, December, 1918.
- BERNDT, HARRY CHRISTIAN, '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students Army Training Corps; discharged, December 6, 1918.
- BIDGOOD, FREDERICK O., '06. Enlisted September 25, 1918, Los Angeles, California, in Coast Defense, First Company; transferred to Officers' Training Corps, C. A. C., Fort MacArthur, November 1; discharged December 14, 1918.
- BILLETT, RUSSELL, '20. Government Surveyor, Panama Canal Zone, June to August, 1918; Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps, October 1; discharged, December 19, 1918.
- BINFORD, CLARENCE J., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BINGHAM, REMSTER A., '15. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Corps, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; commissioned first lieutenant, November 25; promoted captain, September 7, 1918; assigned to Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Field Artillery, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; arrived in France, September, 1918; ordered to Le Mans area; discharged February 1, 1919.
- BINZER, EDWARD, '14. Enlisted November 12, 1918; Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BIRD, JOHN L., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BISHOP, W. HOMER, '13. Enlisted in Indiana National Guard federalized, August 5, 1917; assigned to Company A, Signal Corps; discharged August 16, 1917, on Surgeon's Certificate Discharge.
- BLACKMAN, EARL T., '11. Served nine months with A. E. F. as chaplain, first lieutenant, One Hundred Thirtieth Field Artillery, Thirty-fifth Division; engaged in Vosges Mountains sector, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive.
- BLAIR, RUSSELL B., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.

- BLAND, LOUIS, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BLOUNT, ROBLEY D., '89. Enlisted May 8, 1918, Chicago; attended Medical Officers' Training Camp, Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, August 15 to October 25; commissioned first lieutenant, June 4; discharged December 5, 1918.
- BLUE, LLOYD NIAL, '18. Enlisted February 23, 1918, Greenfield, Indiana; trained Camp Gordon, Georgia; assigned Sixth Replacement Regiment, United States Infantry; discharged, February 23, 1919.
- BODENSICK, EDWARD H., '17. Enlisted April 27, 1918, Greenfield, Indiana; assigned Purdue University Training Detachment, June 20, 1918; transferred Battery C, Three Hundred Forty-fourth Field Artillery, A. E. F.; overseas July 5, 1918, to June 15, 1919; discharged June 25, 1919.
- BOGAN, HAROLD W., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BOND, MARTIN S., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BONHAM, CARLOS WATKINS, '16. With Battery A, First Indiana Field Artillery, when commissioned second lieutenant in United States Army, June 14, 1917; assigned to Fifteenth Field Artillery; promoted first lieutenant, July, 1917; sailed for France, December 12; entered front lines with Second Division, March 21, 1918; promoted to captain, May 15; to major, September 2; took part in engagements of Verdun, Chateau Thierry, Soissons, Toul; wounded June 5, 1918.

Received following citation: "Captain C. W. Bonham, Fifteenth Field Artillery, on July 2, 1918, at Vaux, France. This officer was in an observation post in full view of enemy lines directing the fire of his battery on the town of Vaux, when he came under fire of a hostile battery. He remained at his post until overcome with toxic gas, thus contributing in no small measure to the carrying out of the brilliant capture of Vaux on the same date."

Received the following second citation: "Captain C. W. Bonham, Fifteenth Field Artillery, on July 20, 1918, at Vierzy, France. He conducted his battery through the town of Vierzy which was then being heavily shelled and gassed, and because a road marker was killed, Captain Bonham was lost. He immediately set out to orient himself and came under very heavy machine gun fire, but

by his coolness and zest he soon located his position and rendered very timely support to the infantry, thus setting an example of valor to his men and saving the day for the troops he was supporting." Awarded Croix de Guerre. Recommended for Distinguished Service Cross.

BONHAM, EARL TERENCE, A. B., '20. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis; attended First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant Field Artillery, August 15; sailed, September 5; arrived in France, September 20; ordered to Saumur Artillery School and immediately selected with thirty other officers to report to First Field Artillery Brigade (General Peyton C. March commanding) for duty; served with Seventh Field Artillery, September 30, 1917, to March 1, 1919; first Indianapolis man to fire a shot at the enemy; in action on Lunéville front October 20 to November 10, 1917; Toul, January 15 to April 1, 1918; Picardy, April 7 to July 15; Soissons, July 20 to 23; Meuse-Argonne, October 15 to November 14; Luxembourg, November 20 to December 1; Germany, December 1 to March 1, 1919; Student Detachment at University of Nancy, March 1 to July 1, 1919; left France for the United States, August 6, 1919; arrived August 13; commissioned first lieutenant August 28, 1918; discharged August 28, 1919.

BONSIB, RAY MYRON, '14. Athletic director, Young Men's Christian Association; four months in Italy, eight months in France; discharged, August, 1919.

BONSIB, ROY SAMUEL, '10. Served as chief safety engineer for Pacific coast, 1917-1919.

BOONE, FRANK DRIVER, '20. Enlisted April 22, 1918, Indianapolis, hospital apprentice second class; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Illinois, to November 11, 1918; discharged September 9, 1919.

BORTON, HERSHELL L., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

BOSTON, FLOYD H., '13. Enlisted August 15, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; served first lieutenant Field Artillery, O. T. S., Motor School, Camp Taylor, Kentucky.

BOWMAN, JOHN MARK, '21. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.

- BOYD, CHARLES FREDERICK, '17. Enlisted December 12, 1917, Chicago, appointed corporal of Ordnance Department, February 26, 1918; promoted sergeant, March 1, 1919; second lieutenant, May 10; served in A. E. F.; Student Detachment at University de Montpellier, March 5 to July 1; discharged July 30, 1919.
- BOYD, WILLIAM HOBART, '19. Enlisted June 2, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Supply Company Three Hundred Fifteen, A. E. F.; took part in the offensives of St. Mihiel and of Meuse-Argonne; promoted sergeant, November 4, 1918; following Armistice, assigned Headquarters Advance Section; discharged July 1, 1919.
- BRADFORD, RALPH L., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BRADLEY, CLARK HOWELL, '20. Enlisted January, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Camp Colt and Tobyanna, Pennsylvania, March 1 to September 18, 1918; assigned Company C, Three Hundred Twenty-sixth Battalion, Tank Corps, A. E. F.; discharged June 10, 1919.
- BRADLEY, HAROLD THOMAS, '14. Enlisted July 28, 1918, El Paso, Texas; served as Topographical Draftsman, U. S. N. R. F.; discharged January, 1919.
- BRAGDON, BENJAMIN M., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; transferred United States General Hospital No. 25, December 24, 1918; discharged January 11, 1919.
- BRAKE, GEORGE A., '19. Enlisted July 19, 1918; trained Fort Sheridan Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.
- BRAYTON, JOHN RICHARD, '20. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Bloomington, Indiana; Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 23, 1918.
- BRENNEMAN, WALLACE, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- BREWER, ROBERT MILLER, '18. Enlisted May 16, 1918, Camp Dodge, Iowa; trained Fourth Officers' Training School, Camp Dodge, May 16 to August 26, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant; assigned to Camp Provost Guard, Camp Dodge; discharged March 7, 1919.
- BRILES, RALPH H., '19. Enlisted May 31, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Third Ordnance Supply Company, Camp Raritan, New Jersey; promoted sergeant, September 20, 1918; served at Jefferson Barracks, Raritan Arsenal, Camp Hancock, Fort Benjamin Harrison, and Delaware General Ordnance Supply Depot; discharged March 20, 1919.

- BROWDER, CLIFFORD HARRISON, A. B., '12. Enlisted December 12, 1917, Chicago; trained Naval Officers' Training Corps, Chicago Pier and Pelham Bay Training Station; assigned U. S. S. "Gopher"; promoted ensign, U. S. N. R. F., September 6, 1918; discharged May 6, 1919.
- BROWDER, NEWTON C., A. B., '16. Enlisted December, 1917, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; no active duty; discharged December, 1918.
- BROWN, ARCHIBALD A., '20. Enlisted May 12, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, August 12 (being under age commission withheld); appointed drilling officer Butler College cadets during Spring, 1918; attended Eighth Field Artillery, O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant, December 4, 1918; discharged as second lieutenant, December 4, 1918.
- BROWN, EDWARD AUGUSTUS, A. B., '95. Enlisted October 1, 1918; commissioned captain, Medical Corps; served at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia; Rockefeller Institute, New York; Base Hospital, Camp Sevier, South Carolina; discharged January 28, 1919.
- BROWN, GILBERT B., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- *BROWN, HILTON U., JR., '19. Enlisted June, 1916, Indianapolis, in Battery A, First Indiana Field Artillery, for service on Mexican Border; in May, 1917, transferred to First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison; commissioned second lieutenant, August, 1917; designated for immediate overseas service; sailed, September 7, arriving in France, September 22; ordered to Saumur Artillery School; at close of year assigned to Seventh Field Artillery, First Division, Toul sector on Lorraine front; May 12, wounded, evacuated to Hospital No. 34 for three months; returned to former unit in First Division in time for St. Mihiel drive; went through Meuse-Argonne offensive engagements until fell, November 3, in Argonne forest near village Nouart; buried in American Sedan cemetery, near Beaumont. Croix de Guerre posthumously awarded with following citation: "Second Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown (Deceased), Seventh Field Artillery. Displayed unusual courage and devotion to duty during the Argonne-Meuse offensive, October 4 to November 3, 1918, both as battery officer and liaison

officer with the attacking infantry. His utter disregard for personal danger was an inspiration to his men and contributed to the effectiveness of his detail in maintaining this important communication, until killed while laying his guns during heavy shell fire on November 3, 1918. By command of Brigadier General McIntyre."

BROWN, ROY LEE, '20. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 16 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas October 18, landing St. Nazaire, October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; sent to front, February 22, in Lorraine sector; took part in engagements in Champagne sector; Aisne-Marne offensive; St. Mihiel offensive; Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States, April 26; discharged May 10, 1919.

BROWNING, HENRY LINDSAY, A. B. '20. Enlisted March 20, 1918, Indianapolis; attended Central Machine Gun O. T. S., Camp Hancock, Georgia; promoted second lieutenant, November 9; placed on inactive list Officers' Reserve Corps, November 25, 1918.

BRUNER, RALPH, '21. Enlisted October 31, 1918, Greenfield, Indiana; assigned to Sixteenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged December 6, 1918.

BRUNSON, AUSTIN, '14. Enlisted September 21, 1917, Indianapolis; assigned Company K, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, October 4; transferred First Battalion, Company B, Twentieth Regiment Engineers, A. E. F., November 12, 1917; returned to United States, May 19, 1919; discharged May 28, 1919.

BRYAN, ARTHUR D., '20. Enlisted May 1, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; appointed corporal, September 1; assigned Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed, October 18, landing at St. Nazaire, October 31; trained at Camp Coetquidan; served with French in Lunéville sector until March 23; took part in engagements of Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; discharged April 24, 1919.

BUCK, JOSEPH E., '20. Enlisted June 17, 1918, Indianapolis; served in Medical Department, Dental Corps, General Hospital No. 25; dis-

charged August 31, 1919.

BUCK, ROBERT WILLIAM, A. B., '15. Enlisted December 17, 1917, Boston, Massachusetts, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; no active duty; discharged December 24, 1918.

BUDD, CLARENCE L., '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed headquarters sergeant; discharged December 20, 1918.

BUDD, HARRY F., '17. Enlisted May 21, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned Battery A, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed, October 18, landing St. Nazaire, October 31; ordered to Saumur Artillery School; commissioned second lieutenant, May 15, 1918; transferred to Three Hundred First Battalion Heavy Tank Corps, July 2; trained Bovington, England; took part in engagements of Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensive; discharged April 7, 1919.

BULL, ROBERT ALEXANDER, A. B., '97. Called to active duty January 24, 1918, as captain Ordnance Department; assigned for arsenal and field instruction, preliminary to overseas service; arrived in France, May 24; served eight months in Division of Construction and Maintenance; returned to United States, February 4; discharged as major Ordnance Department, February 6, 1919.

BUNCH, ROBERT RAY, '10. Enlisted July 1, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Officers' Training School, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, September 1 to November 20; discharged November 23, 1918.

BURKHARDT, CARL ALONZO, A. B., '09. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, 1918.

BURNS, RAY L., '18. Enlisted July 24, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned One Hundred Thirteenth Sanitary Train, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; appointed corporal, June 15, 1918; sailed, October 6; served Headquarters, Mesves Hospital Centre; promoted sergeant, March 17, 1919; discharged July 18, 1919.

BURRESS, THOMAS A., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

BUSH, HENRY C., '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Chicago; University of Chicago Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.

BYRKETT, OLIVER D., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis;

- Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CALDWELL, BRADEN, '17. Enlisted July 3, 1918, Indianapolis; attended Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce Training Detachment No. 2, July 3 to August 14; assigned Truck Company B, Twelfth Ammunition Train, Camp McClellan, Alabama; discharged February 20, 1919.
- CALDWELL, FOREST R., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CALDWELL, HOWARD CLAY, A. B. '15. Enlisted United States Navy, July 23, 1918, Indianapolis; attended Great Lakes Training Station, Chicago; commissioned chief boatswain's mate, December 1; promoted ensign, May 9; released May 13, 1919.
- CALE, HARRISON, '07. Enlisted May 24, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Paris Island, South Carolina and Quantico, Virginia; served in Second Division, Sixth Regiment, Ninety-sixth Company, United States Marines, A. E. F.; sailed January 21, 1918, landing St. Nazaire February 6; sent to trenches in sectors of Verdun, Picardy, Chateau Thierry, Somme, Soissons; took part in engagements of Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, and was one of twenty men who held town of Bouresches against 350 Germans; gassed June 14; evacuated to Hospital No. 5, Paris, to Vichy for eight months, to Pelham Bay, New York; discharged April 21, 1919. Awarded Croix de Guerre with Palm, with following citation:

"CITED IN ARMY ORDERS

The Fourth American Brigade, under command of Brigadier-General James G. Harbord, composed of The Fifth Regulars of Marines, under command of Col. Wendell C. Nevill; The Sixth Regulars of Marines under command of Col. Albertus W. Catlin; The Sixth Machine Gun Battalion under command of Major Edward W. Cole; was thrown in full battle on a front violently attacked by the enemy. Immediately asserted itself as a unit of first order. On its very entry on the fighting line, broke down, together with the French troops, a violent attack by the enemy on an important part of the position, and began, on its own account, a series of offensive operations. During the course of these operations, thanks to the brilliant courage, the vigor, spirit and tenacity of its men who overcame all hardships and losses; thanks to the activity and energy of

its officers; and thanks also to the personal action of its chief, General J. Harbord, the Fourth Brigade found its efforts crowned with success. In well-ordinated action its two regiments and machine gun battalion realized, after twelve days of incessant fighting (from the 2nd of June to the 13th of June, 1918) on a very difficult terrain, an advance varying from 1200 to 2000 metres, on a front of four kilometres, capturing a large amount of material, taking more than 500 prisoners, inflicting on the enemy considerable losses, and capturing two objectives of first importance: the village of Bouresches and Belleau Wood.

(Order No. 10805 "D")

At Great General Headquarters, October 22, 1918. The commanding general-in-chief PETAIN."

CAMPBELL, DUDLEY, '21. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

CAMPBELL, EDWARD D., '22. Enlisted July 27, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana and Camp Shelby, Mississippi; served with Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fifty-first Infantry; transferred Camp Hancock, Georgia; discharged December 6, 1918.

CAMPBELL, ROY M., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

CAMPBELL, TED M., '24. Enlisted March 17, 1918, Camp Shelby, Mississippi; trained, Camp Upton, New York; served in One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery Band, A. E. F.; discharged, January 22, 1919.

CARR, ARTHUR NOAH, '18. Enlisted May 7, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, First Officers' Training Camp, May 15 to August 15; Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September 15, 1917 to September 7, 1918; served with One Hundred Thirteenth Regiment, Engineer Corps, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; promoted corporal, October 17, 1918; discharged June 25, 1919.

*CARSON, CONWELL BURNSIDE, '15. Enlisted June 24, 1918, Shelbyville, Indiana; trained Camp Sherman, Ohio; assigned to Nineteenth Company, Training Battery, One Hundred Fiftieth Depot Brigade to July 20; Headquarters Company to September 7; adjutant Detachment Camp Headquarters to October 5; died of influenza, October 5, 1918, Camp Sherman; buried at Boggsstown, Indiana.

- CARVER, WILLIAM J., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CARTER, FLOYD R., '18. Enlisted December 27, 1917, Indianapolis, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred, October 28, 1918, to Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; no active duty.
- CASE, PERRY, A. B., '14. Enlisted Plattsburg, New York, July, 1918; trained Plattsburg Reserve Officers' Training Camp, July 18 to August 18; Young Men's Christian Association secretary for Students' Army Training Corps, Camp Wilson, North Carolina; discharged August 22, 1918.
- CASEY, WILBUR A. Thirty-fourth Company, Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Gordon, Georgia.
- CASEY, WILLIAM ANSON, '15. Enlisted August 6, 1918, Fort Thomas, Kentucky; attended C. O. T. S. Camp Gordon, Georgia. October 20 to December 10; discharged December 10, 1918.
- CASSADY, CHASE EUGENE, '15. Enlisted May 8, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, Camp Shelby, Mississippi and Camp Lee, Virginia; commissioned first lieutenant, Aviation Department; stationed at Mineola, Langley and Bolling Aviation Fields; discharged July 1, 1919.
- CATES, ARTHUR, '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- CATES, HAROLD R., '19. Enlisted April 28, 1917, Chicago, Company B, First Illinois Engineers, Illinois National Guard; organization federalized August 5 and later designated Company B, One Hundred Eighth Engineers, Thirty-third Division; trained, Camp Logan, Texas, September 7, 1917 to March 28, 1918; sailed overseas, May 8, landing Brest, France, May 18; arrived Somme defensive sector, May 25; on this line with British and Australian troops chiefly in front of Albert, Amiens, Hamel; in rest area, August 18 to September 11; entered St. Mihiel drive with French Army on extreme left; on night of September 23, relieved French on Cote le Morte Homme and went into Argonne drive on extreme right of American line; relieved October 22, and went into offensive sector of Troyon-sur-Meuse, where stationed at time of Armistice;

- two weeks later started into Germany, called back to Echternack, Luxembourg; here until March 1, when assigned to British University School Detachment; detailed to Birmingham University from middle of March to July 5; sailed from Brest, July 18; discharged at New York, July 30, 1919.
- CAVINS, ALEXANDER WEINSTEIN, A. B., '21. Enlisted July 18, 1918, Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Fort Sheridan Students' Army Training Corps, July 18 to September 16; commissioned second lieutenant, September 16; transferred to Iowa University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged, January 3, 1919.
- CHAMPER, HERMAN E., '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CHAPMAN, EDWARD C., '22. Enlisted October 21, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CHRISTIAN, PAUL DURBIN, '08. Enlisted August 1, 1918, Washington, D. C.; trained at Gettysburg and Tobyanna, Pennsylvania; assigned to Three Hundred Thirty-second Battalion, Tank Corps, A. E. F.; sailed, September 26, arriving in France, October 12; trained at Langres; transferred, February 19, 1919 to Motor Transport Corps in Base Section No. 2; promoted sergeant; sailed from Bordeaux, June 7; discharged June 23, 1919.
- CHRISTIAN, THOMAS LOE, '17. Enlisted August 26, 1918, Lebanon, Indiana; trained at Camp Custer, Michigan, August 26 to October 26; served with Thirty-third Service Company, Signal Corps, A. E. F.; discharged July 18, 1919.
- CHRISTIE, DONALD E., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CHRISTINA, HOWARD G., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CLAPP, CLIMPSON MOORE, '20. Enlisted June 4, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; assigned Mechanical Repair Unit 315; discharged September 16, 1919.
- CLARKE, ARMSTRONG BRANDON, A. B., '97. Enlisted July 19, 1918, Washington, D. C.; trained at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida; commissioned first lieutenant, July 19, 1918; assigned in A. E. F. Quartermaster Corps as officer in charge, Camp a la Tambourine, St. Dizier, Haute Marne; discharged February 16, 1919.

- CLARKE, CLARENCE HUBERT, '16. Enlisted April 26, 1918, Shelbyville, Indiana; trained Fort Sheridan, Alabama; served with Motor Transport Corps, One Hundred Twelfth Supply Train, Thirty-seventh Division, A. E. F.; participated in engagements in Baccarat sector, St. Mihiel offensive, Argonne offensive, and in Belgium, near Ypres; returned to United States, April 1, 1919; discharged April 11, 1919.
- CLARKE, ELBERT HOWARD, A. B., '09. Enlisted July 18, 1918; trained, Students' Army Training Corps, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, July 18 to September 3; discharged September 3, 1918.
- CLARKE, ELTON RUSSELL, A. B., '15. Enlisted March 3, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned to Medical Corps, School Military Aeronautics, University of California; discharged June 11, 1919.
- CLARKE, IRA D., A. B., '12. Enlisted April 15, 1918; assigned Chemical Warfare Service, Camp Meade, Maryland; discharged January 15, 1919.
- CLARKE, ROGER T., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CLEMENT, COLEMAN, '20. Enlisted May 15, 1917, Indianapolis; trained, First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed for France, October 18, landing St. Nazaire, October 31; trained Camp Coctquidan; sent to front in Lorraine sector, February 22; attended Saumur Artillery School, August 1 to October 20, 1918, where commissioned first lieutenant; took part in engagements of Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne; transferred to Battery E, Eighteenth Field Artillery, Third Division; with Army of Occupation; discharged April 7, 1919.
- CLIFFORD, AUSTIN VINCENT, A. B., '17. Enlisted June, 1917, Indianapolis; commissioned second lieutenant, United States Army, September, 1917; trained, Fort Leavenworth, November, 1917 to January, 1918; assigned, Fourteenth Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Oklahoma; promoted first lieutenant, June 1, 1918; resigned commission March, 1919.
- COBBEY, CHARLES E., '08. Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association, Italy, 1918.
- COBBEY, JEAN, '09. Enlisted June, 1917, Omaha, Nebraska; trained School Military Aeronautics, Austin, Texas; commissioned second

- lieutenant, May 11, 1918; promoted to reserve military director, November 11; to first lieutenant chaplain Air Service Aviation.
- COFIELD, DENVER B., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 20, 1918.
- COHEN, JOSEPH L., '21. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed medical sergeant; discharged December 20, 1918.
- COLBERT, RAYMOND P. Enlisted United States Marine Corps, May 16, 1918, Indianapolis; trained, Paris Island, South Carolina and Quantico, Virginia; assigned Company B, Fifth Separate Battalion; sailed, August 18, landing at Brest, August 26; assigned Seventy-eighth Company, Sixth Regiment, Second Division; took part in action at St. Mihiel and Champagne; wounded, October 3, evacuated to Red Cross Hospital No. 5, Paris, until November 8; transferred to Base Hospital No. 85 until December 8; sent to replacement camp at Porgny; joined with own Company, Army of Occupation; in May, assigned to Third Army Composite Regiment—"Pershing's Honor Guard"—to Coblenz, and with it marched in Victory parade in Paris, July 14; in London, July 19; sailed with it from Brest, September 2, on U. S. S. "Leviathan," arrived September 8; with it paraded New York, September 10, Washington, September 17; discharged September 25, 1919.
- COLE, JOHN W., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- COLLINS, WILLIAM H., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- COMELY, ELMER LEE, '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CONOVER, CLARK S., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- CONWAY, WILLIAM OAKLEY, '13. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; served at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, as second lieutenant of Three Hundred Thirty-fifth Infantry for one year when resigned to join Canadian Expeditionary Force;

sailed from Canada July 6, 1918, promoted sergeant-major; wounded in France, evacuated to hospital in England; after recovery of eyesight, remained as instructor in Khaki College, C. E. F., for six months; discharged from Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry at New London, Ontario, June 26, 1919.

CONRAD, HAROLD T., '23. Enlisted Three Hundred Sixty-fourth Drill Company, United States Marines, August 25, 1918; served overseas in Fifth Brigade, Sixty-sixth Marine Guard and Eleventh Regiment; discharged August 11, 1919.

COOK, DONALD F., '22. Enlisted October 21, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

COOK, GEORGE M., '17. Enlisted December 15, 1917, Indianapolis; commissioned first lieutenant, December 15, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned Base Hospital No. 120, Medical Corps, A. E. F.; discharged June 25, 1919.

COOK, HERMAN H., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

COOK, RALPH L., '19. Enlisted April 3, 1917, Indianapolis; trained, First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; trained at Camp Coetquidan and with French at Lunéville until March 23; held Baccarat sector 110 days; took part in engagements of Champagne, Chateau Thierry, Saint Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; discharged April 7, 1919.

COOLEY, WILLIAM R., '17. Enlisted December 13, 1917, Fort Thomas, Kentucky; trained Camp Hancock, Georgia; served with Third Company, Second Air Service Mechanic Regiment, A. E. F.; arrived in France, March, 1918; discharged June 23, 1919.

COPPOCK, ORVILLE D. MCCLELLAND, '11. Enlisted May 20, 1918, Indianapolis; attended C. O. T. S., Camp Grant, Illinois; assigned Company E, Thirty-sixth Infantry, Twelfth Division; discharged December 4, 1918.

CORNELIUS, GEORGE HOPPER, '19. Enlisted April 6, 1917, Indianapolis; attended First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas October 18, landing at St. Nazaire, October 31; ordered to

Baccarat sector on Lorraine front; detailed to Saumur Artillery School August 1 to October 20, 1918, where commissioned first lieutenant; transferred Battery E, Eighteenth Field Artillery, Third division; engaged in defensive operations in Lorraine sector, Champagne sector and Marne sector; offensive operations of Aisne-Marne and Meuse-Argonne; with Army of Occupation; discharged September 9, 1919.

CORY, HARMON E., '17. Enlisted February 5, 1918, Washington, D. C.; assigned to Chemical Warfare Service, Camp Kendrick, New Jersey; promoted sergeant; discharged November 30, 1918.

COTTON, IRWIN WRIGHT, '08. Enlisted June 4, 1918, Municipal Pier, Chicago; attended Steam Engineering School, Hoboken, New Jersey; commissioned, December 23, Warrant Machinist; promoted ensign, March 13; released July 7, 1919.

CRANDALL, JOSEPH R., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

CROZIER, FRANK CRAVEN, '20. Enlisted March 20, 1918, Indianapolis; attended Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant, September, 1918; discharged December 20, 1918.

CURRY, WALKER T., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

DALTON, CHARLES TEST, A. B. '96. Served for eighteen months in Quartermaster Corps; assigned to Fifteenth Division as aide-de-camp to General Guy V. Henry, Camp Logan, Texas; transferred to Marine Corps, Third Provisional Brigade, Galveston, Texas; to Third Section Eighth Naval District under Commandant Neville.

DANIELS, ELVIN, A. B. '14. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, A. E. F., May, 1918 to November, 1918; assigned to Gondrecourt area; participated in engagements of Chateau Thierry and Saint Mihiel.

DANIELS, FRED, A. B. '19. With Battery E, First Indiana Field Artillery, when mustered into Federal service, August 5, 1917, and later designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison in First Officers' Training Corps May 15 to August 15; sailed with Division, October 18, landing at St. Nazaire, October 31; received artillery training at Camp Coetquidan; promoted sergeant, December 1;

- ordered to active front in Lorraine sector, February 22, 1918; Champagne front July 4, 1918; Chateau Thierry July 28 to August 9; took position in Toul sector; went through Saint Mihiel offensive, holding line until October 1; direct to Meuse-Argonne offensive; wounded in action October 28 and evacuated to hospitals No. 114, No. 67, and No. 69; landed in United States on Hospital Ship "Princess Matoika" at Hampden, Virginia, February 11, Hospital No. 51 debarkation; transferred to Fort Sheridan Hospital; discharged April 24, 1919.
- DANIELS, HARRY H., '12. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- DAVENPORT, JOHN MORRISON, '18. Enlisted United States Navy, December 15, 1917, Indianapolis; attended Great Lakes Naval Station, March to May; Hampton Roads, May to June, 1918; promoted to second class seaman June 1, to hospital apprentice first class, November 1, 1918; discharged March 12, 1919.
- DAVIS, CHARLES BUSHNELL, '08. Enlisted October 22, 1918, Indianapolis; trained, Camp Humphreys and Camp Kendrick, New Jersey; assigned to Chemical Warfare Service; commissioned second lieutenant, October 22; discharged December 7, 1918.
- DAVIS, CHESTER B., A. B., '18. Enlisted September 9, 1918, Indianapolis; attended Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, September 9 to November 26; discharged November 26, 1918.
- DAVIS, LESLIE MARTZ, '18. Enlisted November 14, 1917; trained at Fort Thomas, Kentucky and at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida; sailed from Newport News, June 15, 1918; assigned to Supply Depot at Gievres, France, where worked until June, 1919; promoted to corporal; discharged July 15, 1919.
- DAVIS, RUSSELL, '21. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- DEAL, HAROLD C., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- DEITCH, VICTOR, '21. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed duty sergeant; discharged December 6, 1918.
- DENK, ANDREW LAWRENCE, '15. Enlisted April 14, 1917, Greenfield, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin

Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; sent to front in Lorraine sector February 22, 1918; took part in engagements of Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States in April, 1919; discharged May 10, 1919.

DESSAUER, LEE K., '20. Enlisted in United States Marine Corps, Three Hundred Eighty-first Company, June 28, 1918, Indianapolis; trained, Paris Island, South Carolina, June 18 to August 18; appointed corporal; discharged April 4, 1919.

DICKSON, GEORGE M., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

DOELKER, JACOB FRED, '20. Enlisted April 12, 1917, Indianapolis; trained, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned Fourth Regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Corps, Camp Jackson, South Carolina; discharged December 26, 1918.

DOEPPERS, WILLIAM AUGUST, '12. Enlisted May 19, 1917, Indianapolis; attended First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, May 19, 1917; assigned to Medical Corps, Base Hospital No. 101, A. E. F.; discharged May 9, 1919.

DORSEY, ROBERT LAYMAN, A. B., '83. Enlisted February 26, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Company B, Second Regiment, Indiana State Militia; discharged February 10, 1919.

DOUDICAN, FRANK J., '09. Enlisted July 22, 1918, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; attended Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant December 21, 1918; discharged December 22, 1918.

DOUGLAS, THEODORE W., '18. Enlisted United States Navy, May 7, 1918, Cincinnati, Ohio; attended Great Lakes Naval Station, Municipal Pier School, Chicago, and Pelham Bay Material School; promoted to ensign in Naval Reserve Forces; not released.

DOWNS, MARIE. January 2, 1919, sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa, to open a craft shop for the wounded and to start occupational therapy in hospital wards; transferred, in May, to Fort Sheridan, Illinois; in August, to Oteen, North Carolina; discharged November 17, 1920.

DOYLE, PATRICK J., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- DRAKE, CHARLES W., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1908.
- DUGRANRUT, RUSSELL, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- DUNN, EVERETT H., '22. Enlisted October 11, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- DURMAN, DONALD CHARLES, '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; promoted to sergeant; discharged December 21, 1918.
- DUVALLE, SYLVESTER HOWARD, A. B., '12. Enlisted August 1, 1918, Nashville, Tennessee; Fisk University Students' Army Training Corps; promoted personnel clerk; discharged December 21, 1918.
- EATON, VERNET ELLER, '21. Enlisted September 21, 1917, Indianapolis; assigned Company F, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry; transferred Company L, One Hundred Thirtieth Infantry, A. E. F.; sailed overseas May 16, 1918; returned to United States May 20, 1919; engaged in Somme offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive, in minor operations of Bois de Chaume, and the Woivre; discharged May 29, 1919.
- EDKINS, THOMAS R., '22. Enlisted October 16, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- EDWARDS, SCOTT ROBERT, '09. Enlisted August 4, 1917, Indianapolis; commissioned First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, August 6; reported for active duty at Rockefeller Institute, New York, August 17; assigned Base Hospital No. 32, A. E. F.; discharged January 23, 1919.
- EHRENSPERGER, HAROLD ADAM, '19. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; trained, Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; promoted sergeant-major, November 1, 1918; discharged December 5, 1918.
- EHRSMAN, RALPH, '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 4, 1918.
- EICHACKER, HOMER, '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

EICHELSDOERFER, ROBERT M., '19. Enlisted April, 1917; trained, First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, August 15; assigned Twenty-fourth United States Cavalry (Eighty-second Field Artillery), A. E. F.; served with Ninetieth Division, First Division, Fourth Division; promoted first lieutenant, September 8, 1919; gassed October 18, 1918; took part in engagements of Saizerais sector, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive, Sedan; detailed Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier General F. C. Marshall, February 8, 1918 to March 20, 1920; with Army of Occupation. Awarded the Distinguished Service Cross accompanied with following citation: "For distinguished gallantry and bravery in making a most hazardous reconnoissance of the enemy positions along the Meuse River between the bend north of Letanne and Villemonty, and in securing a valuable report on those positions while under constant observation and fire of the enemy during the operation of the First Division near Mouzon, Ardennes, November 6, 1918." Awarded G. H. Q. citation, First Division citation, Second Infantry Brigade citation, and recommended for Croix de Guerre.

ELDRIDGE, LUTHER O., '08. Enlisted Spring, 1918; trained, Camp Lewis, Washington; assigned Three Hundred Sixty-second Regiment, United States Infantry, Ninety-first Division, A. E. F.; arrived in France, July, 1918; took part in offensives of Saint Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne; wounded in Argonne forest; selected from regiment to take part in triumphal entry into Brussels; discharged May, 1919.

*ELLIOTT, KENNETH VICTOR, '20. Enlisted May 15, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant; transferred to Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, to Camp Greene, North Carolina, to Fort Sill, Oklahoma; assigned Machine Gun Battalion, Fifty-eighth Infantry, Fourth Division, A. E. F.; sailed June, 1918; sent for training to Sanmur Artillery School; promoted first lieutenant, United States Army, June 20; wounded at Chateau Thierry, August 7; died at Base Hospital No. 23, August 31; buried, September 2, at Vittel, France, in American cemetery No. 258, grave No. 223.

EMRICH, CHARLES H. HARVEY, '07. Enlisted May, 1917, Newark, New Jersey; trained Camp McClellan, Alabama; commissioned second lieutenant; assigned to Headquarters Company, Fifty-fourth Field Artillery Brigade, A. E. F.; sailed with Twenty-ninth Division, June, 1918; promoted first lieutenant; discharged July, 1919.

- ENGLEDOW, CLEM E., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- ENT, EVERETT, '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- EVERSON, CLARENCE J., '16. Enlisted May 4, 1917, Indianapolis; served with Company C, Five Hundred Twenty-eighth Engineers, A. E. F.; commissioned second lieutenant.
- FAIRBURN, VERNON C., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- FELT, MABLE M., A. B. '15. Appointed by National War Work Council of Young Women's Christian Association for service in France; sailed, April 17, 1920; located, Paris, Southern France and Italy; after nineteen months reconstruction work, returned to United States November 8, 1921.
- FELTON, NORMAN, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FERREE, JOHN, '18. Enlisted June 10, 1917, Camp Knox, Kentucky; assigned Headquarters Company, Three Hundred Twenty-seventh Field Artillery, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; detailed to Motor Transport Corps; discharged March 10, 1919.
- FERRIS, EDWIN M., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- FESSLER, MAURICE S., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; transferred to Fort Benjamin Harrison, November 19, 1918.
- FIELDS, THOMAS B., '22. Enlisted October 12, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FIERS, FOREST LELAND, '14. Enlisted August 13, 1914, Indianapolis, in Company A, First Indiana Infantry; June 19, 1916, transferred to Mexican Border; May 5, 1917, appointed sergeant, Company A, First Indiana Infantry, federalized August 5 and designated One Hundred Fifty-first United States Infantry; transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September 26; detailed sergeant Quartermaster's Corps Detachment, January 22, 1918; discharged February 15, 1919.

- FINDLEY, GLENN FRANKLIN, '19. Enlisted June 27, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Camp Taylor, Kentucky; instructor in Motor School; assigned Third Regiment, Field Artillery; promoted sergeant, December 13; discharged January 10, 1919.
- FINK, SHIRL L., '19. Enlisted May 28, 1918, Russellville, Indiana; assigned One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade to November 29, 1918; appointed corporal to Quartermaster Corps, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged April 5, 1919.
- FINN, JOHN R., '14. Enlisted September 5, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Camp Oglethorpe, Georgia, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, Camp Greene, South Carolina; assigned Chemical Warfare Service, Thirty-second Division, A. E. F.; promoted captain, September 1, 1918; discharged May 15, 1919.
- FINNEY, PAUL W., '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FISCHER, HUGO, '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FISCUS, CHARLES G., '22. Enlisted October 28, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FLATTER, ADAM H., A. B., '20. Enlisted March 29, 1918, Winchester, Indiana; trained, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, and Camp Bouregard, Louisiana; assigned as corporal to Company G, One Hundred Fifty-fifth Infantry, Thirty-ninth Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas, August 23; stationed at St. Aignan, Bourges, Paris, as member of Military Postal Express Service; carried mail to Metz, Luxembourg, Coblenz; discharged July 15, 1919.
- FLECK, LESLIE ELMER, '20. Enlisted February 8, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned to Ordnance Engineering Division, A. E. F.; discharged May 23, 1919.
- FLEECE, VERNER B., '09. Enlisted July, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Fifteenth Regiment, United States Marine Corps; discharged January 13, 1919.
- FOLEY, HARRY, '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FOLLIICK, FREDERICK CHARLES, '18. Served United States Naval Air Station, San Diego, California.
- FOLZ, CLIFFORD, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- FORBES, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Lafayette, Indiana; Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 19, 1918.
- FOSTER, FRED HERSHAL, '19. Enlisted April 14, 1917, Indianapolis; trained at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September, 1917 to May, 1918; transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, May, 1918 to August, 1918; to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, August, 1918 to March, 1919; commissioned first lieutenant, United States Army, August 31, 1918; acting captain in command Battery C, Fourteenth Field Artillery November, 1918 to February, 1919; discharged March 1, 1919.
- FOSTER, HERMAN M., '17. Enlisted August 15, 1918, New Orleans, Louisiana; trained Tulane University Training Detachment; Radio School, Fortress Monroe, Virginia and Camp Beauregard, Louisiana; discharged December 19, 1918.
- FOSTER, ROBERT SANFORD, '97. Field director, American Red Cross, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, March to December, 1918; transferred to Camp Sherman, Ohio, January, 1919; discharged June 1, 1919.
- FOSTER, TONY E., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FOWLER, BYRON, '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FOX, FRED E., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FREEMAN, LAWRENCE EMORY, '07. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, August 27 to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant November, 1917; assigned to Signal Corps Telephone Department, A. E. F.; promoted to chief officer at Cherbourg, France; discharged as Captain Signal Corps April 15, 1919.
- FRICK, JULIUS N., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- FROSS, GEORGE H., '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- *FULLER, DEAN WESTON, '18. Enlisted April 14, 1917, Indianapolis,

in Troop B, Indiana Cavalry, federalized August 5, and designated Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; as corporal transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi September 26; sailed overseas with Thirty-eighth Division October 6, 1918, landing at Liverpool the 18th, reaching rest area at Ploermel few days later; trained at Camp de Meucou; sailed homeward from Brest December 14, landed at Hoboken the 23d, at Fort Benjamin Harrison January 6, 1919; too ill for discharge detailed to Base Hospital until July, when discharged at own request; died in Base Hospital, Palo Alto, California July 6, 1920; buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.

GARDNER, VERNON, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918; Wabash College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.

GARNER, HERMAN P., '15. Enlisted November 29, 1917, Fort Thomas, Kentucky; trained Kelly Field, Texas; assigned Six Hundred Eighty-third Aero Squadron, Air Service; promoted corporal January 1, 1919; discharged February 4, 1919.

GARNER, HOWARD, '19. Enlisted April, 1917, Indianapolis, in Field Hospital No. 1, Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5 and designated as One Hundred Forty-ninth Field Hospital; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, August 25, where trained to September 17, 1918.

GARVIN, SEABORN CLAYTON, '20. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis; transferred Camp Shelby, Mississippi, August 25; to Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, September 19, 1918; discharged November 28, 1918.

GAVIN, RAYMOND, '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GEORGE, RICHARD J., '14. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; commissioned captain Coast Artillery Corps, Fortress Monroe, Virginia, November; served with Fifty-ninth Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps, A. E. F.; sailed overseas March 26, 1918; engaged in St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive; discharged December 23, 1919.

GERLACH, CALVIN, '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GIFT, WELDON A., '19. Enlisted December 20, 1917, Indianapolis, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred, October 28, 1918, to Indiana Medical College Students' Army Training Corps; no active duty.

- GILLMAN, WAIDE ERNEST, '18. Enlisted United States Navy June 13, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Municipal Pier, Chicago, Illinois, August to October; promoted Quartermaster second class October 1; discharged December 13, 1918.
- GIVENS, WILLARD EARL, '12. Served with Young Men's Christian Association; assigned Mare Island Naval Training Camp as educational director; to Hawaii as district educational director; discharged September 1, 1919.
- GLASGOW, ELMER CLIFTON, '18. Enlisted August, 1918; trained Camp Custer, Michigan; discharged January, 1919.
- GOLL, JOHN A., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed headquarters sergeant; discharged December 20, 1918.
- GOMMELL, DEWEY, '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- GONGWER, ELTON ANDREWS, A. B. '88. Enlisted July 17, 1917, Barcroft, Virginia; commissioned first lieutenant, promoted captain Ordnance Department, A. E. F.; discharged January 25, 1919.
- GOOD, EDGAR, '19. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana First Officers' Training Camp, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; served with One Hundred Fiftieth Infantry, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; promoted first lieutenant April, 1918.
- *GOOD, JOHN CHARLES, A. B., '17. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27 to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant; assigned Company C, Three Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; died of pneumonia at Camp Dodge, Iowa, March 30, 1918; buried at Ebenezer Lutheran cemetery, Indianapolis.
- GOODNIGHT, GEORGE D., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- GOODNIGHT, HERBERT L., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- GOODWIN, WALTER R., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- GLENDENNING, GEORGE S., '14. Enlisted August 30, 1918, Indianapolis;

trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned Eighth Company, Second Training Battalion, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Depot Brigade; promoted to sergeant; discharged June 22, 1919.

GLENDENNING, JOHN LINCOLN, '15. Enlisted June 25, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Camp Meade, Maryland and Camp Eustis, Virginia; assigned Medical Corps, Field Hospital No. 4, A. E. F., Siberia; discharged May 6, 1920.

GLENN, WILLIAM J. B., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GOE, PERCY F., '13. Enlisted May 1, 1918, Washington, D. C.; assigned Company A, Four Hundred Thirty-seventh Engineers' Detachment Engineers' Corps; promoted to sergeant December, 1918; discharged February 14, 1919. Died from effects of service May 9, 1921, at his home in Irvington and buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.

GORDON, CHARLES C., '15. Enlisted September 21, 1917; trained Camp Taylor, Kentucky, as member of Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Machine Gun Company; transferred to Quartermaster Corps in October; in July, 1918, detailed to assist officer in charge of purchasing land for Camp Knox, Kentucky; promoted to sergeant first class in October, 1918; discharged January 13, 1919.

GORE, GEORGE W., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GOSNELL, PAUL D., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GOTH, CHARLES R., '20. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GRABER, WILLARD, '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GRABHORN, ROBERT A., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

GRAHAM, ERRETT MCLOED, B. S. '98. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, May to July; commissioned first lieutenant July, 1917;

- promoted captain August, 1917; assigned One Hundred Thirteenth Engineers; discharged February, 1919.
- GRAY, CHARLES EDWIN, '16. Enlisted Indianapolis, July 6, 1917, Indiana National Guard; assigned to Machine Gun Company, First Infantry, National Guard, designated Machine Gun Company, One Hundred Fifty-first Infantry; transferred August 31, 1918, Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Hancock, Georgia; appointed corporal November 2, 1917, sergeant June 15, 1918; discharged November 26, 1918.
- GREGG, DEWEY M., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- GRIFFEY, HARVEY F., '05. Enlisted September 27, 1918, Greenfield, Indiana; served in Twenty-sixth Recont Company, General Service Infantry; discharged December 5, 1918.
- GRIFFITH, ELMER LEON, '18. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, with United States Marines in Cuba January 28, 1918 to September 1, 1919.
- GRISSE, RALPH. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Lafayette, Indiana; Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 19, 1918.
- GRAVES, ORVILLE M., '19. Enlisted December 28, 1917, Indianapolis, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred October 28, 1918 to Indiana University Students' Army Reserve Corps; no active duty.
- GRUBB, STANLEY R., A. B. '99. Served eight months at Camp Greene, North Carolina and Camp Jackson, South Carolina, as secretary Young Men's Christian Association.
- GUEDEL, CLARENCE EROYDEN, '15. Commissioned first lieutenant Dental Corps September 11, 1918; reported for active duty at Camp McClellan, Alabama September 27; discharged January 27, 1919.
- GWARTNEY, BARSH ERNEST, '20. Enlisted United States Navy June 26, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Illinois, July 9 to September 20; assigned U. S. S. "Keresaspa" as third class fireman; released January 29, 1919.
- GWINN, FLOYD C., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- GWINN, PAUL C., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- HABBE, JOHN EDWIN, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HADDEN, CLAUDE E., '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Bloomington, Indiana; Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HACKER, WILLIAM ELDRIDGE, A. B., '16. Enlisted United States Marines March 11, 1918, Camp Greene, North Carolina; assigned Company B, Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion, Fourth Division, A. E. F., sailed May 7, arriving Calais May 16; took part in Aisne-Marne offensive July 15 to August 7; wounded August 7 at Vesle River; promoted sergeant October 23; with Army of Occupation December 25 to March 1, 1919; Student Detachment, University of Grenoble March 1 to July 1; sailed for United States July 22, arriving August 1; discharged August 7, 1919.
- HADLEY, KLEBER W., '14. Enlisted June 22, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Company K, Three Hundred Thirty-sixth Infantry, A. E. F.; in France September 9 to March 25, 1919; promoted sergeant September 1; discharged April 8, 1919.
- HAGEMIER, OSCAR CHRISTOPHER, '18. Enlisted September 21, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Camp Taylor, Kentucky; served with Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; arrived in France September, 1918; ordered to Le Mans area for training; discharged December 16, 1918.
- HALL, NEWELL P., A. B. '21. Enlisted August 1, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Jefferson Barracks, Missouri and Camp Crane, Pennsylvania; assigned Twenty-eighth Infantry, Medical Corps, First Division, A. E. F.; participated in engagements of Soissons, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne offensive, Sedan; with Army of Occupation December 1, 1918 to September 1, 1919; discharged October 1, 1919.
- HAMP, HENRY, '13. Enlisted October, 1918, Indianapolis; sent to Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged December, 1918.
- HANBY, LEROY CLARKSON, A. B., '17. Enlisted November 1, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned Motor Truck Company No. 411, Motor Transport Corps, A. E. F.; participated in Champagne-Marne defensive, Aisne-Marne offensive, Oise-Aisne offensive; appointed corporal truck driver in Emergency Supply Company; discharged August 4, 1919.
- HANSON, SAMUEL CARLTON, '17. Enlisted Naval Reserve Force, April

- 26, 1918; assigned to shore duty Bordeaux, France; promoted chief petty officer January, 1919; discharged June 4, 1919.
- HANVEY, HOWARD G., '10. Enlisted May 15, 1917, San Francisco, California; assigned cable censor, at San Francisco, Communication Service, U. S. N. R. F.; released June 1, 1919.
- HARDIN, CARL E., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HARGROVE, CHARLES M., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HARLAN, AVERY S., '19. Enlisted April, 1917, Speedway, Indiana; assigned Eight Hundred Twenty-first Aero Squadron as master signal electrician; appointed sergeant; discharged March 4, 1919.
- HAROLD, HERSCHEL H., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HARRINGTON, FREDERICK L., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HARRIMAN, WAYNE M., A. B., '21. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HARROD, CLIFFORD L., '10. Enlisted April, 1918, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; promoted captain; assigned to Washington Barracks as instructor in Aerial Photography; discharged April, 1919.
- HARTLEY, ALONZO ALBERT, A. B., '10. Enlisted May 8, 1917, Leon Springs, Texas; trained Leon Springs May 15 to August 15, First Officers' Training Camp; assigned One Hundred Sixty-sixth Infantry, Forty-second Division, A. E. F., later One Hundred Sixty-second Infantry, Forty-first Division; commissioned second lieutenant August 15, 1917; sailed overseas October 17; discharged August 11, 1919.
- HARTMAN, HERBERT ORA, '22. Enlisted October 6, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HARVEY, GEORGE PHILIP, '22. Enlisted September 8, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Eighty-fourth Division Officers' Training School May 14, 1918 to July 13, 1918, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; transferred to Central Machine Gun Officers' Training School July 13 to October

- 16; to Camp Hancock, Georgia October 16 to December 16; assigned Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry; commissioned second lieutenant October 16; discharged December 16, 1918. Died from drowning August 9, 1921; buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.
- HARVEY, HUBERT BENNETT, '17. Served as secretary Young Men's Christian Association, at Camp Shelby, Mississippi and in France.
- HARVEY, THEODORE REESE, '22. Enlisted United States Navy April 18, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Chicago, Illinois and Portsmouth, New Hampshire; assigned Medical Corps on U. S. S. "South Carolina"; promoted hospital apprentice first class August 1, 1918; released August 31, 1919.
- HAUGHTON, GEORGE D., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HAZZARD, GEORGE R., '19. Enlisted May 10, 1918, Fort Wayne, Michigan; trained Camp Meade, Maryland, Langley Field, Virginia; assigned Twenty-eighth Company, Air Service Aeronautics; transferred to Three Hundred Fifty-first Field Artillery, Ninety-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed June 28, 1918; participated in engagements of Metz and Lascaux; returned February 14; discharged March 9, 1919.
- HEATHCO, FRANK LESLIE, '20. Enlisted April 10, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana May 15 to August 15; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; engaged in defensive operations in Lorraine sector, Champagne sector, Marne sector; in offensive operations of St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne; gassed; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States April 26; discharged May 10, 1919.
- HEINRICHS, NELSON W., '14. Served Maintenance Department, Second Depot Motor Transport Corps, A. E. F., France.
- HEINRICHS, HARRY, '03. Medical Reserve Corps.
- HELM, RAYMOND F., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HEMRY, GEORGE WATSON, A. B., '05. Enlisted with War Council of Young Men's Christian Association as educational and religious director, A. E. F. June 28, 1918; discharged August 14, 1919.

- HENDREN, ROBERT DALE, '21. Enlisted October 6, 1918, Bloomington, Indiana; Indiana University Naval Unit; promoted apprentice-seaman U. S. N. R. F.; not released.
- HENEY, DEWEY N., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HENSCHEN, LOUIS W., '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HERNANDEZ, REMBERTO A., A. B., '15. Enlisted December 20, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred October 28, 1918, to Indiana Medical College Students' Army Training Corps; no active duty.
- HIBBEN, JAMES H., '19. Enlisted June 13, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned as sergeant to General Staff Intelligence Corps, A. E. F.; in France transferred to Signal Corps and ordered to Thirty-fifth Division as replacement; gassed, sent to Base Hospital No. 27; retransferred to Chemical Warfare Service, attached to staff of Major Frederick Hemotin; again gassed, November 6, 1918, sent to Base Hospitals No. 67 and No. 8; evacuated on hospital ship to Walter Reed General Hospital, U. S. A.; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability March 2, 1919.
- HIBBEN, THOMAS E., '14. Enlisted April 14, 1916, Indianapolis, in Battery A, First Indiana Field Artillery, for service on Mexican Border; transferred in May, 1917, to First Officers' Training School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; commissioned second lieutenant July 25; first lieutenant, August 15; assigned One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; transferred to United States Army October 24, as second lieutenant; commissioned first lieutenant, Forty-ninth Infantry, attached Air Service, Second Operation School, Tours, France, Flight "A", Ninetieth Aero Squadron; discharged September 30, 1919.
- HIDAY, PAUL, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HILFIKER, BERNARD H., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; transferred United States General Hospital No. 25 December 24, 1918.
- HILL, HERBERT EUGENE, A. B., '21. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianap-

- olis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HILL, HORACE P., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training School; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HINE, NEWTON H., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HINMAN, JACK JONES, JR., A. B., '11. Commissioned July 29, 1918, first lieutenant Sanitary Corps, A. E. F.; arrived Brest, France, September 7, 1918; assigned Water Analysis Laboratory, Paris, September 17; water supply officer, Base section No. 3 (Great Britain and Ireland) October 2; Water Analysis Laboratory, Paris, January 3, 1919; student Detachment, University of Rennes February 24; Water Analysis Section American Embarkation Center, Le Mans, March 29; promoted captain, Sanitary Corps, May 3; sailed from St. Nazaire June 29; arrived Newport News, Virginia July 12; discharged July 22, 1919.
- HITTLE, LESLIE L., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HOAGLAND, VIRGIL, '20. Enlisted October 7, 1918; Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; promoted to supply sergeant Company B November 15; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HODDE, HENRY F., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HODGES, DALE RHEA, '21. Enlisted United States Navy June 4, 1918. Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Chicago; promoted gunners' mate, third class; detailed gunnery instructor U. S. S. "Essex"; discharged January 31, 1919.
- HOGSETT, GEORGE Y., '15. Enlisted May 13, 1917; served in One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery and Fiftieth Coast Artillery; sailed overseas June 19, 1918; stationed in Meuse-Argonne sector; discharged March 17, 1919.
- HOLBROOK, JOSEPH R., '16. Enlisted May 23, 1918, Columbus Barracks, Ohio; trained Camp Sherman, Ohio; Camp Gordon, Georgia; Signal School, St. Aignan, France, where studied telegraphy and qualified as operator; assigned to Signal Platoon, Fifty-first Infantry, Sixth Division; participated in Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; discharged June 19, 1919.

- HOLLINGSWORTH, MAURICE H., '20. Enlisted June 29, 1918, Valparaiso, Indiana; trained Camp Buell, Kentucky, for two months; assigned Radio Division, Coast Artillery Station, Fort Caswell, North Carolina; discharged December 23, 1918.
- HOLLOWAY, GLENN HART, '09. Commissioned first lieutenant April 23, 1918, Chicago; assigned Twentieth Engineer Regiment; sailed overseas May 10, 1918; returned July 13, 1919; discharged July 14, 1919. Served as first class private in Indiana National Guard November 17, 1917 to July 16, 1918.
- HOLSEN, JAMES N., A. B., '17. Assigned Battery E, Sixth Regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Draft, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; appointed corporal.
- HOLT, EMMET D., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HOPPER, REX, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HOPPING, ANDREW DANIEL, A. B., '17. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Third Officers' Training Camp, Camp Stanley, Texas; Camp Shelby, Mississippi September 29, 1917 to September 9, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant May 16, 1918; served with One Hundred Thirty-ninth Machine Gun Battalion, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas September 23; billeting officer for Division and Town Major Bouguenais, Loire-Inferieure; after Armistice remained in Paris as requisition officer; commissioned first lieutenant United States Army July 1, 1920.
- HORTON, CHESTER C., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HORTON, RONALD N., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- HOVEY, ALFRED WILLIS, '21. Enlisted United States Navy July 17, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Chicago, July 20 to November 7, 1918; promoted seaman second class October 1, seaman January 2, 1919; assigned Coast Defense and Transportation Service; aboard U. S. S. "Minnesota" when ruined on Atlantic Coast; on S. S. "Ohio" when met her mishaps; made four trips to France on U. S. S., "Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm"; one of 100 in

- the ranks offered entrance to Annapolis in 1918; discharged September 15, 1919.
- HUBER, PAUL H., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HUCKLEBERRY, IRVIN EUGENE, '20. Enlisted December 13, 1917, Louisville, Kentucky; entered Royal Army Medical Training Camp, England; commissioned January 5, 1918; assigned lieutenant Medical Corps, Seventy-fourth Yeomanry Division, Forty-fourth Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, medical officer first class; discharged March 8, 1919.
- HUFF, FLOYD E., '16. Chemical Warfare Service, Camp Lewis, Washington.
- HUGGINS, BENJAMIN HARRISON, '09. Commissioned first lieutenant Medical Reserve Corps, September, 1917, Evanston, Illinois; trained Camp Dix Hospital to April 1, 1918; served in France Base Hospital No. 44, July 5, 1918 to April, 1919; discharged May 17, 1919.
- HUGHEL, MYRON MATHIAS, A. B., '17. Enlisted May 19, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana August 27 to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant November 27; assigned Eight Hundred Sixth Pioneer Infantry, A. E. F.; discharged July 9, 1919.
- HUNT, DREXEL B., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HUNT, ERNEST MARTIN, '14. Enlisted September 3, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Company C, Fifth Regiment, One Hundred Sixty-first Depot Brigade, Camp Grant, Illinois; promoted sergeant October 25; discharged November 30, 1918.
- HURLEY, RALPH R., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- HURST, LEE W., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- HURT, LEWIS A., '20. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, United States Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington.
- HUTCHINS, FRANK FRAZIER, '95. Commissioned captain, Medical Reserve Corps, United States Army, May 2, 1917; reported for

active duty Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana August 5; served with Headquarters Company, Eighth Division, Brest, France; promoted to major November 13; to lieutenant-colonel May 3, 1919; discharged July 22, 1920.

HUTCHINGS, JOHN WILLARD '14. Enlisted United States Tank Corps May 15, 1918, Mobile, Alabama; trained Camp Colt, Pennsylvania; assigned Casual Company, Tank Corps; promoted top sergeant; relinquished assignment to go overseas with Company B, Three Hundred Twenty-ninth Battalion, Tank Corps; promoted corporal; discharged April 9, 1919.

HUTTON, JAMES H., '11. Enlisted November 4, 1918, Chicago; assigned Company Fifty-five, Medical Corps, Fort Riley, Kansas; commissioned captain Medical Reserve Corps; discharged December 3, 1918.

IRWIN, PAUL A., '22. Enlisted October 19, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

ISKE, ALVIN GEORGE, '20. Enlisted March 29, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Field Artillery Central Officers' Training Camp, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant November 13, 1918; discharged January 16, 1919.

ISKE, PAUL GEORGE, '24. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Harvard University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 5, 1918.

JACKSON, HARRIE C., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

JAMES, EDWARD DAVID, '22. Enlisted February 9, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Illinois Ground School and Southern Field, Georgia; commissioned second lieutenant Air Service Aeronautics; discharged March 11, 1919.

JAMESON, HENRY MICHENER, A. B., '19. Enlisted May 8, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, infantry, August 15; served One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; instructor Washington University Training Unit, St. Louis, Missouri and Students' Army Training Corps Units at Kansas City, Missouri and Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington; promoted first lieutenant; discharged December 26, 1918.

- JAY, MARK, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- JEFFRIES, RENZIE A., '20. Enlisted September 5, 1918, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; served as Sergeant One Hundred Twentieth Engineers; discharged December, 1918.
- JENNEY, WALTER EDWIN, '10. Enlisted March, 1918, Indiana State Militia; secretary Young Men's Christian Association June, 1918 to January, 1919; discharged January 1, 1919.
- JOHNS, CHARLES EVERTS, '13. Enlisted June 23, 1917, Tacoma, Washington; assigned Military Police with Forty-first Division, A. E. F.; served in Military Police Training Depot, Autun, France November 14 to December 3, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant May 7, 1919, St. Aignan-Nevers; transferred to Headquarters Company, One Hundred Thirty-fourth Battalion, Military Police Corps, attached to Provost Marshal General's Department; discharged July 17, 1919.
- JOHNS, GLENN WILLIAM, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- JOHNSON, ARTHUR ALBERT, A. B., '95. Served as first lieutenant in Company K, Twenty-second Engineers, A. E. F., constructing and operating light railways leading from rail-heads to the front lines; following Armistice, transferred to Mr. Hoover's Relief Organization in Paris as assistant to the American representative on the Communications section of the Supreme Economic Council; discharged September, 1919.
- JOHNSON, GLEN W., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- JOHNSON, HALFORD LUTHER, '18. With Troop B, First Indiana Cavalry, when mustered into Federal service August 5, 1917; ordered September 12 to Camp Shelby, Mississippi; assigned to Battery E, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; transferred to Camp Stanley, Texas; sailed overseas April 23, 1918, landing at St. Nazaire May 11; trained three months at Saumur Artillery School; commissioned second lieutenant Field Artillery September 1; assigned to Second Aviation Instruction Center at Tours, sent to front November 5 with Three Hundred Fifty-fourth Aero Squadron as observer; remained with squadron at Tours until ordered to return to United States; discharged August 31, 1919, Saumur, France.

- JOHNSON, HOWLAND ATKINSON, '18. Enlisted June 15, 1918, Indianapolis; served in Ninth Motor Supply Train, A. E. F.; appointed corporal; discharged February 20, 1919.
- JOHNSON, ROBERT RAYMOND, '16. Enlisted in United States Navy April 30, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Chicago; assigned hospital apprentice, Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois.
- JOHNSON, ROY A., '20. Enlisted June 8, 1917, in Thirteenth United States Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kansas; assigned as duty-sergeant to Three Hundred Fortieth Field Artillery, Camp Funston, Kansas September 5; trained Third Officers' Training Camp, Camp Funston; transferred to Field Artillery R. D. Camp Jackson, South Carolina, where promoted to second lieutenant June 1, 1918; transferred to Fort Sill School of Fire, Oklahoma, July 14 to September 20; sent to Forty-seventh Field Artillery, Camp Kearney, California; to Field Artillery B. S. Camp Taylor, Kentucky, January 26, 1919; discharged June 11, 1919.
- JONES, FRANCIS R., '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- JONES, RICHARD, '18. Enlisted May 15, 1917, Washington University, Missouri; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Riley, Kansas, May 4 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; assigned Three Hundred Forty-first Field Artillery; discharged December 25, 1918.
- JONES, ROWLAND H., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- JORDAN, AUSTIN, '19. Served on United States submarine 0-3.
- JORDAN, RILEY, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- JOYCE, FRANKLIN P., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- JUDSON, JOSEPHINE, '20 (Mrs. Storey M. Larkin). Enlisted July, 1918, Indianapolis, in Army Nurse Corps; served Camp Bouregard, Louisiana, October 10 to December 20; transferred to Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina until February 10; discharged as Student Nurse February 10, 1919.
- JUDY, FERRIS MILLS, '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918; University of Cin-

cinnati Students' Army Training Corps; transferred Fifty-fourth Battery Field Artillery O. T. S. Camp Taylor, Kentucky, November 5; discharged February 1, 1919.

KAIN, HORACE, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

KAUTZ, JOHN IDEN, '17. Volunteered French Army Motor Transport Corps, May 26, 1917, Longpont, France; assigned American Mission Reserve Mallet; served with Sixth French Army, support of Soissons-Rheims sector and battle of Chemin-des-Dames to October 1; discharged from French Army to enlist in United States Army October 1, 1917, Jouaignes, France; commissioned second lieutenant September 25, 1918, Jonchery-sur-Vesle; participated in engagements of Cambrai, Somme defensive, Aisne, Oise-Aisne, Aisne-Marne, Somme offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive, defensive Sector-Aisne; discharged after twenty-four months' service overseas May 31, 1919.

“LETTER OF CONGRATULATION

The General Commander-in-Chief sends his congratulations to the officers, non-commissioned officers, brigadiers and privates of the Automobile Service for the activity, devotion and endurance of which they have just given proof, under the energetic and enlightened direction of Major Doumenc. Whatever may have been the difficulty of circumstances, the intensive transportation of troops and of provisions has been carried out since the month of March, without a pause, day and night, with a rapidity and an accuracy which do honor to the service. At the same time, the automobile parks assured the work of repair and permitted the constant maintenance of all the automobile formations at their full transportation capacity. Drivers on the roads, workmen in the shops, have contributed their part in the success of our operations.

PETAIN.

Sent to Lieutenant John Iden Kautz.”

KEENAN, JAMES HARLAN, '18. Enlisted June 5, 1917, Lafayette, Indiana; trained Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September, 1917 to September, 1918; served as sergeant first class, Company E, One Hundred Thirteenth Engineers; sailed overseas with Thirty-eighth Division, landing October 3; trained Engineer Camp, Langres, France; discharged June 25, 1919.

- KELLEMS, ANSON M., '15. Enlisted March 18, 1918, Columbus Barracks, Ohio; assigned Twelfth Company, Seventy-second Coast Artillery Corps, Fort McKinley, Ohio; discharged April 17, 1919.
- KEMERLY, HARVEY R., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- KENECKE, HOWARD, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed canteen sergeant; discharged December 6, 1918.
- KENNEDY, GLEN LEROY, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed canteen sergeant; discharged December 6, 1918.
- *KENNINGTON, ROBERT EDWARD, '15. Enlisted May 7, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Camp; commissioned second lieutenant United States Army August 15; transferred to Camp Colt, Pennsylvania and to Camp Greene, North Carolina; assigned Company B, Fifty-eighth Infantry, Fourth Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas May, 1918, landed in England, sent to France to Saumur area for training; appointed liaison officer, First Brigade, Fourth Division; commissioned first lieutenant; killed in action while leading his men through a German barrage fire August 4, 1918, near Chery-Chartreuve; buried in Chateau Thierry Cemetery, France; reburied on July 9, 1921, in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis. American Legion Post No. 34, Indianapolis, named in his honor.
- *KENNINGTON, ROBERT FRANCIS, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Lafayette, Indiana; Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps Unit; discharged December 19, 1918. Died June 28, 1921, buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.
- KIBLER, JACKSON D., '20. Enlisted June 12, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Chicago, Illinois; commissioned ensign August 23, 1918, Great Lakes; assigned to line duty, U. S. N. R. F.; not released.
- KINGSBURY, GEORGE HUNT, '20. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis, in Field Hospital No. 1, Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison; transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi August 25, where trained to September 17, 1918; sailed overseas October 6, 1918; assigned to Three Hundred Eleventh Ambulance Company, December 6, 1918; moved from Saumur to Portets April 15, 1919; to Camp No. 1 Bordeaux April 30; sailed for United States May 15; discharged June 6, 1919.

- KINSLEY, HAROLD E., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- KIRBY, CLIFFORD B., '18. Enlisted September 1, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Company E, One Hundred Thirty-eighth Engineers, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; discharged December 15, 1918.
- KIRKLIN, BYRL RAYMOND, '16. Commissioned first lieutenant Medical Reserve Corps, X-Ray Department, Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Illinois.
- KIROWITZ, GABRIEL SAMUEL, '20. Enlisted October 17, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, October 18, 1918 to January 11, 1919; promoted sergeant-major October 10 and commissioned second lieutenant Field Artillery; discharged January 11, 1919.
- KIRTLEY, HOMER, '09. Enlisted November 23, 1917, Chicago; assigned Company E, Four Hundred Fifteenth Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, A. E. F.; overseas March 22, 1918 to May 23, 1919; discharged June 1, 1919.
- KLIN, OWEN A., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- KLIN, ROBERT L., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- KOEHLER, RUSSELL W., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- KOEHN, JOHN L., '15. United States Navy.
- KOHLSTAEDT, GEORGE WILLIAM, '11. Commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Corps, November 8, 1918; reported for active duty at Fort Riley, Kansas, November 21; discharged December 19, 1918.
- KOIN, HARRY Y., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed battalion mechanic; discharged December 6, 1918.
- LA BARBERA, FRANK, '20. With Battery E, First Indiana Field Artillery, when mustered into Federal service August 5, 1917, and later designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; sailed with Division October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; received artillery training at Camp Coetquidan; promoted sergeant Decem-

ber 1; ordered to active front in Lorraine sector February 22, 1918; in defensive sectors of Lunéville and Baccarat February 27, to June 18; Champagne-Marne defensive July 14 to 19; Aisne-Marne offensive July 24 to August 4; St. Mihiel offensive September 11 to 16; Meuse-Argonne offensive October 1 to November 11; gassed; with Army of Occupation until April 12, 1919; returned to United States April 25; discharged May 9, 1919.

LACY, ALBERT IDEN, '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Ann Arbor, Michigan; University of Michigan, Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 8, 1918.

LANG, FRANK A., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

LARKIN, STOREY M., '20. Enlisted in Indiana National Guard March 29, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Corps, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing St. Nazaire October 31; engaged in defensive sectors of Lunéville and Baccarat, February 27 to June 18; in Champagne-Marne defensive, Aisne-Marne offensive, St. Mihiel offensive, minor operations in Woevre, Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States April 26, 1919; discharged with Headquarters Company May 9, 1919.

LARRABEE, LLOYD W., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

LARSH, ROBERT LAWRENCE, '20. Enlisted May 22, 1917, Battery A, First Indiana Field Artillery, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned to Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas October 18, landing St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; sent to Lorraine front February 22, 1918; promoted sergeant April 1; participated in engagements in Champagne sector in July; Aisne-Marne offensive in July; St. Mihiel drive in September; sent on detached service to First Corps Army School September 22; transferred to Second Corps Army School in November; transferred to Twelfth Service Company, Signal Corps December 16, to Fifty-sixth Service Company December 25th; assigned to St. Aignan Casual Camp, Fifty-seventh Service Company, Signal Corps,

- June 7, 1919; transferred to Casual Company No. 5994 bound for United States June 14; arrived June 28; discharged July 9, 1919.
- LAY, CHARLES HENRY, '20. Enlisted United States Navy May 12, 1918, Indianapolis; trained as seaman second class Purdue University September 9, to December 21; released December 21, 1918.
- LEACH, ERN R., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- LEACH, HERBERT S., '17. Commissioned lieutenant Dental Corps October 5, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; promoted captain April 8, 1918; discharged January 18, 1919.
- LEAK, VIRGIL T., '14. Enlisted May 9, 1917, Boston, Massachusetts, as quartermaster first class Aviation Corps, U. S. N. R. F.; trained Massachusetts Institute of Technology Ground School for Naval Aviators; commissioned ensign March 4, 1918; sailed overseas March 30; graduated from Bombing School in France in June; assigned seaplane war patrol duty July until Armistice; placed on inactive duty March 30, 1919.
- LEETH, HERMAN BASCOM, '18. Enlisted May 12, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant Signal Corps, Air Service, May 13, 1918; served as instructor in Flying Corps de l'Armee; gave exhibition flights for Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives; detailed Coast Patrol Pilot off Florida.
- LEFFLER, ELTON F., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- LEMEN, CARL H., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- LENAHAM, JOHN VINCENT, '19. Enlisted July 20, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; appointed sergeant April 29, 1919; discharged June 17, 1919.
- *LEUKHARDT, HENRY REINHOLD, '12. Enlisted Aviation Signal Corps, December 7, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Thomas, Kentucky, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, Kelly Field, Texas, Sheets Field, Arkansas, Camp Pike, Arkansas; promoted sergeant One Hundred Twenty-fourth Aero Squadron April 10, 1918; transferred at own request to United States Infantry; instructor in Development Battery,

Headquarters Company, One Hundred Sixty-second Depot Brigade, Camp Pike; died of pneumonia Camp Pike October 2, 1918; buried in St. Joseph's cemetery, Indianapolis.

LEWIS, BURVIA WALLACE, A. B., '15. Enlisted February 4, 1918; assigned Depot Company Signal Corps, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; transferred to Company A, Three Hundred Twenty-third Field Signal Battalion, Camp Funston, Kansas, February 15, 1918; trained Camp Funston and Camp Morse, Texas; promoted corporal April 1, sergeant July 1; sailed overseas September 29; attached Headquarters Signal Corps Replacement Area as town-major of Brarieux until January 19, 1919; attached to Headquarters, Thirty-second Division, Army of Occupation; transferred to Sorbonne School Detachment March 1 to June 30; sailed from Brest July 6; discharged July 19, 1919.

LEWIS, JOSEPH EDWIN, '14. Enlisted May 14, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Harrison, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade, United States Infantry; promoted first lieutenant July 3, 1918; to captain November 2; discharged April 21, 1919.

LEWIS, REAGAN W., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

LIEBHARDT, WAYNE F., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

LINEBACK, FRANCIS M., '19. Enlisted Indianapolis, June 28, 1917, Indiana National Guard; assigned Troop B, First Indiana Cavalry, mustered into Federal service August 5, 1917, and designated Battery E, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; trained Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September, 1917 to September, 1918; sailed overseas with Thirty-eighth Division which ceased to function as combat division October 6, 1918; sent to Le Mans area; returned to United States December 23; discharged January 16, 1918.

LINGEMAN, LESLIE ROBERTS, '14. Enlisted United States Navy Reserve Corps, April 27, 1917, assistant surgeon with rank of lieutenant junior grade; promoted to senior grade February, 1918; served at United States Naval Medical School, Philadelphia Navy Yard, U. S. S. "Gold Shell," U. S. S. "Olympia," and Naval Hospital, Charleston, South Carolina.

- LINVILLE, HARRELL A., '21. Enlisted June 7, 1918; assigned to Quartermaster Corps, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida; transferred to Newport News, Virginia, July 24; sailed July 26 with Three Hundred Seventeenth Supply Company; arrived Brest August 6; at Gievres August 14; served in Chief Personnel Officers' Office, Tours; later assigned to Sixth Cavalry Band for musical duty; after Armistice to Orchestra Road Troupe, leaving Tours March 10, 1919, for tour of France; discharged June 24, 1919.
- LOCHRY, RALPH LANDIS, '15. Commissioned first lieutenant Medical Reserve Corps, United States Army August 18, 1917; reported for active duty at Base Hospital No. 32, Fort Harrison, Indiana September 1; sailed overseas December 4; promoted captain March 4, 1919; discharged May 20, 1919.
- LOCKHART, ARTHUR WILLIAM, '16. Enlisted April 26, 1918, Indianapolis; promoted corporal May 18; trained Officers' Training Camp, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, July 18, to October 16; commissioned second lieutenant Field Artillery October 16; assigned Battery A, Second Regiment; discharged December 7, 1918.
- LOGAN, LEON BUCKLES, A. B., '12. Enlisted Fort Meyer, Virginia, December 12, 1917; assigned Ordnance-Explosive Section, Chemical Warfare Service; appointed sergeant; discharged December 29, 1918.
- LONG, FRANK E., '07. Commissioned May 14, 1917, first lieutenant Dental Corps, Indiana National Guard, which was federalized August 5; promoted captain February 25, 1919; assigned Three Hundred Nineteenth Engineer Regiment, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; discharged September 18, 1919.
- LONG, WILLIAM HUNT, A. B., '03. Enlisted September 8, 1918; commissioned first lieutenant Medical Corps, October 30; assigned Medical Officers' Training Corps, Fort Riley, Kansas, November 11 to November 29; discharged November 30, 1918.
- LONGLEY, WILLIAM RAYMOND, A. B., '02. Chemical Warfare Service, Wilmington, Delaware.
- LOOP, AUBREY LEIGHTON, '99. Commissioned first lieutenant, May 27, 1918, Economy, Indiana; assigned Base Hospital, Medical Corps, Camp Gordon, Georgia; transferred to United States General Hospital No. 28, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, February 21, 1919; discharged April 12, 1919.

- LOBBER, HARRY A. Enlisted Indianapolis September 21, 1917; assigned Company L, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, Medical Department, A. E. F.; appointed sergeant October 5, 1917; assigned to Five Hundred Fifteenth Engineer Battalion, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; overseas May 8, 1918 to June 28, 1919; discharged July 7, 1919.
- LOSCHKE, ALBERT H. W., '15. Enlisted November 12, 1917, Indianapolis; assigned Headquarters Company, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, November 12; promoted corporal December 28, sergeant January 23, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant December 4, 1918; discharged December 20, 1918.
- LOY, FOREST ALLEN, '18. Enlisted May 10, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, Field Artillery, August 15; promoted to first lieutenant, August 3, 1918; served with Three Hundred Twenty-sixth Field Artillery, A. E. F.; discharged March 11, 1919.
- LOY, GEORGE BEN, '22. Enlisted May 9, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Harrison, May 15, to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, August 15; transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, August 28 to September 2, 1918; assigned Battery A, Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Field Artillery, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; sailed September 9, landing at Glasgow and stopping at Winchester, Southampton, Le Havre, Bordeaux, where trained Camp de Souge; transferred to Air Service and trained Second Aviation Instruction Centre, Tours; discharged July 19, 1919.
- LOY, GLENN DEWITT, '12. Enlisted May 10, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana May 15, to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, Field Artillery August 15; promoted first lieutenant December 15; served with Three Hundred Twenty-sixth Field Artillery, A. E. F.; discharged April 15, 1919.
- MCBROOM, MARION, '21. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- MCCALLUM, JOSEPH THOMAS CAREY, A. B., '16. Enlisted Indiana National Guard April 6, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; transferred to Trench Warfare School, Harvard University, August 19, to September 21; assigned Company Twenty-

ninth, Second Regiment, One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, September 29, to May, 1918; transferred to Machine Gun Centre, Camp Hancock, Georgia, May, 1918; assigned to Replacement Regiment, A. E. F.; sailed July 15; assigned to One Hundred Forty-seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Forty-first Division to October 17; sent to front with Three Hundred Sixtieth Infantry, Ninetieth Division, participating in Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation until May 17, 1919; returned to United States July 5; discharged July 8, 1919.

MCCLAFLIN, WILLIAM R., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

MCCLAINE, HARRY ELMO, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918; DePauw University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 18, 1918.

MCCONKEY, HENRY W., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

MCCONNELL, ALVA EDISON, '18. Enlisted September 4, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, assigned to Quartermaster Corps; promoted to corporal September 13, to sergeant September 29; transferred to Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida, July 29; commissioned second lieutenant September 6, 1918; transferred as commanding officer to Thirty-first Company, First Labor Regiment October 26, 1918; discharged December 18, 1918.

MCCONNELL, JOHN F., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

MCCONNELL, JOSEPH, '00. On Mexican Border as first lieutenant Regimental Surgeon; promoted to captain at Presidio, California, in 1917; to major at Camp Fremont, California; following Armistice stationed at Fort Stevens, Oregon; discharged November, 1920.

MCCORD, DELBERT ROSS, '18. Enlisted United States Navy, June 11, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Newport, Rhode Island; assigned seaman, United States Naval Forces on U. S. S. "Carola" and U. S. S. "Isabel"; released June 24, 1919.

MCCOY, PEARLIE R., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

MCCULLOUGH, WILLIAM ANDREW, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Lafay-

- ette, Indiana; Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 19, 1918.
- MCDANIEL, ARDIS L., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MCGAUGHEY, CARL WILLIAMSON, A. B., '01. Served on Conscription Board of Hancock county as medical examiner, June 5, 1917, to July 1, 1918; enlisted May 1, 1918, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; commissioned May 27, captain Medical Corps; attached to Surgical Staff, General Hospital No. 26, Camp Dodge, Iowa; promoted to major; discharged April, 1919.
- MCGAUGHEY, CHALMERS, A. B., '21. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MCGAUGHEY, SAMUEL, A. B., '97. Enlisted August 13, 1918, Camp Greenleaf, Georgia; there trained until October 8; commissioned captain, Medical Corps; transferred to Camp Dix, New Jersey; assigned Third Training Battalion, One Hundred Fifty-third Depot Brigade, Infantry; discharged July 9, 1919. Promoted major Medical Reserve Corps September 18, 1919.
- MCGAVRAN, DONALD ANDERSON, A. B., '19. Enlisted April 28, 1917, in First Separate Squadron, Indiana Cavalry Troop B, Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5, trained at Indiana Fair Grounds, Indianapolis, until September 15, when transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi; Squadron transferred to Thirty-second Depot Brigade, retransferred to Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; again transferred to Headquarters Detachment of Sixty-third Field Artillery Brigade, December 1, 1917; promoted corporal February 22, 1918; appointed on special school detail, sailed October 2; located in Southampton, Le Havre, Chatillon-sur-Seine, Nantes, Vannes, Brest; arrived in United States December 26; discharged January 19, 1919.
- MCGHEYEY, LEROY P., '18. Enlisted September 21, 1917; assigned Company D, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; transferred to Headquarters Company, One Hundred Twenty-ninth Infantry, Thirty-third Division, A. E. F., April 7, 1918; sailed May 10, landing at Brest May 23; promoted sergeant October 24; participated in major offensives of the Somme in July and August, in several minor operations in the Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation at Luxembourg; discharged June 4, 1919.

- MCGOLDRICK, JAMES P., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MCILVAINE, ALBERT S., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- McKENZIE, GLENN, '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- McMURRAY, FLOYD I., A. B., '16. Enlisted December 15, 1917, Camp Shelby, Mississippi; commissioned first lieutenant July 6, 1918; transferred to Twentieth Infantry, Camp Funston, Kansas; to Fort Sheridan, Illinois December 15; discharged December 11, 1919.
- McNICOL, JOHN F., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- McROBERTS, EARL SAMUEL, A. B., '17. Enlisted April 3, 1918; trained Radio Signal Corps Training Camp, College Park, Maryland; commissioned second lieutenant, August 14, 1918, Camp Alfred Vail, New Jersey; assigned Two Hundred Twenty-second Field Signal Battalion, Fifteenth Service Company, Camp Meade, Maryland; discharged February 1, 1920.
- McSHANE, GERALD, '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- McTURNAN, CLAIR, '11. Enlisted April 25, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned Three Hundred Ninth Ammunition Train, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; promoted Sergeant; discharged February 13, 1921.
- MAGILL, WILLIS FRANCIS, '19. Enlisted Indianapolis, September 3, 1917; assigned Company C, First Regiment of Engineers, September 19; transferred Company C, One Hundred Thirteenth Regiment, A. E. F., May 6, 1918; overseas September 15, to July 12, 1919; detailed First Censor and Press Company, Paris; discharged July 19, 1919.
- MAJERS, KENNETH, '22. Enlisted October 19, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- MALOTT, JOHN ORUS, '17. Enlisted United States Navy, December 17, 1917, Indianapolis; trained United States Naval Training Station,

Illinois; three times refused commission for physical reasons; appointed chief of first section of company in March; company-commander in June; yeoman in October; promoted assistant coast inspector; released April 1, 1919.

MANNON, FLOYD R., '20. Enlisted United States Navy March 23, 1918; appointed musician second class; discharged January 26, 1919.

MANTLE, THOMAS GUY, A. B., '21. Enlisted May 12, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Camp, May 15, to August 15, Fort Harrison; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, and assigned to Three Hundred Thirty-third Infantry, Eighty-fourth Division; promoted first lieutenant chaplain January 28, 1918; to Fort Houston, Texas, in February and assigned to Thirteenth Machine Gun Battalion; overseas April 15, arrived in France May 1, joining Twenty-sixth Division at Menil-la-Tour; in June entered trenches near Ban de Laveline; August 1 on front in St. Die Sector; August 20 participated in battle of Frapelle; September 12 went over the top in St. Mihiel salient, in which battle detailed to Eleventh Infantry; occupied with helping wounded and burying the dead; participated in Meuse-Argonne offensive; assigned to One Hundred Twenty-first Field Artillery, Thirty-second Division; with Headquarters Company of Third Army ordered into Germany and assigned to Evacuation Hospital No. 2, Coblenz am Rhine; in Spring transferred to Twenty-sixth Infantry, First Division; discharged August 28, 1919.

MARKLAND, GLEN A., '20. Enlisted April 12, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned to One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas October 18, arriving St. Nazaire October 31; engaged on the Lorraine, Chateau Thierry, Champagne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne front; wounded April 18, 1918 and gassed May 27; discharged April 25, 1919.

MARSH, CHESTER A., A. B., '12. Enlisted August 18, 1917, New Castle, Indiana; commissioned second lieutenant from civil life; attended Medical Officers' Training Corps, Chickamauga Park, Georgia, and Cornell University School of X-Ray; as first lieutenant served in Verdun Sector and Argonne drive, as roentgeneologist to surgical teams, chief work being that of fleuroscopic x-ray for location of foreign bodies with Evacuation Hospital No. 27 and Base Hospital No. 67; after Armistice assigned to Ambulance Company No. 20, Medical Reserve Corps, Sixth Division; discharged June 10, 1919.

- MARSHALL, CHARLES BURTON**, '20. Enlisted United States Navy July 7, 1917, Indianapolis; attended U. S. Naval Academy, June 17 to July 29, 1918; commissioned ensign May 28, at Norfolk, Virginia, Fifth District; served as supply and disbursing officer, Pay Corps, Naval Reserve, Cherbourg, France; released July 31, 1919.
- MASON, ARTHUR H.**, '18. Enlisted April 3, 1918; assigned to Seventieth Coast Artillery, A. E. F., as musician; discharged March, 1919.
- MASTERS, JOHN MELVIN, A. B.**, '21. Enlisted July 18, 1918, Fort Sheridan, Illinois; trained Students' Army Training Corps at Fort Sheridan and at Camp Perry, Ohio; discharged September 16, 1918.
- MASTERS, ROBERT JOHN**, '15. Enlisted November 21, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; no active duty; discharged January 4, 1919.
- MATHEWS, MURRAY, A. B.**, '13. Enlisted June 18, 1918, Del Monte, California; promoted to sergeant July 18, 1918; assigned to Twenty-fourth Squadron, Second Provisional Regiment, Spruce Production Division, Air Service, at Vancouver Barracks, Washington; discharged December 14, 1918.
- MATHEWS, WILLIAM R.**, '14. Sworn in United States Marine Corps, May 21, 1917, Champaign, Illinois, as second lieutenant; attended Officers' Training School at Quantico, Virginia, June, 1917 to October, 1917; sailed for France October 24, 1917; assigned Fifty-fifth Company, Fifth Regiment, Second Division, U. S. Marines, November 22, at Damblain, Vosges; attended British Bayonet and Physical School, St. Pol, Pays de Calais, January 1 to January 26; attached to Twenty-fifth Battalion, West Yorkshire, Sixty-second Division, British Expeditionary Forces, January 26 to February 2; engaged enemy at Oppy Wood, near Vimy Ridge; promoted first lieutenant November 26, 1917; rejoined Fifth Marines February 5; participated in Les Esparges Sector, Toulon Sector, Verdun, Chateau Thierry Sector, including Les Mares Farm, Hill 142, Belleau Wood, in counter attack south of Soissons, Marboche Sector, Pont-a-Mousson, battle of St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge, Champagne; wounded on Blanc Mont Ridge near town of Somme-Py October 4; evacuated to Hospital No. 3, Paris, October 9, to December 30; in Replacement Depot, St. Aignan waiting for orders to United States, January 1, 1919 to February 12; arrived in United States March 11; transferred to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California for recuperation; discharged June 30, 1919. Promoted captain October 15, 1918; cited to "ordre de l'armee" by Petain: "Near

Vierzy, July 19, 1918, he displayed great bravery by marking the position of enemy trench mortars and machine guns, capturing them and seventy-five prisoners with the aid of his men." Awarded Croix de Guerre with Palm.

MAUZY, HAROLD GUFFIN, '04. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, August 27 to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant November 27; assigned to Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Machine Gun Battalion, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Infantry, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; promoted to first lieutenant August 26, 1918; adjutant Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Battalion; casual officer of Eighty-third Division; discharged May 13, 1919.

MENDENHALL, MURRAY, '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

*MERCER, WILSON RUSSELL, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; died of pneumonia in Unit Hospital, Irvington, Indiana, December 12, 1918 and buried in East Maplewood cemetery, Anderson, Indiana.

MERRILL, WILLIAM MCKINLEY, '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard Unit Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.

MESS, GEORGE J., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

MEYER, HOUSTON H., '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

MEYER, ROSCOE D., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.

*MICHAEL, GUY GRIFFITH, '11. Enlisted June 1, 1917, Cincinnati, Ohio; trained United States Marine Corps, Paris Island and at Quantico, Virginia; promoted to corporal; detached from company and detailed as secretary to Chaplain Father McDonald; transferred to Marine Barracks at Quantico, Virginia, where served as warrant officer and chief reporter on Marine weekly "The Leatherneck"; discharged March 25, 1919; died in Marine Hospital at Quantico of effects of influenza and buried at Noblesville, Indiana.

MILBURN, RAYMOND F., '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Bloomington,

- Indiana; Indiana University Naval Unit; discharged December 23, 1918.
- MILLER, PAUL W., '18. Enlisted September 5, 1917; assigned Base Hospital, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; promoted sergeant first class, Medical Reserve Corps; discharged July 31, 1919.
- MILLER, SAYERS JOHN, '21. Enlisted United States Navy, October 1, 1918 at Indiana University; released December 20, 1918.
- MILLER, WILLIAM THEODORE, '16. Enlisted United States Army, November 12, 1917, Indianapolis; assigned Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps, Indianapolis City Hospital; discharged January 3, 1919.
- MILLS, JOHN R., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MINTON, RALPH CARLETON, '16. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis; served in Army Y. M. C. A., September, 1917, to May, 1918; assigned Company D, Three Hundred Fifteenth Ammunition Train, A. E. F.; appointed corporal August, 1918; participated in Meuse-Argonne offensive; discharged June 20, 1919.
- MITCHELL, THOMAS M., '20. Trained Fourth Training Battery, Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant, Field Artillery, September, 1918; discharged November 1, 1919.
- MOCK, ERNEST G., '14. Enlisted October 5, 1917, Indianapolis; assigned to Company E, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, A. E. F.; trained Army Corps School, Langres, October 5, to January 4, 1919; commissioned second lieutenant, Infantry, March 16, at St. Aignan; discharged July 28, 1919.
- MOFFATT, JOHN, '16. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.
- MOFFETT, LEE, A. B., '12. Enlisted June 22, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana and Camp Gordon, Georgia; promoted to corporal; assigned to Sixth Company, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Depot Brigade, United States Infantry; discharged November 29, 1918.
- MONTGOMERY, JAMES EVANS, '08. Enlisted August 25, 1917, San Francisco, California; attended Presidio Training Camp until November 14; commissioned first lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps November 8, 1917; promoted captain April 17; discharged March 4, 1919.
- MOORE, BEN. B., '20. Enlisted December 11, 1917, Indianapolis, for

- Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred to Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps October 28, 1918; no active duty.
- MOORE, BERG D., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MOORE, GEORGE D., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MOORE, OTTO R., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MOORE, PAUL HENRY, '21. Enlisted June 4, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned Medical Corps, Fourth Battalion, Twenty-second Engineer Regiment, A. E. F.; sailed overseas September 1, arriving in France September 14; participated in Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation in Germany; sailed for United States June 26; discharged July 2, 1919.
- MOORE, ROBERT NEAL, '17. Enlisted August 28, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, August 29, to December 11; discharged December 11, 1918.
- MOORE, THOMAS B., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918; Indiana State Normal School, Eastern Division, Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.
- MOORHEAD, ROBERT LOWERY, '96. Enlisted February 10, 1892, Indianapolis; promoted colonel Fourth Indiana Infantry when regiment was federalized and designated as One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, August 5, 1917; ordered to Camp Shelby, Mississippi and to Fort Sill, Oklahoma; sailed overseas as commanding officer, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, Thirty-eighth Division September, 1918; division ordered to Le Mans area, where ceased to function as combat division; regiment demobilized at Fort Benjamin Harrison January 20, 1919.
- MORGAN, CAREY ELMORE, A. B., '83. Sent to France under auspices of Young Men's Christian Association to gain information to carry on at home welfare work among boys in the A. E. F.; sailed July 15, 1918; visited camps and hospitals to the battle's front; returned November 1, 1918.
- MORGAN, JAMES GREENE, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Oxford, Ohio; trained Miami University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.

- MORROW, AVERY P., '17. Assigned Fifty-eighth Infantry, Camp Greene, North Carolina, February 2, 1918; sailed overseas April 1; promoted sergeant; participated in battle of Chateau Thierry; returned to United States as instructor Intelligence Service, Camp Custer, Michigan; discharged January 29, 1919.
- MOSSMAN, RAY M., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MOUNT, CLEON WADE, '00. Organized Company I, First Indiana Infantry, April 24, 1917; later designated Company I, One Hundred Fifty-first Infantry, Thirty-eighth Division; sailed October 4, 1918; on dissolution of Thirty-eighth Division for replacement purposes assigned to command Company I, Twenty-third Infantry, Second Division, promoted captain in Army of Occupation; transferred to command of Company C, Three Hundred Twenty-seventh Infantry, Eighty-fifth Division for purpose of returning to the United States; arrived April 4, 1919; discharged April 25, 1919—twenty years to the day from date of discharge from Spanish-American war.
- MOUNT, HARRY WILLIAM, '23. Enlisted July 28, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Vancouver Barracks, Washington; assigned Twelfth Squadron, Military Police Headquarters, Provisional Regiment, Aviation Service, Signal Corps; transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, January 25; discharged February 10, 1919.
- MOYER, JEROME M., '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 20, 1918.
- MUELLER, ADOLPH, '18. Served in Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Wadsworth, New Jersey.
- MULLANE, DANIEL FRANCIS, A. B., '14. Enlisted July 22, 1918, Camp Lee, Virginia, assigned Forty-eighth Training Battery, Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged December 2, 1918.
- MULLANE, GEORGE PRICE, '20. Enlisted June 27, 1918, Indianapolis, where stationed at Training Detachment No. 4; transferred to Field Artillery Replacement Draft; discharged December 16, 1918.
- MULLIN, ROSS DEFOREST, '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MULROY, JOHN AVERY, '22. Enlisted October 21, 1918, Indianapolis;

- Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- MYERS, TYNER WOLFE, '11. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana August 27 to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant November 27; promoted first lieutenant Field Artillery September 23, 1918; served at Camp Grant, Illinois, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, at Camp Kearney, California; discharged December 5, 1918.
- MYERS, WALTER R., '06. Enlisted Motor Officers' Training Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Georgia; served in hospital, Motor Company No. 8; discharged December 30, 1918.
- NEGLEY, PEARLEY B., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- NELSON, EDWIN GEORGE. Commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, February 7, 1918; reported for active duty at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, March 20, 1918; served overseas; discharged February 4, 1919.
- NELSON, SAMUEL D., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- NEVITT, RUSSELL URBAN, '15. Enlisted August 3, 1917, Indianapolis; stationed at Camp Grant, Illinois, and Camp Logan, Texas, latter place appointed cook September 28; assigned to One Hundred Thirty-first Ambulance Company, One Hundred Eighth Sanitary Train, Thirty-third Division, A. E. F.; transferred to Camp Merritt, New Jersey; sailed June 4, 1918, landing at Liverpool June 12; arrived LeHavre June 19; served on Verdun, St. Mihiel and Argonne fronts; discharged June 4, 1919.
- NEWCOME, JOHN RAY, '03. Commissioned captain, Medical Reserve Corps July, 1917; promoted major, Medical Corps, August, 1918; assigned as chief of department of Ophthalmology in attending surgeon's office, Washington, D. C.; promoted lieutenant-colonel when discharged April 1, 1919.
- NICKEL, WILLIS, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- NOLTING, HENRY F., '19. Enlisted October 6, 1918; commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Corps, M. O. T. C.; stationed Camp Greenleaf, and Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia; discharged December 21, 1918.

NOBLE, BENJAMIN H., '15. Enlisted September 17, 1917, Indianapolis; served with Three Hundred Forty-first Ambulance Company, Eighty-sixth Division; promoted sergeant, first class; discharged September 17, 1919.

*NOTTINGHAM, MARSH WHITNEY, '19. Enlisted in United States Army May 8, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, Camp Shelby, Mississippi; assigned to Headquarters Company, Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, Third Division, A. E. F.; sailed April, 1918; killed in action July 31, 1918, near Roncheres, France; buried south of Roncheres, reburied in Beech Grove cemetery, Muncie, Indiana, August 1, 1921. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross with following citation: "Corporal Marsh W. Nottingham, Headquarters Company, Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States at Roncheres, France, on 31 July, 1918, and in recognition of his gallant conduct I have awarded him in the name of the President the Distinguished Service Cross.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief."

*NYSEWANDER, VICTOR HUGO, '10. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Harrison, August 27, to November 27; commissioned first lieutenant November 27; assigned to Company C, Officers' Battalion, One Hundred Sixty-fifth Depot Brigade, Camp Travis, Texas; transferred to Company L, Three Hundred Fifty-ninth Infantry, Ninetieth Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas June 20, 1918; trained in France during July and August at Chatillon-sur-Seine; took part in St. Mihiel offensive; gassed September 15; for gallant fighting promoted to captain; October 17 placed in command of Company K, Three Hundred Fifty-ninth Infantry, participating in action of division until instant death on November 1, near Bantheville; buried in Romagne cemetery, reburied at Plainfield, Indiana, September 15, 1921.

O'BRIEN, CECIL BAUER, '22. Enlisted Indianapolis October 1, 1918; trained DePauw University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 14, 1918.

O'BRIEN, CECIL S., '13. United States Navy.

O'CONNELL, HUGH J., '19. Served in Intelligence Department, Camp Dodge, Iowa.

- O'DELL DEFOREST, A. B., '21. Enlisted April 9, 1917, Indianapolis, in Troop B, First Separate Squadron Cavalry, Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5 and designated as Company F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery; ordered to Camp Shelby, Mississippi in September; sailed overseas with Thirty-eighth Division on October 6, arriving at Liverpool October 18, at Southampton October 24, Cherbourg October 25, Ploermel October 27, Camp de Muecon November 5; embarked from Brest December 15, arriving New York December 23; discharged January 16, 1919.
- OGG, PAUL MOORE, '17. Enlisted Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 22, 1917; trained Fort Harrison and Camp Mills, New York; assigned One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division; sailed October 18, arriving in France October 31; trained at Camp Coetquidan until February, 1918; sent to front in Lorraine sector; participated in defensive sectors of Lunéville and Baccarat; in Champagne-Marne defensive; Aisne-Marne offensive; St. Mihiel offensive; in Meuse-Argonne offensive; with division in Army of Occupation; returned to the United States April 25; discharged May 9, 1919.
- OILAR, MILLARD YOUNG, '18. Entered service at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, March 29, 1918; transferred to Tenth Field Signal Battalion, Camp Coil, New Jersey, A. E. F., April 20; sailed for France August 18; served on front in Puvencelle sector with Seventh Division, October 9, to November 11; discharged July 5, 1919.
- OOLEY, WALKER ANDERSON, '21. Enlisted January 26, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Illinois, Harvard Radio School, New London Wireless Telephone School, U. S. N. R. F.; promoted from Landsman Electrician to Radio Electrician third class, January 1; discharged February 7, 1919.
- OSTRANDER, JOSEPH, '15. Enlisted in United States Army February 9, 1918, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; assigned Three Hundred Twenty-Third Field Signal Battalion, Signal Corps, A. E. F.; discharged May 23, 1919.
- OTTINGER, RAY, '15. Enlisted Indianapolis May 21, 1917, Indiana National Guard; assigned Machine Gun Company, First Infantry, National Guard, designated Machine Gun Company, One Hundred Fifty-first Infantry; appointed sergeant July 5, 1917; discharged January 28, 1918.
- OVERSTREET, RUSSELL HALE, A. B., '19. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- OWEN, BURL W., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- PAGE, RICHARD SAUL, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Bloomington, Indiana; Indiana University Naval unit; discharged December 23, 1918.
- PANGBORN, EARL LEROY, '22. Enlisted November 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 12, 1918.
- PARMER, GARLAND, '23. Enlisted in United States Naval Aviation Department May 7, 1918; attended Ground School, Pensacola, Florida; appointed quartermaster second class September 1; sailed for England October 31; assigned air patrol and convoy on English coast: ordered to Italy August 1, 1918 and designated student officer pilot United States Naval Aviation; promoted chief quartermaster Aviation December 4; wounded in crash; awarded both Italian brevets; sailed from Genoa January 5, arriving New York January 22; discharged March 15, 1919.
- PATRICK, FAE W., '21. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- PATTON, VERNON COLE, '11. Commissioned captain, Medical Reserve Corps July 9, 1918, Indianapolis; reported for active duty at Fort Riley, Kansas, August 6; assigned Three Hundred Twenty-first Sanitary Train; discharged December 10, 1918.
- PAUL, JUSTUS WILLIAMS, A. B., '15. Enlisted May 13, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; served with Three Hundred Twenty-sixth and One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery until December 14; with First Army Headquarters Regiment until June 8, 1918, and Three Hundred Sixth Brigade Tank Corps until May 19, 1919; overseas March 14, 1918, to March 17, 1919; promoted first lieutenant; discharged May 19, 1919.
- PAVEY, EUGENE L., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- PAVEY, JESSE INGLE, '14. Enlisted October 31, 1917, Fort Thomas, Kentucky; commissioned second lieutenant Quartermaster Corps, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida, July 11, 1918; promoted to

- first lieutenant November 11; transferred to Aviation Signal Corps; promoted commanding officer Company No. 6, Second Aviation Institute Center, A. E. F.; discharged March 31, 1919.
- PAYNE, ELMER C., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- PAYNE, FRANCIS WILLIAM, A. B., '16. Enlisted May 10, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Corps, Fort Harrison, May 15 to August 15, 1917; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; assigned Company K, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; promoted first lieutenant December 31; sailed September 1, 1918; stationed at Nouvie, France; returned to United States as divisional bayonet instructor October 9; detailed to Seventy-second Infantry, Eleventh Division, Camp Meade, Maryland; discharged January 17, 1919.
- PAYNE, LESLIE MORRELL, '17. Enlisted Indianapolis, March 31, 1917, Indiana National Guard; assigned Company D, First Infantry, National Guard, designated Company D, First Indiana Infantry; transferred November 13, 1918, Company B, Forty-ninth Infantry; transferred March 21, 1919, Company E, Battalion C, Army Service Corps, A. E. F.; overseas October 4, 1918 to August 17, 1919; discharged August 23, 1919.
- PEACOCK, WILLIAM A., '17. With Indiana National Guard when federalized August 5, 1917; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27, to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant November 27; served with Three Hundred Forty-fourth Infantry and Depot Brigade, Camp Grant, Illinois and One Hundred Fifty-second Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, New York; discharged December 4, 1918.
- PEARSON, LYMAN REES, '19. Enlisted December, 1917, Indianapolis, for Medical Reserve Corps; transferred October 28, 1918 to Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps; no active duty.
- PEEPLES, FRED R., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- PERKINS, EARL W., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- PERKINS, HARRY BROWN, A. B., '20. Enlisted September 5, 1917, Indi-

anapolis; assigned Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry, Eighty-fourth Division, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; trained Third Officers' Training Camp; transferred to Camp Jackson, South Carolina; commissioned second lieutenant; to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Thirtieth Class; to Sixteenth Division, Forty-eighth Field Artillery, Battalion B, Camp Kearney, California; discharged December 24, 1918.

PERRY, ARTHUR J., '15. Commissioned captain Inspection Officer Reserve Corps, November 28, 1916; ordered to active duty May 1, 1917, as instructor in Infantry Tactics at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, First Officers' Training Camp, May 15 to August 15; transferred to Eighty-fourth Division, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned to Machine Gun Company, Three Hundred Thirty-third Infantry; detailed as instructor in Musketry at Infantry School of Arms; relieved at end of five months at own request and returned to Company; promoted major August 1, 1918; assigned First Battalion, Seventy-seventh Infantry, Fourteenth Division, Camp Custer, Michigan; mustered out of service January 31, 1919.

PITTENGER, LEWIS S., '19. Enlisted Fort Thomas, Kentucky, October 10, 1918; assigned Supply Company Quartermaster Corps; appointed corporal November 11; discharged March 1, 1919.

PITTMAN, FRANK EUGENE, '17. Called into service March 5, 1917, Indianapolis, in reserve of National Guard, Indiana Signal Corps; entered Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, August 27; commissioned first lieutenant of infantry November 27; assigned to Three Hundred Thirty-second Infantry, Camp Sherman, Ohio; transferred to School of the Line, Camp Sherman in January; transferred to Three Hundred Sixth Cavalry, Fort Clark, Texas, February 6, 1918; attended Small Arms Firing School, Camp Perry, Ohio, July 11, to August 11; transferred to Field Artillery and assigned to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, August 11; discharged December 18, 1918.

PLUMB, THEODORE, '19. Enlisted Indianapolis June 15, 1917; assigned Medical Department; detailed to Base Hospital No. 32; overseas December 4, 1917, to April 28, 1919; discharged May 10, 1919.

PORTTEUS, WALTER LEROY, '21. Enlisted July 18, 1918, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, training regiment; transferred October 1 as acting-sergeant to Butler College Students' Army Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

PRANGE, VICTOR H., '19. Enlisted Indianapolis, United States Army, July 18, 1918; assigned Medical Department; detailed Base Hos-

- pital No. 25; promoted sergeant February 1, 1919; discharged August 31, 1919.
- PUGH, JOSEPH MINER, '18. Enlisted Indianapolis June 15, 1917; assigned Medical Department; detailed Base Hospital No. 32, A. E. F.; overseas December 4, 1917, to April 28, 1919; discharged May 10, 1919.
- PUTNAM, RUSSELL CALDWELL, A. B., '19. Enlisted July 18, 1918, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, training regiment; transferred as acting-sergeant to Butler College Students' Army Training Corps October 1; discharged November 12, 1918.
- RABER, MARSHALL, '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- *RACE, MARVIN FRANCIS, '21. Enlisted October 12, 1918, Lincoln, Nebraska; University of Nebraska Students' Army Training Corps; died of pneumonia in Base Hospital at Lincoln, January 26, 1919; buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.
- RAFFERTY, REGINALD W., '16. Enlisted January 5, 1918; trained Champaign, Illinois, Camp Dick, Texas, Kelly Field, Texas; commissioned first lieutenant July 10, 1918; trained Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, Payne Field and Carlstrom Field, Florida; discharged January 2, 1919.
- RAGSDALE, JOHN PAUL, '13. Enlisted May 11, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned first lieutenant, infantry, August 15 and ordered to immediate overseas service; sailed September 11; attended schools at La Valbonne, Langres, Le Fouquet; assigned Machine Gun Company, One Hundred Sixty-eighth Infantry, Forty-second Division; participated in engagements of Baccarat sector, Champagne-Marne defensive, Aisne-Marne offensive, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; School Detachment, University of Aix; promoted captain, infantry, March 13, 1919; discharged July 31, 1919. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross with following citation, dated December 27, 1918, from Captain Charles J. Riley to commanding officer of Forty-second Division:
- “First Lieutenant John P. Ragsdale, during the Chateau Thierry drive, was in charge of a platoon of the machine gun company, One Hundred Sixty-eighth Infantry. During the day of July 26, 1918, in the absence of his company commander, he took charge of the company and moved it into position of attack under

terrible artillery, high explosive and gas shell bombardment, with the first battalion of the regiment. When the company commander again assumed command of the company, Lieutenant Ragsdale led his platoon with such skill that their casualties were at a minimum, and with such daring that confidence of final victory animated his men.

"On July 28, on the slope overlooking the Oureq river, he faced the withering fire of machine guns and artillery so to place his guns that he might dislodge the enemy from their strongholds across the river and permit the infantry to advance. He was twice thrown to the ground by explosive shells, but fearlessly, skillfully and bravely he continued the fight until the enemy was forced to withdraw. He crossed the river with the infantry and took up positions with their advanced line in order to meet the brunt of a counter-attack if one should materialize. Tirelessly working to protect his men he underwent constant exposure to the enemy machine gun and artillery fire. When the enemy counter-attacked the troops on his left he personally directed his fire and displayed such great disregard for personal safety that he inspired the entire command until their confidence in their strength made them fit for any emergency that might arise.

"On July 30 he was with his platoon in the advance in an attempt to seize the heights beyond Sergy. He led his platoon to the right of the town of Sergy, across machine gun swept fields, and finally into action on the slopes north of the town that the enemy machine gun fire from the Bois de Pelier was making untenable for our men. Undaunted by the intensity of their fire or by the casualties that were being inflicted upon his men he opened up on the enemy and stood his ground until relief reached him under cover of darkness the night of July 30, 1918.

"His disregard for personal danger, the tenacity with which he worked, the total obscurity of selfishness during all these actions marked him as the highest type of soldier and man.

"This recommendation for D. S. C. would have been submitted immediately after the actions mentioned, but owing to assignments to other duties I have been unable to give the recommendation sooner."

RAKER, LOUIS, '19. Enlisted June 30, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Headquarters Company, Chemical Warfare Service, Astoria Cantonment, Long Island; promoted sergeant January 21, 1919; discharged March 21, 1919.

- RAMSEY, ALFRED I., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RANKIN, GLENN N., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RANSBURG, RALPH HERBERT, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RASSMAN, EMIL CHARLES, JR., '19. Enlisted April 25, 1918, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned Thirty-second Company, Eighth Battalion, One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade; discharged February 22, 1919.
- RAYMOND, CHESTER ALEXANDER, '21. Enlisted United States Navy, January 21, 1918, Indianapolis; graduated from United States Naval Radio School, Harvard University, October 3, 1918, as second class radio electrician; served at United States Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida; Air Station, Boston; Navy Yard, Philadelphia; U. S. S. "W. N. Page"; promoted first class; discharged June 5, 1919.
- RAYMOND, HENRY I., '77. Commissioned first lieutenant Medical Corps, United States Army, October 31, 1881; promoted colonel May 9, 1915; detailed department surgeon, Central Department, Chicago, Illinois; retired from United States Army May 24, 1919.
- RAYMOND, THOMAS UNDERWOOD, A. B., '86; A. M., '90. Commissioned first lieutenant Medical Corps, United States Army June 6, 1890; promoted colonel, 1917; assigned to Finance and Medical Supply Department, London, England; retired from United States Army June, 1920.
- RECORDS, CHARLES E., '11. Transferred to Medical Department, September 30, 1918, from One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade; served with Base Hospital No. 118 at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, and in France from September, 1918 to July, 1919; discharged as sergeant July, 1919.
- REED, THOMAS W., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- REYNOLDS, FREDERICK L., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- RHODES, EDWARD A., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RICHARDSON, LAWRENCE L., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RICHARDSON, THOMAS ARTHUR, '13. Enlisted November 22, 1917, Indianapolis; served with Seventy-seventh Aero Squadron, A. E. F.; trained as aerial gunner, Uxbridge Armament School, England; discharged December 31, 1918.
- RICKETTS, WALTER ROBERT, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RIEDEL, WILEY M., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RIES, OSCAR C., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RIGG, JOHN F. Enlisted October 11, 1917, Indianapolis, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred October 28, 1918, to Indiana Medical College Students' Army Training Corps; no active duty.
- RILEY, HERMAN M., A. B., '21. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RILEY, HURLBURT T., A. B., '21. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- RIOCH, DAVID MCKENZIE, A. B., '20. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Toronto, Canada; in British Royal Air Service of Canada; trained at Cadet Wing, Long Branch, Ontario, C Squadron, Flight 3; discharged December 26, 1918.
- ROBERTS, HAROLD K., '19. Enlisted June, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15, First Officers' Training Camp; assigned Battery A, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; ordered to front February 22, 1918; took part in engagements of Baccarat and Lunéville sectors; Champagne-Marne defensive; Aisne-Marne offensive; St. Mihiel offensive; Meuse-Argonne

offensive; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States April 26, 1919; discharged May 10, 1919.

ROBERTS, JESSE S., '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

ROBERTS, JOSIAH JACKSON, '11. Enlisted in Air Service May 2, 1917, Columbus Barracks, Ohio; promoted corporal, sergeant, master electrician, aerial flyer; trained Kelly Field, Texas, Chanute Field, Illinois, Bolling Field, Washington, D. C.; injury received May 2, 1917, prevented overseas service; discharged July 15, 1919.

ROBINSON, DANIEL SOMMER, A. B., 10. Enlisted February 28, 1918, Newport, New Hampshire, United States Navy; commissioned same date first lieutenant; assigned chaplain U. S. S. "Frederick"; discharged October 2, 1919.

*ROBISON, BRUCE PETTIBONE, A. B., '15. Prior to April 6, 1917, passed examination at Fort Myer, Virginia, for Officers' Reserve Corps and commissioned second lieutenant of cavalry May 1, 1917; ordered into active service May 11, as student-instructor in First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; transferred to Camp Dodge, Iowa; assigned inspector-instructor bayonet training, Camp Dodge; October to March, 1918, acting-adjutant First Battalion Three Hundred Forty-ninth Infantry; transferred to Camp Perry, Ohio, for sixty days' course in small arms firing; returned to Camp Dodge as instructor; commissioned first lieutenant, United States infantry July 24; served Headquarters Company, One Hundred Sixty-third Depot Brigade until death at Camp Dodge, November 19, 1918; buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.

ROBISON, EDWIN H., '17. Enlisted July 1, 1918 in Gas Defense Service (later known as Chemical Warfare Service), Medical Department; stationed at Nela Park, East Cleveland, Ohio, and interested in making "acquarated charcoal" for absorbing dangerous gasses and in perfecting the gas mask; discharged February 28, 1919.

ROCHFORD, PAUL T., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 20, 1918.

ROGERS, CLARENCE E., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.

ROGERS, HANFORD NEWELL, '97. Entered overseas service of Young Men's Christian Association July, 1918; sailed for France Septem-

- ber 19, arriving at Paris October 12, at Bar-le-Duc the 15th, Ippicourt the 18th; served three weeks at "Y" hut, Souilly; as secretary at Autun (Saone-et-Loire) in Military Police Training Detachment, November 16, 1918 to April 23, 1919; manager Officers' Club and "Y" Hotel de Saint-Seine, Dijon, Cote-d'Or May 1 to May 20; Paris, May 22, to June 20; St. Malo, June 21, to July 1; sailed from Brest July 1; arrived New York July 13, 1919.
- ROSENBAUM, WILLIAM F., '22. Enlisted October 31, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- ROUCH, BAYARD A., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; transferred to United States Army General Hospital, Fort Harrison, Indiana November 19, 1918.
- ROWLEY, DENTON S., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; transferred United States Army General Hospital, Fort Harrison, Indiana December 19, 1918.
- RUDICEL, EDWARD, '20. Enlisted May 3, 1917, Indianapolis; stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, May 3, 1917, to March 6, 1918; served as army nurse Depot Brigade, Medical Corps; detailed March 6 to First Aid Clinic Dispensary, St. Louis, Missouri.
- RYAN, OSWALD, '11. Enlisted October 1, 1917; commissioned captain January, 1918; ordered to Eighty-fourth Division School of Fire, West Point, Kentucky, May 1, 1918; transferred to Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, August 15; discharged November 25, 1918.
- RYKER, STANLEY, '21. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis, in Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana and Camp Shelby, Mississippi, with One Hundred Forty-ninth Field Hospital Sanitary Train; sailed for France October 6 with Thirty-eighth Division; discharged as sergeant February 3, 1919.
- SAMUELS, LEO T., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- SANDERS, FRANK M., '20. Enlisted April 9, 1917, Indianapolis, in Troop B, First Separate Squadron Cavalry, Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5 and trained in Indiana State Fair Grounds; transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September 12; promoted

- corporal; transferred October 6 to Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, A. E. F.; sailed October 6, arriving Camp de Muecon November 5; embarked from Brest December 15, arriving New York December 23; discharged January 16, 1919.
- SANDERSON, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, '07. Enlisted July 12, 1918, Washington, D. C.; commissioned same date first lieutenant, Sanitary Corps, General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Maryland; discharged March 18, 1919.
- SCHAD, RALPH, '22. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SHELL, JAMES LAYMAN, '22. Enlisted United States Marines April 22, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Paris Island, South Carolina, April to September; at Quantico, Virginia, September to October; qualified as marksman, as physical and bayonet instructor; promoted sergeant in October; assigned Company H, Second Battalion, Eleventh Regiment, United States Marine Corps, A. E. F.; stationed at Gievres; discharged August 9, 1919.
- SHELLSCHMIDT, ELTON, '14. Enlisted October 15, 1918, Governor's Island, New York, as Bandmaster; discharged with the signing of Armistice.
- SCHILLING, ALBERT, '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- SCHLEPPY, BLOOR, '12. Enlisted United States Marine Corps, May 8, 1918, Washington, D. C.; trained Paris Island, South Carolina until September, 1918; transferred to Quantico, Virginia, as sergeant; qualified as sharpshooter.
- SCHMALZ, JOHN WILLIAM, '19. Enlisted June 9, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, until August; served with One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, Camp Shelby, Mississippi, as regimental supply sergeant; sailed overseas with Thirty-eighth Division, spending three months in France; returned to United States December 23; discharged January 16, 1919.
- SCHMALZ, VON DANIEL, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SCHMID, HERBERT WILLIAM, A. B., '15. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; commissioned second lieu-

tenant; assigned One Hundred Fifty-ninth Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; sailed overseas with Eight Hundred Fourteenth Pioneer Infantry, September, 1918; stationed Marseilles until December; promoted captain; remained at Bordeaux as head of Claims Department until January, 1920; transferred to United States Army January, 1920; assigned First Division, Twenty-sixth United States Infantry.

SCHOEN, HAROLD I., '22. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis, in Indiana Field Hospital No. 1; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, June to August; transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi; assigned to Field Hospital No. 149, Sanitary Train 113, Thirty-eighth Division; January 15, 1918, evacuated to General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Georgia; discharged August 7, 1918.

SCHULMEYER, NORMAN F., '22. Enlisted October 12, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

SELLERS, LUTHER ELMORE, A. B., '91. Secretary Y. M. C. A. in England and France.

SELLERS, MAURICE BLAINE, '16. Enlisted April 25, 1918, Indianapolis; commissioned first lieutenant, Dental Corps May 21, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; transferred to Post Hospital, Soutler Field, Georgia; discharged December 21, 1918.

SENKO, JOHN, '22. Enlisted October 21, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

SEWARD, HIRAM B., '16. Enlisted February 1, 1918, Washington, D. C.; served in Ordnance Department, Washington, and New Britain, Connecticut, and in General Supply Depot, Quartermaster Corps, Boston; promoted sergeant; discharged February 14, 1919.

SEYFRIED, JOSEPH HENRY, '20. Enlisted United States Navy August 1, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Commanding Officers' School; commissioned ensign, Pelham Bay Naval Station; in service as permanent ensign aboard U. S. S. "Luce," destroyer No. 99.

SEYFRIED, WILFRED, '20. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 20, 1918.

SHACKLEFORD, FRANK M., '22. Enlisted October 11, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- SHALER, HARRISON, '20. Commissioned second lieutenant Field Artillery, U. S. Military Academy, November 1, 1918; unassigned.
- SHARP, CHARLES M., '04. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, France, 1918.
- SHEEDY, HERMAN JAMES, A. B., '20. Enlisted July 18, 1918, Fort Sheridan, Illinois; served July 18 to September 16 in Company 13, Students' Army Training Corps, Fort Sheridan; transferred to First Sergeant Butler College Students' Army Training Corps October 8 to December 16; discharged December 16, 1918.
- SHELBURNE, HARRY A., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SHELLEY, ABRAHAM, '08. Entered Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, August 25, 1917, as second lieutenant; transferred to Company K, Fiftieth Infantry, Camp Greene, North Carolina, December 15; to Washington, D. C. December 22; to Plattsburg Barracks, New York, as instructor in R. O. T. C. May 31, 1918; to Fiftieth Infantry at Washington July 18; to Machine Gun Company, Curtis Bay, Maryland, August 7; to Camp Sevier, South Carolina, August 16; to Camp Dix, New Jersey, December 6; discharged October 9, 1919.
- SHEPHERD, RALPH W., '17. Enlisted May 15, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant, infantry, August 15; promoted first lieutenant September 20, 1918; served with Tenth Machine Gun Battalion, Fifty-ninth Infantry, A. E. F.; participated in Aisne-Marne offensive; St. Mihiel offensive; Meuse-Argonne offensive; discharged January 29, 1919.
- SHEWALTER, GEORGE M., '18. Commissioned first lieutenant; served in One Hundred Eleventh Infantry, A. E. F.; wounded September 27, 1918.
- SHIMER, WILLIAM, '02. Assistant Surgeon, United States Public Health Service, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; instructor in Butler College Students' Army Training Corps.
- SHIMER, WILLIAM RALPH, '20. Enlisted Indianapolis October 9, 1918; trained Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 19, 1918.
- SHIRLEY, DEVERE R., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- SHIRLEY, MAX W., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SHOEMAKER, HAROLD HALSEY, '20. Enlisted United States Navy July 3, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois; assigned Seventh Regiment Radio Corps as landsman electrician; released from active duty January 20, 1919.
- SHORTRIDGE, NORMAN, '21. Enlisted June 30, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; received Artillery training at Camp Coetquidan; on active front in Lorraine sector, Champagne, Aisne-Marne offensive, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; discharged May 9, 1919.
- SHOTWELL, CHARLES S., '99. Enlisted January 8, 1918; assigned to Obsolete Material Branch, Bureau Aircraft Production; July 12 commissioned first lieutenant; May 1, 1919 promoted captain; discharged September 30, 1919.
- SILVER, XERXES, A. B. '14. Enlisted September 20, 1917, Louisville, Kentucky; assigned Adjutant General's Department, General Personnel Division, A. E. F.; discharged August 26, 1919.
- SIMS, EUGENE E., '19. Enlisted April 16, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Camp Taylor, Kentucky June to August; commissioned second lieutenant August 17, 1918; assigned Eighteenth Field Artillery Brigade, Camp Travis, Texas; discharged January 1, 1919.
- SISSLE, NOBLE, '18. Enlisted September 26, 1916 in Fifteenth New York National Guard, mustered into Federal service July 15, 1917; arrived in France January 1, 1918, with first American negro regiment to land there; March 16 ordered to Champagne sector; July 15 participated in second battle of Marne; July 31 chosen as one of ten best men for officer material to be sent to Officers' Training School at Langres—these ten being only colored students in school of 2,500, all commissioned first lieutenants October, 1918, and assigned to Three Hundred Seventieth United States Infantry; sailed from Brest February 2; discharged February 21, 1919.
- SMALL, ERNEST A., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SMALTZ, WILLIAM, '19. Enlisted June 8, 1917, Indianapolis, in Troop

B, First Separate Squadron, Indiana National Guard, federalized August 5 and trained at Indiana State Fair Grounds; transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, September 12; promoted sergeant Regimental Supply January, 1918; October 6 to Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 6, arriving Liverpool October 18, Camp de Muecon November 5; embarked from Brest December 15, arriving New York December 23; discharged January 16, 1919.

SMELSER, GLEN MILLER, '15. Enlisted United States Navy July 27, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois, until December 11, 1918; served as apprentice seaman and fireman, third class, Hampton Roads, Virginia, and on U. S. S. "Kearsarge"; released February 17, 1919.

SMITH, DALLAS MYRLE, '16. Enlisted May 15, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; commissioned second lieutenant, August 15; trained in First Officers' Training Camp May 15, to August 15; assigned One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; returned to United States as instructor in Communications, Camp Jackson, South Carolina; promoted first lieutenant August, 1918; discharged December 21, 1918.

SMITH, DAVID LESLIE, '19. Enlisted June 19, 1918, Indianapolis; Indiana University Students' Army Training Corps, Medical Department; discharged December 21, 1918.

SMITH, ROSCOE CONKLING, '14. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association at Montfort de Rotran, France, December 1, 1918, to May 1, 1919; educational secretary at Lemaux May 1, to July 1, 1919.

SMITH, ROY LEE. Commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, October 2, 1917; reported for active duty at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, July 6, 1918; on active duty in United States; discharged August 17, 1919.

SOLOMON, REUBEN A., '15. Enlisted May 10, 1918, Indianapolis; commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Corps, May 27; served at Base Hospital, Camp Dodge, Iowa, Base Hospital, Savenay, France, and Segregation Camp, Camp Pontanezen, Brest; promoted captain; discharged September 30, 1919.

SPARKS, JAMES VINCENT, '15. Enlisted July, 1917, Indianapolis; commissioned first lieutenant, Dental Corps, A. E. F.; stationed at Nice, France; discharged July 2, 1919.

SPIEGEL, GEORGE C., '15. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Fort Benjamin

Harrison, Indiana; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, August 27, to November 27; commissioned second lieutenant; assigned Headquarters Company, Fifth Regiment, Field Artillery, Replacement Draft, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; promoted first lieutenant October 23, 1918; discharged January 18, 1919.

SPIEGEL, WHITNEY RAU, '18. Enlisted May 11, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; sailed overseas (detached) September 11; ordered to Infantry School, La Valbonne, France; assigned War Risk Bureau, Paris and Tours, November, 1917, to April, 1918; ordered Infantry School at Gondrecourt, May, 1918; assigned to Twenty-sixth Division in June; to Company L, One Hundred Fourth Infantry, July 11; entered Belleau Wood engagement with five officers and one hundred forty-one men, relieved on 25th the only officer with forty-one men; promoted first lieutenant; September 11 to 15 in St. Mihiel offensive, as regimental intelligence officer; in Meuse-Argonne offensive, September 15 to November 11 (One Hundred Fourth Infantry had received orders to attack on 11th at 1:30 p. m.); at Beaumont on November 11; transferred to Company F, One Hundred Fourth Infantry; promoted captain, February 22, 1919; School Detachment, London University, March 4 to July 4; sailed for United States July 11; discharged August 5, 1919.

SPIPKER, WALTER H., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

SPONG, PHILIP, '20. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

SPOTTS, JOHN JOSEPH, '22. Enlisted November 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

SPRAGUE, REID BUTLER, '15. Enlisted June 9, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, June to August, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant August 31; assigned to Field Artillery Replacement Draft; discharged December 9, 1918.

STAFFORD, YALE E., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

STALNAKER, CECIL EDWARD, '20. Enlisted May, 1917, Indianapolis;

- trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant Field Artillery, August 15; promoted first lieutenant December 31, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned Headquarters Company, Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Regiment, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; sailed September, 1918; in France ordered to Le Mans area where division broken into replacement units; discharged July 24, 1919.
- STAHL, WILLIAM A., '12. Assigned September 20, 1917, to Battery B, Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Field Artillery, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; discharged February 13, 1919.
- STATON, GLEN C., '22. Enlisted October 11, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; transferred December 19, 1918, to General Hospital No. 25; discharged January 16, 1919.
- STEELE, LAWRENCE B., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- STEPHENSON, ERMINE C., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- STEPHENSON, HUGH M., '20. Enlisted April 7, 1917, Indianapolis, in Indiana National Guard, Field Hospital No. 1; trained First Officers' Training Corps, Fort Benjamin Harrison, until June 7, when discharged for physical disability (broken arches); September 7, 1918, drafted into limited service division of infantry, stationed at local draft board, East Chicago, Indiana; discharged December 16, 1918.
- *STEPHENSON, MACCREA, '12. Enlisted in United States Air Service May 8, 1917, Indianapolis; trained at University of Ohio, and Wilbur Wright Field, Ohio; commissioned first lieutenant August, 1917, Dayton, Ohio; overseas in command of One Hundred Third Aero Squadron, November 21, 1917; transferred to Eleventh Aero Squadron; killed in St. Mihiel drive September 18, 1918, near Jarny, France; buried Thiaucourt; reburied June 19, 1921, in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis. American Legion Post No. 100, Indianapolis, named Parry-Stephenson Post.
- STEPHENSON, RALPH EVERETT, '18. Enlisted September 5, 1917, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned to Company B, Three Hundred Thirty-fourth Infantry; transferred to Headquarters Company, Five Hundred Seventh Engineers; to Company D, Three Hundred Ninth En-

gineers, November 12; to Company A, Five Hundred Fifteenth Engineers, January 1, 1918; sailed for France May 8; trained Engineer Candidate School, Langres, October 10 to December 31; commissioned second lieutenant Five Hundred Fifteenth Engineers, May 5, 1919; sailed for United States June 30; discharged August 5, 1919.

STERNE, NATHAN, '01. Commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Corps, September 28, 1918; reported for active duty at Fort Riley, Kansas, September 30; discharged August 1, 1919.

STEWART, EDWIN W., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

STEWART, HARRY ROSCOE, '12. Enlisted May, 1917, Fort Snelling, Minnesota; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Snelling, May 15, to August 15; commissioned first lieutenant; transferred to Great Lakes Naval Station; to Camp Stanley, Texas; to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where promoted captain; to Camp Stanley where assigned Headquarters Company, Forty-third Artillery, as acting lieutenant-colonel; was judge advocate of court martial; transferred as officers' instructor to Fort Sam Houston, Texas; assigned to Twenty-fourth Infantry at Columbus, New Mexico, where resigned August, 1919.

STILES, TREVER, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

STONER, GEORGE DOWNING, '19. Enlisted December 2, 1917, Chicago; assigned to Second Company, O. R. S. D.; transferred to Seventeenth Company, Third Casual Ordnance Battalion, A. E. F., near Mahun-sur-Yeore, France.

STORMS, ROY BASIL, '18. Commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, April 27, 1917; reported for active duty at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 20; promoted captain September 29; assigned Three Hundred Thirty-sixth Infantry, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; discharged as captain, Medical Corps, July 14, 1919.

STOVER, HARNEY WATSON, '21. Enlisted in United States Navy, June 7, 1918, Indianapolis; trained at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois; promoted to seaman first class, September 1, to gunners' mate third class; transferred to League Island, Pennsylvania; then to Brest Air Station, France; released January 17, 1919.

- STREET, ACIL G., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- STRICKLAND, CLARENCE R., '15. Commissioned captain, Medical Corps, August, 1918, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned to General Hospital 9, Lakewood, New Jersey; promoted major; discharged November, 1918.
- STULTZ, BASIL G., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- STUMP, DELBERT REISNER, '19. Enlisted April 20, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; assigned Battery E, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; trained at Camp Coetquidan; appointed corporal; engaged in Champagne-Marne defensive, Aisne-Marne offensive, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive; gassed May 27, 1918; with Army of Occupation; discharged May 9, 1919.
- STURGEON, IRWIN W., '15. Enlisted February 25, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Sixth Field Signal Battalion, Sixth Division, A. E. F.; sailed overseas July 5, reaching France July 22; engaged in Vosges sector and in Meuse-Argonne offensive; returned to United States June 10; discharged June 19, 1919.
- SUDHOFF, EDMUND S., '22. Enlisted October 3, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SUMERLIN, HAROLD S., '15. Enlisted United States Navy March, 1917; trained Naval School, Washington, D. C. and Rockefeller Institute, New York; assigned U. S. S. "Georgia," rank of lieutenant, junior grade, later to rank of senior grade; served two years on Pacific Coast; not released.
- SUMNER, CLAUDE LESLIE, '21. Enlisted June 8, 1917, Indianapolis, in Fourth Indiana Infantry; organization federalized August 5 and designated as One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery and transferred, in September, to Camp Shelby, Mississippi; assigned to Band Section, Headquarters Company, Thirty-eighth Division, A. E. F.; sailed for France via England October 6, reaching Camp de Muecon November 5; embarked from Brest December 15, reaching New York December 23; discharged January 16, 1919.

- SUSSMAN, HARRY, '19. Enlisted United States Army May 1, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Fifty-second Infantry, Medical Corps, A. E. F.; trained Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Camp Wadsworth, North Carolina, Camp Forest, Georgia.
- SWAIM, GEORGE O., '12. Enlisted June 5, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; assigned as sergeant to Medical Corps, Base Hospital No. 32, A. E. F.; discharged May 10, 1919.
- SWAN, GEORGE A., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- SWEARINGEN, HERBERT R., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- TARLETON, OWEN H., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- TAYLOR, CHARLES BURR, A. B., '95; A. M., '96. Assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas; commissioned captain, Medical Corps, July 16, 1917; discharged December 23, 1918.
- THARP, HAROLD BLAND, '11. Enlisted November 6, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Officers' Training Camp, Motor Transport Corps, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida; discharged December 10, 1918.
- THAYER, STANLEY STILLWELL, '13. Enlisted December 27, 1917, in Ordnance Department; sailed overseas August 31, 1918; served Camp Hancock, Georgia, Washington, D. C., Winchester, England; assigned to office of chief ordnance officer, Tours, France; promoted sergeant first class; discharged September 4, 1919.
- THOMAS, GEORGE CULLEN, A. B., '13. Enlisted Indianapolis August 13, 1918; assigned Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged November 26, 1918.
- THOMAS, GORDON A., '15. Commissioned second lieutenant, Medical Corps, May 29, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; promoted first lieutenant February 17, 1919; released June 1, 1919.
- THOMAS, GORDON R. Enlisted December 2, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred to Indiana College of Medicine, Students' Army Training Corps, October 28, 1918; no active duty.
- THOMPSON, RAY S., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- TIBBOTT, FREDERICK MERRILL, '04. Enlisted August, 1918, Boston, Massachusetts; commissioned August, 1918, first lieutenant, Fourth Regiment Engineers, Camp Humphreys, Virginia; discharged December 13, 1918.
- TIERNAN, MILES G., '20. Enlisted May 3, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, June 29, 1918 to August 31, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant August 31; assigned to Battery B, Thirteenth Regiment Field Artillery, R. D., Camp Jackson, South Carolina; transferred to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.
- TINDALL, PAUL RAPHAEL, '09. Enlisted December, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained Medical Officers' Training Corps, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, May 15 to July 26, 1918; commissioned January, 1918, first lieutenant, Medical Corps; in France detailed to C. O. Evacuation Ambulance Company No. 12; discharged May 10, 1919.
- TOMLINSON, RALPH RYLAND, '11. Enlisted July 22, 1918, Shelbyville, Indiana; trained Camp Taylor, Kentucky, July 22, to August 14; assigned Battery B, Three Hundred Twenty-sixth Field Artillery, Radio Service, Eighty-fourth Division, A. E. F.; trained Camp de Souge; returned to Newport News, Virginia, February 15; discharged February 27, 1919.
- *TOON, HENRY CLARENCE, '15. Enlisted United States Navy, December 7, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Station, Illinois; assigned seaman in Radio Service of U. S. Navy; died of pneumonia January 20, 1918; buried in Buck Creek Chapel cemetery near Julietta, Indiana.
- TOTTEN, ORENE M., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- TRACY, EARL W., '22. Enlisted October 14, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- TRACY, JULIUS ROSS, '08. Enlisted October 15, 1917, Chicago; commissioned first lieutenant, Medical Corps, A. E. F., August, 1918; promoted captain March 1, 1919; assigned Hospital Unit No. 1; awarded citation of city of Langres, France; discharged July 9, 1919.
- TRONE, DONALDSON GREENE, '15. Enlisted June 17, 1916, Battery A, Indiana National Guard, for service on Mexican Border; selected

from National Guard to attend Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15, 1917; commissioned captain August 15; assigned to Three Hundred Twenty-seventh Field Artillery, Camp Taylor, Kentucky as battery commander, August, 1917, to February, 1918; as assistant division adjutant, Eighty-fourth Division, Camp Taylor, February to June, 1918; as personnel adjutant, Three Hundred Ninth Ammunition Train, Camp Sherman, Ohio, June to August; as commanding officer and assistant professor, Military Science, Ohio State University, August, 1918, to March, 1919; assistant adjutant, Sixth Military District Headquarters, Columbus, Ohio, March until date of discharge, May 15, 1919.

TROUTMAN, HENRY H., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

TUTTLE, ALVA M., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

TWEEDY, ROSS J., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

ULLERY, FLAVIUS, '21. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps, Naval Reserve Unit; not released.

UNGER, WOOD, A. B., '12. Enlisted August 27, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained Second Officers' Training Camp, August 27, to November 27; commissioned first lieutenant; transferred to Camp Travis, Texas; assigned Company H, Three Hundred Fifty-seventh Infantry, Ninetieth Division, A. E. F.; sailed June, 1918; participated in engagements of Villers-en-Haye sector, Puvencelle sector, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive; of a total of seventy-two days on the front, out of shellings two days; wounded September 16, evacuated to hospital in Paris until October 14; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States in July; discharged July 17, 1919.

VANCE, CHARLES HARMON, '13. Enlisted May 11, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; trained First Officers' Training Camp, May 15, to August 15; commissioned second lieutenant August 15; transferred Camp Taylor, Kentucky; promoted first lieutenant December 31; assigned Three Hundred Thirty-third Infantry, Eighty-

- fourth Division, A. E. F.; sailed September, 1918; in France ordered to Le Mans area; returned to United States in charge of One Hundred Ninth Guard Company; discharged July 29, 1919.
- VANDEWARK, FLOYD F., A. B., '17. Enlisted August 15, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky; discharged December 15, 1918.
- VAN DUYN, LAWRENCE F., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- VEHLING, ROBERT HENRY, '20. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Lafayette, Indiana; Purdue University Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 19, 1918.
- WADSWORTH, DYAL, '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WAGONER, EDWARD STEPHENSON, '21. With Battery E, First Indiana Field Artillery when federalized August 5, 1917, and designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, and Camp Mills, New York; sailed with division October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; trained at Camp Coetquidan; promoted corporal November 1; ordered to front in Lorraine sector February 22, 1918; to Champagne front July 4-18; to Chateau Thierry July 23-30; wounded July 30 and evacuated to hospital from July 30 to date of discharge, March 8, 1919.
- WAGONER, FREDERICK E., '19. With Battery E, First Indiana Field Artillery when federalized August 5, 1917, and designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; sailed with Forty-second Division October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; ordered to the front in Lorraine sector near Nancy, February 22, 1918; sent to Saumur Artillery School, April 25, to August 1; commissioned second lieutenant; assigned to Fifth Corps of the Eighth Army of France; in October transferred to Battery E, Fifty-seventh Coast Artillery; in action in the Argonne near Meuse; sailed for United States February 4; discharged February 24, 1919.
- WALES, VON CURTIS, '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- WALKER, CARL T., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 16, 1918.
- WALKER, ERNEST EMERY, '09. Enlisted United States Navy, Indianapolis, August 31, 1918; trained Naval Training School, Great Lakes, Illinois; commissioned ensign Naval Flying Service, January 13, 1919; released March 4, 1919.
- WALKER, FRANK M., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WALKER, WILLIAM F., '19. Enlisted May 18, 1918, Columbus Barracks, Ohio; assigned to Headquarters Company, Three Hundred Fifty-first Field Artillery, A. E. F.; overseas June 19, 1918, to February 16, 1919; appointed corporal; discharged March 13, 1919.
- WALLACE, ROGER W., A. B., '09. Enlisted March 9, 1918, Indianapolis; assigned, March 23, to Fortieth Balloon Company, Camp John Wise, Texas as personnel sergeant-major; to Seventh School for Personnel Officers, Camp Travis, Texas; transferred September 13, to Field Artillery C. O. T. S. as sergeant Twentieth Training Battery; discharged November 28, 1918.
- WALLACE, WILLIAM, '87. Graduated from United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, '91; served as first lieutenant in Spanish-American war; twice assigned to service in Phillippine Islands; in World war assigned as colonel to Three Hundred Thirty-second United States Infantry, Eighty-third Division, A. E. F.; sailed in June, 1918; ordered to Italy, commanding only combatant American regiment on Italian front; participated in battle on Piave River; returned to United States April 14, 1919; awarded the order of SS. Maurice and Philip, and the British Distinguished Service Cross.
- WALTON, FRANK J., '19. Enlisted November 19, 1917, Los Angeles, California; assigned to Company F, Twenty-third Engineers, Camp Meade, Maryland, December 3 to March 30, 1918; sailed March 30; company received citation for work from April 18 to October 18; sent to front with First Army in Argonne sector, October 28, working to keep roads open until November 11; transferred to Damsur-Meuse for road work until December 21, to Langres until May, when detailed mess sergeant; evacuated to hospital January 24 to March 26, in France; to Camp Kearney Hospital, California, until date of discharge, June 13, 1919.

- WAMSLEY, JOHN LEWIS, '22. Enlisted December 14, 1917, Indianapolis; trained March to June, 1918, in United States School of Military Aeronautics, Illinois; commissioned second lieutenant flight commander; transferred Rockwell Field, California, June 27 to October 1, to Ream, October 1 to December 30, to Otay Mesa Field, December 30 to March 1; promoted pilot Air Service, United States Army; discharged March 4, 1919.
- WARD, PAUL WILLIAM, A. B., '14. Enlisted January 23, 1918, New York City; trained United States School Military Aeronautics, Princeton, New Jersey, March 2 to May 4; commissioned second lieutenant, Air Service, Reserve Military Aviation, at March Field, California, August 31; detailed instructor in Pursuit Gunnery, Rockwell Field, California; discharged January 8, 1919.
- WARD, PHILMER J., '22. Enlisted October 8, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WEATHERS, CECIL WILLIAM, '14. Enlisted May 31, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois, September to December; appointed landsman electrician, Radio Department, Seventh Regiment, U. S. N. R. F.; released December 30, 1918.
- WEAVER, ROBERT B., '22. Enlisted October 12, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 10, 1918.
- *WEEDER, HARRY LEMUEL, '22. Enlisted March 8, 1918, United States Army, Greenfield, Indiana; trained in aviation, Kelly Field, Texas; discharged February 1, 1919; killed in Motor Transport Service, Fort Harrison, Indiana, May 23, 1919, and buried in Greenfield, Indiana.
- WEER, PAUL WILEY, A. B., '08. Enlisted June 15, 1917, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Fort Harrison, Indiana; assigned to Base Hospital No. 32, Medical Corps, A. E. F., December 4 to April 26; discharged May 10, 1919.
- WEESNER, EUGENE MARK, '20. Enlisted May 8, 1918, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; sent to Camp Johnston, Florida, May 11; assigned Quartermaster Corps, Three Hundred Fourteenth Butchery Company, A. E. F.; sailed overseas June 29; stationed at Gievres, France, Loire-et-Cher, July 18, 1918, to May 30, 1919; returned to United States June 26; discharged July 3, 1919.
- WELCH, LAWRENCE JOSEPH, '20. Enlisted United States Army May 12, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp,

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; commissioned second lieutenant July 10; assigned Twenty-second Engineers, U. S. A.; discharged December 23, 1918.

WELKER, FRED B., '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

WELLS, ORVILLE, '20. Enlisted Fort Thomas, Kentucky, December 11, 1917; assigned Wagon Company, Auxiliary Remount Depot 307, Quartermaster Corps; discharged February 14, 1919.

WHEELER, VERLIN CURTIS, '16. Enlisted Greenfield, Indiana, May 17, 1918; assigned Fifteenth Company, Transportation Corps; transferred Thirteenth Company January 10, 1919; overseas July 31, 1918, to August 26, 1919; appointed corporal November 19, 1918, sergeant June 28, 1919; discharged September 2, 1919.

WHITAKER, EDWIN SHAY, '20. With Battery E, First Indiana Field Artillery when federalized August 5, 1917, and designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; sailed with Forty-second Division October 18, landing October 31, at St. Nazaire; trained Camp Coetquidan; ordered to front in Lorraine sector February 22, 1918; in engagements of Champagne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne; transferred from Battery E to Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fiftieth Regiment, July, 1918; discharged March 28, 1919.

WHITAKER, JOHN A., '22. Enlisted October 4, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

WHITE, ORRIS OTTO, A. B., '06. Enlisted June 1, 1918, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, in Y. M. C. A. Service; attended Princeton University Y. M. C. A. Training Camp; assigned secretary July 14, 1918, Montiers-sur-Saulx, France; attached to United States Army, Third Cavalry, A. B. C. D. Troops; discharged July 12, 1919.

WHITEHEAD, ROY E. Enlisted November 22, 1917, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, for Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; transferred to Indiana Medical College Students' Army Training Corps October 28, 1918; no active duty.

WHITESIDE, ROBERT R., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- WICKER, GERALD, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WIEDRICH, WILLIAM WALTER, A. B., '15. Enlisted Indiana National Guard, April 20, 1914, Indianapolis; trained Camp Morse, Texas, January 6, to April 19, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant, Signal Corps, April 19; assigned to Seventh Depot Brigade, One Hundred Fourteenth Field Signal Battalion, A. E. F.
- WIESE, RAYMOND, '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Franklin, Indiana; Franklin College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December, 1918.
- WILD, FORREY N., '19. Enlisted in May, 1917, Indianapolis; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15, to August 15; assigned Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; sailed October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; sent to front February 22, 1918, in Lorraine sector; participated in engagements in Champagne sector; Aisne-Marne offensive; St. Mihiel offensive; Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; returned to United States in April, 1919; discharged May 10, 1919.
- WILD, ROBERT S., '19. Enlisted June 24, 1918, Philadelphia Naval Home; trained Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Naval Unit; assigned Flight 31, Aviation Detachment, United States Navy; appointed C. Q. M. (A); discharged February 2, 1919.
- WILES, ALBERT D., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis, Indiana; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WILLIAMS, ARTHUR L., '22. Enlisted October 5, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; appointed sergeant-major; discharged December 16, 1918.
- WILLIAMS, CLAYTON E., '16. Enlisted June, 1917, Plattsburg, New York, in Y. M. C. A. Service; in France October 1, 1917, to June 5, 1918, with Second Division; enlisted in Army June 18, 1918, Paris; commissioned second lieutenant, United States Air Service.
- WILLIAMS, FRANCIS M., '14. Enlisted May 11, 1918; commissioned on that date first lieutenant, Medical Corps, United States Naval Reserve Corps; assigned U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; released January 25, 1919.
- WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE L., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis;

trained Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

WILLIAMS, PERCY BARTON, A. B., '97. Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, March to September, 1919; stationed at Chaumont, Brest and Soissons, France.

WILLS, JAMES HERBERT, '20. Enlisted Indianapolis March 8, 1918; assigned One Thousand One Hundred Second Aerial Replacement Squadron; transferred Four Hundred Eighty-third Aerial Squadron December 23, 1918; overseas June 22, 1918, to February 8, 1919; discharged February 28, 1919.

WILSON, DESHA TADEMA, '20. Enlisted February 6, 1918, Indianapolis; graduated from School of Military Aeronautics, University of Illinois, October 5, 1918; from School of Fire for Light Artillery, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, December 13, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant, Air Service, December 14; assigned to Observers' School, Post Field, Oklahoma; discharged May 15, 1919.

WILSON, FRANK E., '22. Enlisted October 10, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

WILSON, OTTO, '06. Enlisted and commissioned June 3, 1918, Washington, D. C. first lieutenant, Chemical Warfare Service, Gas Defense Division; in Central America and West Indies engaged in securing cocoanuts and palm nuts for constructing gas masks; discharged March 31, 1919.

WINDERS, CHARLES GARRISON, '18. Enlisted April 14, 1917, Indianapolis; trained with Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, July 12 to October 16, 1918; commissioned second lieutenant October 16; assigned to Second Regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Draft; discharged December 21, 1918.

WINKS, MARY LORAIN (MRS. A. H. RUSSELL), A. B., '15. Appointed November 21, 1917, Washington, D. C., File Clerk, Ordnance Department, Administration Division, A. E. F.; sailed September 28, 1918; assigned to Engineering Corps, Ordnance Department, Tours, France, Headquarters of Service of Supply; returned to United States June 18, 1919.

WISE, GLEN HAROLD, A. B., '15. Enlisted April 3, 1918, Portland, Maine; promoted sergeant July 1, 1918; assigned Headquarters Company, Seventy-second Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps, A. E. F.; discharged April 17, 1919.

WISE, VERL A., '15. Enlisted September 4, 1918, Chicago; trained Camp

- Grant, Illinois; assigned Adjutant Detachment; discharged February 14, 1919.
- WITHAM, JULIAN O., '22. Enlisted November 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WITHERSPOON FREDERICK, '18. With Battery E, First Indiana Field Artillery when federalized August 5, 1917 and later designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; trained Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; sailed October 18, landing October 31, at St. Nazaire; promoted corporal November 1; trained Camp Coetquidan; ordered to front February 22, 1918, in Lorraine sector; selected one of sixteen to return back of line as instructor in topography to fresh troops, Camp de Valdabon, May 28, 1918; August to November Saumur Artillery School; promoted lieutenant; returned to One Hundred Fiftieth Regiment in Army of Occupation; returned to United States April 26; discharged May 10, 1919.
- WOOD, ASHTON COOK, '21. Enlisted United States Army July 11, 1918, Indianapolis; trained Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; promoted sergeant September 15; transferred to Field Artillery C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Kentucky, October 2; assigned Eighth Battalion, Twenty-second Training Battery; discharged November 28, 1918.
- WOOD, HARRY H., '19. Enlisted March 18, 1918 and trained at Camp Taylor, Kentucky; assigned Sixth Company, Fourth Regiment, Air Service Mechanics, A. E. F.; in France July 10 to June 29, 1919; discharged July 12, 1919.
- WOODRUFF, HAROLD C., '22. Enlisted October 19, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WOODS, MERRILL JAY, A. B., '20. Enlisted August 17, 1917, Indianapolis; trained Camp Shelby, Mississippi; promoted sergeant, One Hundred Twenty-ninth Ordnance Depot Company, Camp Shelby, Mississippi; discharged February 7, 1919.
- WOOLLING, KENNETH K., '12. Enlisted February 8, 1918; trained Ground School Military Aeronautics, Columbus, Ohio; transferred to Kelly Field, Texas; commissioned second lieutenant; discharged April 3, 1919.
- WORTMAN, LAWRENCE G., '22. Enlisted October 7, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

- WRIGHT, BARTON W., '22. Enlisted October 2, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WRIGHT, HUGH, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WRIGHT, KENNETH, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WYATT, DEWEY, '22. Enlisted October 9, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- WYLIE, CHARLES B., '22. Enlisted October 1, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.
- YEOMAN, STEPHEN S., '03. Training at Columbia University to serve as overseas secretary, Young Men's Christian Association, when Armistice signed.
- YOUNG, WILLIAM T., '19. Enlisted May 22, 1916, Indianapolis, in Battery A, Indiana Field Artillery, mustered into federal service August 5 and later designated One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Forty-second Division, A. E. F.; trained First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, May 15 to August 15; sailed with division October 18, landing at St. Nazaire October 31; trained Camp Coetquidan; commissioned second lieutenant March 15, 1918 and transferred to One Hundred Forty-seventh Field Artillery, Thirty-second Division; promoted first lieutenant September 5; participated in engagements in Toul sector, Alsace sector, Aisne-Marne offensive, Oise-Aisne offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive; with Army of Occupation; discharged July 31, 1919.

“DECORATION

With the approval of the commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, the marshal of France, commander-in-chief of the Armies of the East, cites in the orders of the Army:

Lieutenant William T. Young, of the One Hundred Forty-seventh American Field Artillery—In the course of the operations of the Thirty-second Infantry Division, U. S. Army, from August 28 to September 1, 1918, which resulted in the capture of Juvigny, France, he served as adjutant to the officers in charge of liaison between the

infantry and the artillery of the division. He exposed himself frequently to the fire of the enemy in order to learn by observation what support to demand of the artillery. His indefatigable energy and his sure judgment were of an inestimable value to his chief.

General Headquarters, January 23, 1919.

MARSHAL PETAIN."

"UNITED STATES ARMY

First Lieutenant William T. Young, One Hundred Forty-seventh Field Artillery, for distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Juvisy, France, on 28 August, 1918, in the operations of the

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

in testimony thereof, and as an expression of appreciation thereof, I award him this

CITATION.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief."

March 22, 1919.

YOVAN, MARK, '22. Enlisted October 26, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

ZINK, FRANK J., '22. Enlisted October 18, 1918, Indianapolis; Butler College Students' Army Training Corps; discharged December 6, 1918.

ZINKAN, THOMAS EARL. Enlisted October 18, 1917; trained Camp Crane, Pennsylvania; served in Hospital Unit No. 103, Medical Corps, A. E. F.; discharged April 2, 1919.

War is a crucible through which men pass into larger and nobler lives. It brings out the courage to die for one's ideals; it overcomes the fear of death and leads us into a higher appreciation of all that is good and true, a more exalted patriotism and a firmer faith in God.

—HARRISON CALE, '07

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